THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An I kly
Founded Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this copy of The Saturday Evening Post place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any U. S. postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping, no address. A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

DEC. 29, 1917 5c. THE COPY

THE EARTHQUAKE—By Arthur Train

Buick

EVERYBODY KNOWS
VALVE-IN-HEAD MEANS BUICK

BUICK! The car to which the motoring world accords unquestioned leadership in every vital factor of service.

In graceful dignity of design, in artistic finish and sumptuous detail, the following complete line of Buick Motor Cars is a proper setting for this high mechanical achievement.

Six-cylinder Models—Three-passenger Roadster, Five-passenger Touring, Seven-passenger Touring, Four-passenger Coupé, Five and Seven-passenger Sedans.

Four-cylinder Models—Two-passenger Roadster, Five-passenger Touring, Five-passenger Sedan.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in all Principal Cities:-Dealers Everywhere.
Main Office and Factory, Flint, Mich.

Car here shown is our Seven-passenger Sedan.

THIS shipment of ECONOMY renewable FUSES and Economy "Drop Out" Renewal Links is starting on its way to a U. S. Navy Yard. As compared with the number of "One Time" fuses necessary to provide the same electrical protection, the 324,800 "Drop Out" Renewal Links on the truck alone saved our government

$76,486.90

This one order of a total of fourteen, for delivery to several U. S. Navy Yards, establishes a record for efficiency of service. In six working days after the orders were received in the mail, the fourteen orders, comprising scores of thousands of fuses and hundreds of thousands of renewal links, came through production, passed government inspection and were ready for shipment without interfering with our regular delivery to our other customers.

THE U. S. GOVERNMENT uses large quantities of Economy Fuses because of their safety and efficiency—the saving of 80% of a year's fuse maintenance cost is of minor importance, even though large sums of money are involved. Isn't it logical for you to follow the same plan? With all your electrical circuits fused with and protected by Economy renewable Fuses, you obtain positive electrical protection at a cost four-fifths less than you spend when using "One Time" fuses. Decide now to make 1918 safer electrically while aiding war time economy by eliminating waste and cutting fuse costs 80%.

The heart of an ECONOMY renewable FUSE is the "Drop Out" Renewal Link. It is used only in Economy Fuses and can be obtained in no other type nor make. A new "Drop Out" Renewal Link instantly restores a blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency and makes it available for use over and over again to protect lives, plants and machinery against the fire and accident hazards of overloads, short-circuits and the effect of lightning discharges on electrical circuits. A stock of "Drop Out" Renewal Links always on hand represents only a small investment. No matter how many fuses you buy to protect your plant or your home, purchase safety and saving by insisting on "Economy," The Fuse With The "Drop Out" Renewal Link.

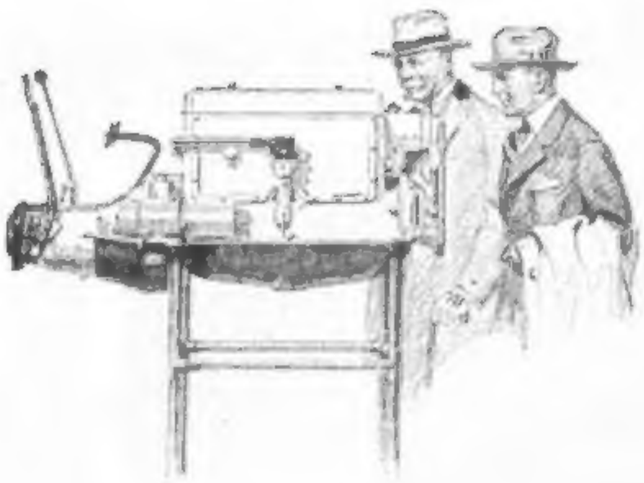
Economy renewable Fuses are sold by leading electrical jobbers and dealers, who will gladly show you the complete line and quote prices.

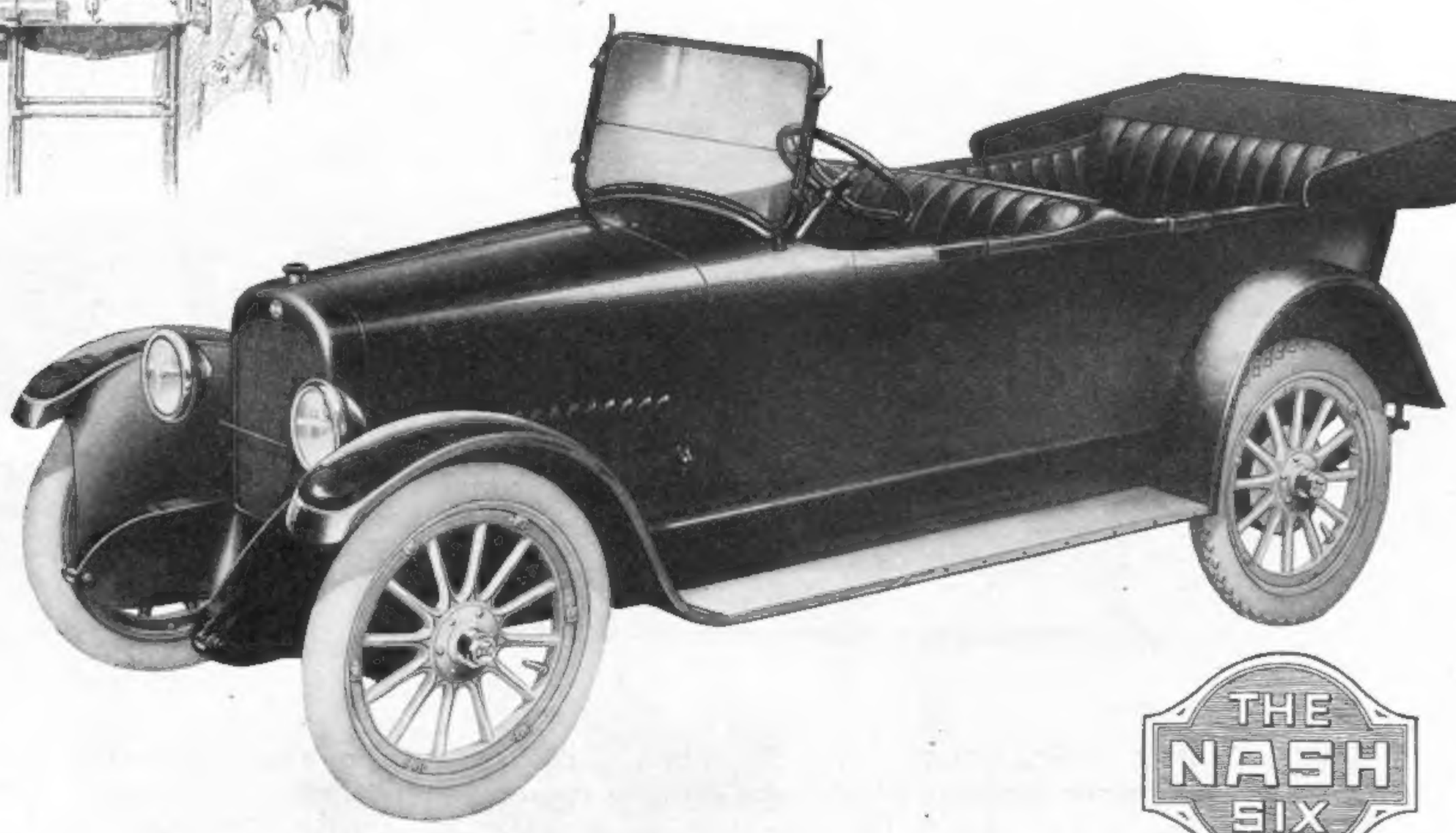
ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.

Kinzie and Orleans Sts. CHICAGO

Also made in Canada at Montreal.

ECONOMY renewable FUSES





THE NASH SIX

PERFECTED VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR

SO generally has the Nash *perfected valve-in-head motor* gained recognition as a distinct advance in motor engineering, that at the coming automobile shows, it seems certain to be the center of attraction for all motor car buyers. ⁂ In every particular, in every section of the country, the Nash Six is proving itself the unusually good car the motor public looked to this organization to produce.

Nash Four-Passenger Roadster, $1295 F. O. B. Kenosha

While we are getting into bigger production on the Nash Six each month, and our dealers should shortly be in a position to fill orders with reasonable promptness, it is quite evident that the demand for this car will still exceed the immediate supply for some time to come. Consequently, you should place your order at once as, naturally, orders will be filled in order received.

The Nash Six Five-Passenger Touring Car, Four-Passenger Roadster, Sedan and Nash Seven-Passenger Touring Car will be exhibited at New York, January 5th to 12th, Exhibit Space A-24, Grand Central Palace, and at the various automobile shows which follow.

5-Pass. Touring Car, $1295; 4-Pass. Roadster, $1195; Sedan, $1985; 7-Pass. Model 671, $1465; F. O. B. Kenosha

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

Manufacturers of Passenger Cars and Trucks, Including the Famous **Nash Quad**

Nash Sedan, $1985 F. O. B. Kenosha

NASH MOTORS

VALUE CARS AT VOLUME PRICES

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1917, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 190 *PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 29, 1917* *Number 26*

THE PACIFIST

By Melville Davisson Post

BLUEBEARD!

IT WAS late. Senator Featherfield was alone.

There was no one awake in the house except the man. It was a little house on the edge of the fashionable city, with a library and a drawing-room on either side of a narrow hall opening into the street.

The man sat by a table in the library.

He sat looking into the fire. The table was covered with newspapers, and a number of them lay about him and on the floor. In addition to the newspapers there was a heap of press clippings at his elbow, on the corner of the table, under a glass paper weight.

The man was in a profound reflection. His speech on the preceding night in a Western city had brought down upon him a deluge of comment, and it was with the substance of this comment that the senator was concerned. He felt that a proper answer to it lay in the fact that he did not represent the North and East—that portion of the United States in which these newspapers were mostly printed.

It was a commonwealth distant from these great centers; and he felt that the sentiments of this commonwealth, or at least the controlling elements in it, he had accurately reflected in his speech. The war was a foreign affair. It could only remotely touch his people. Why should they be drawn into this European catastrophe? Why should their young men be taken? And he began to feel the heat of the periods in which he had so oratorically presented these arguments.

He was in the midst of these reflections when a bell somewhere in the deeps of the house jangled.

He got up, went out into the hall and opened the door. A carriage in the street rolled away as the door opened and a man, standing on the step, entered.

He was a huge bulk of a man.

In his top hat and heavy coat he seemed to fill the doorway, and in the dimmed light of the hall it was a moment before the senator could see who his visitor was.

"Ah, Weisel," he said, "how do you do? Come in!"

The big man took off his coat and hat; then he smiled.

"You must pardon me, senator," he said, "if, like Nicodemus, I come to you in the night."

"I understand it, Weisel," replied the senator; "the country is going mad. Come in! I'm glad to see you. I want to talk with you."

The big man made a deprecatory gesture with his hand.

He was excellently dressed, in the best evening clothes that could be purchased. His short gray hair was brushed carefully back from his forehead; his face was smooth-shaved. And unless one studied the features of the man carefully one should not have been impressed with the racial characteristics of his nationality.

His manner was suave, as though he were a person naturally of a timid and retiring nature. It took some discernment to see the force and vigor that lay concealed in the man. His voice was gentle, like his demeanor.

"Oh, no, senator," he said; "the country is right, I think. It is you and I who are wrong—perhaps." He added the last word reflectively, as though it were a thing he had carefully considered. Then he added: "We ought to give it firm support."

"What firmer support could you give, Weisel?" said the senator. "Your house has taken its quota of bonds and I have read your brochures on our finance; they are sound and patriotic. You could hardly be criticized. . . . Look at the hornets that have descended on me!" He indicated the table and the newspapers.

There was a wood fire burning in the grate. The big man went over to the hearth, stooped a little, and held his hands extended a moment over the flame.

"Yes," he said, as though there had been no pause in the conversation. "It is about your speech last night that I wished to speak. You will permit the—impertinence of it?"

"Sit down," he said.

The senator laughed. He indicated his big chair by the table. "You are always at liberty to come to me about anything. I don't forget your support and"—he paused—"your influence. I should like to know what you think. Your country is at war."

The big man sat down. His bulk seemed to flow into the chair and fill it. The whole aspect of him gave one the sense of some tremendous fluid energy at rest. Some vigor, dynamic, forceful, in an attitude of placidity.

"Oh, yes," he said gently; "America has been finally drawn into this horror."

The senator uttered what he was thinking, unguardedly. It was a habit of which he had very nearly cured himself; but occasionally it took him unawares.

"I was thinking of Germany," he said.

The reflective note in the big man's voice did not change.

"I think of Germany," he said, "as one thinks of his childhood. With a certain sentiment, perhaps; but as something detached, shadowy, remote. There is only one country for us all—the one in which we live and conduct our affairs." His voice grew suddenly firm. "There can be no divided allegiance. We must all stand together for America."

The senator looked at him curiously. He moved over to the fireplace and sat down on a thick, short-backed, upholstered chair that stood by the hearth.

"Then you don't approve of my speech?"

For a moment the big man did not reply.

"No," he said finally. "It is a mistake in two directions."

He continued like one carefully putting an estimate together.

"The sentiment for this war will finally engulf you; and for the sake of your career the speech is a mistake. It is also a mistake," he added, "to encourage, or, if I use too strong a word there, to countenance a resistance to national measures of defense."

The senator interrupted him: "But I have not encouraged resistance to national defense. I am in favor of national defense and of every necessary step in that direction."

And there occurred to him the long, brilliant periods in which he had drawn this distinction in his speech. But he did not repeat them. He felt that they would not impress this man as he hoped they would impress the country. He added:

"It is the entrance of the country into a foreign war that I discourage."

The big man uttered a single monosyllable.

"Yes," he said.

But it was not a symbol of assent. It was a mere reflective comment. A comment indicating that the hearer understood. Then he added:

"Before our declaration of war it was proper to resist that course if one felt it unwise; but now, after that event, the door is closed. I am afraid, senator," he went on, "you do indiscreetly to take a position against the popular will."

"But I don't take a position against the popular will," explained the man. "The state I represent did not wish this war; does not now wish it. My people see no reason why they should be taxed to help decide a European struggle, or why their sons should be sent to die in a distant land for a cause in which they have no interest."

The big man shook his head slowly; but he did not reply to this comment. He seemed to be considering the various aspects of the mistake which he believed his host to have made, coupled with some suggestion which he was casting about for a proper method to present.

The forcefulness in his features began to replace the aspect of placidity.

"I do not know," he said in a barely audible voice; "I do not know. Perhaps they would listen to you."

Then he turned suddenly to his host.

"You have an elevated official position," he said. "You must always remember that. Perhaps in other countries the influence of that position is placed at a higher mark than we are accustomed to place it at here. Your attitude will be known in other countries."

He paused.

"It will be well known in the hostile countries."

The man by the hearth was listening intently.

"Well?" he said.

It was an interrogation without comment.

"I was thinking," the big man went on, "that in hostile countries a thing you might suggest would have some consideration." His voice was slow, intently reflective. "I don't know; perhaps." He looked up at his host by the fire. "There is a big element within the Central Powers anxious for peace."

He paused. Then he went on slowly, like one speaking of a thing that cannot be easily mentioned—a disclosure of profound importance.

"There is a great democratic element in Germany," he said, "that would go very far; it would go far enough to undertake a change in the government; to establish a republic. . . . Perhaps—if it felt that the Allied countries, or a powerful one of them like the United States, would welcome and aid that endeavor, instead of taking advantage of it to destroy the German people."

He looked at his host.

"That is what I mean."

He stopped, put up his big hand and moved the fingers slowly across his forehead.

"But how is this element to be assured? It knows that such an undertaking would demoralize the national resistance; it knows the bitter sentiment in France and England that the mistaken severity of German arms has incited. . . . And so it dare not move."

He stopped for a good while, his big fingers kneading his face.

"If America could assure it," he said, "it would not hesitate, I think. But is there anyone in America in whom this element could have any confidence? Not in an Administration engaged in the active enterprises of war! Not in a hostile press, and not in the utterances of any statesman, unless ——"

He stopped again; he moved in the chair; he put his elbow on the arm of it and rested his heavy, thoughtful face in the trough of his hand, as though he were at the core of some profound reflection.

He continued like one unaware of uttering a thing upon which one's attention is profoundly fixed.

"I don't know," he said; "I don't know. . . . Perhaps. . . . Perhaps. They might believe a person in authority in America whom they knew to be out of sympathy with the war."

He stopped again and looked at his host by the fire. His big face had now a disturbed, anxious expression.

"I said a while ago," he went on, "that I felt about Germany as one feels about his childhood: something apart from his maturity of life; something distant and not to be considered against the present. . . . I stand for America; but I do have a sentiment for the German people, and I should like to see this war ended."

He looked at his host, his mouth open, his eyes narrowed under the heavy brows.

"It would be a great accomplishment," he added; "it would dissolve into nothing every other human accomplishment. Anyone who could bring that about would be immortal. There is no success in human affairs to be considered beside such an accomplishment as that. . . . And it might be done."

His voice went back again into that reflective note: "It might be done."

He turned abruptly in his chair and looked at the man on the hearth.

"That is why I came to you to-night," he said.

The powerful, dynamic personality of the man seemed to extend itself; to fill the empty spaces in the room; to be about everywhere.

"To me?" echoed the man by the fire. "How could I do it? How could I go about it?"

For a moment the vast possibilities of such an undertaking dazzled him.

The language of his guest was no exaggeration. If one were able to accomplish this thing, one would stand out unequaled in the world. And he saw suddenly the vast justification before America, before the world, that the success of such an undertaking would bring to him. But it seemed hope without a measure, and he expressed the perplexity he felt.

"How would one go about it?" he said. "A speech in the Senate?"

The big man leaned over, his fingers pressing into the upholstery of the chair.

"No, no," he said; "that would give the war elements an opportunity to deny what you offer. It would show you as only one man against a whole legislative body. . . . No, no; that is not the way. Listen; I think I know the way."

He leaned farther over in the chair, his face profoundly disturbed, his voice low.

"The leader of the democratic revolutionary elements in Germany is now in Holland. He is Delbert Arnberg. If you would write him a letter, making it clear to him that America would welcome and protect a democratic government in Germany and not permit the German people to be annihilated while occupied with the change, I think he would believe you.

"He knows about you—all about you; and it would start the thing. You are an American statesman in a high position, a position of influence and authority. As I have said, a foreigner would set a high value on your position and authority—and the thing might be done. . . . It might be done. And if it could be!"

His voice trembled with fervor.

"God in Heaven, what an accomplishment it would be!"

The man sitting by the hearth got up and began to walk about the room. The vast possibilities of the undertaking were vividly before him.

"But this letter," he said finally—"what sort of letter ought I to write?"

The big man turned slowly in the chair and looked up at him.

"I have thought that all out," he said; "every word. It must be a broad, sincere, humanitarian letter. And it must convince Arnberg. It must make him feel that a German republic would meet friends and not enemies here. Our Executive has already made that course easy. It is war on the military rulers of the German Empire and not on the people. That's the note of the letter."

The big man went on hurriedly:

"I have lain awake over the thing; I have thought it all out; I think I know every word of it."

He put his big hand swiftly into the pocket of his coat, took out a big official envelope, and unfolded a sheet of paper. He got up and put the unfolded sheet down on the table.

"I have written the letter," he said. "Here it is, on a sheet of Senate paper."

He stood up suddenly and turned about to his host, his voice full of emotion.

"Oh, my friend," he said, "if you establish a democracy in the German Empire by this letter, you will save the world!"

The senator came and stood beside him.

He took the letter up and read it carefully. The words thrilled him; moved him; inspired him to the great enterprise.

UNITED STATES SENATE

Washington, D. C., Dec. 7, 1917

My dear Mr. Arnberg:

American sentiment is not hostile to your undertaking. It would transport our people to welcome a representative German republic. Leaving military details to be arranged later at a Hague conference, for a calmer time, democratic England and surely in my case France, a republic like our own, a government of the people, would on the instant cease active hostilities. I have always felt that the 31st verse of the twelfth chapter of St. Mark ought to join mankind North, South, East, West into a united, free, democratic world. The Atlantic and the Pacific ought to be open ways of peace; a common track over the waters for a world brotherhood.

May God speed you in this great affair! With every sentiment of friendship, I remain

Your obedient servant

To Delbert Arnberg,
Amsterdam, Holland.

For reply he moved the newspapers on the table until he uncovered an inkstand, got a pen, and, sitting down at the table, wrote his signature at the bottom of the letter.

He put the letter into the official envelope, sealed it and handed it to Weisel.

The big man seemed worn out with emotion. His whole body was wet; his relaxed face looked tired.

"My friend," he said, "let us pray for this letter to go through as we have not prayed for anything since we were children."

Then he got his hat and coat and went out. The senator stood for some time in the doorway, watching the big bulk of his guest become gradually indistinct in the night. Then he closed the door.

Two events happened after that. They occurred perhaps an hour later.

An official of the Government, at work in the Post-Office Department, called out to his companion:

"Here's a letter from Senator Featherfield to somebody in Amsterdam. Are official letters exempt?"

"Sure, they're not exempt!" said his companion.

There was a moment's silence; then the first official spoke again:

"There's nothing wrong with the text of this letter," he said; and he read it aloud.

"That's the sort of thing the Government would like the Germans to know, I'd say. Shall I test it for sympathetic ink?"

The second official replied wearily:

"Sure! The order is, test everything."

There was another period of silence. Then the first official spoke again:

"It's all O. K.," he said. "There's no secret stuff about this letter."

Weisel drove from the post office, where he had gone to mail the letter, to his great house at the far end of Massachusetts Avenue, as it extends into the country.

It was a vast, magnificent estate. And Weisel felt before it like one looking up at Babylon. The son of a peasant in the environs of Düsseldorf had got all this. America had been a land of promise to the German emigrant. And Weisel recalled, as he always recalled before his prosperity, the stolid youth in the steerage of an English ship fleeing covertly from the iron military service of the Prussian State.

A footman opened the iron gate and locked it again behind the carriage. As the big man got down he spoke softly to the footman:

"Otto," he said, "is he here?"

The footman replied, almost in a whisper:

"Yes, Excellency."

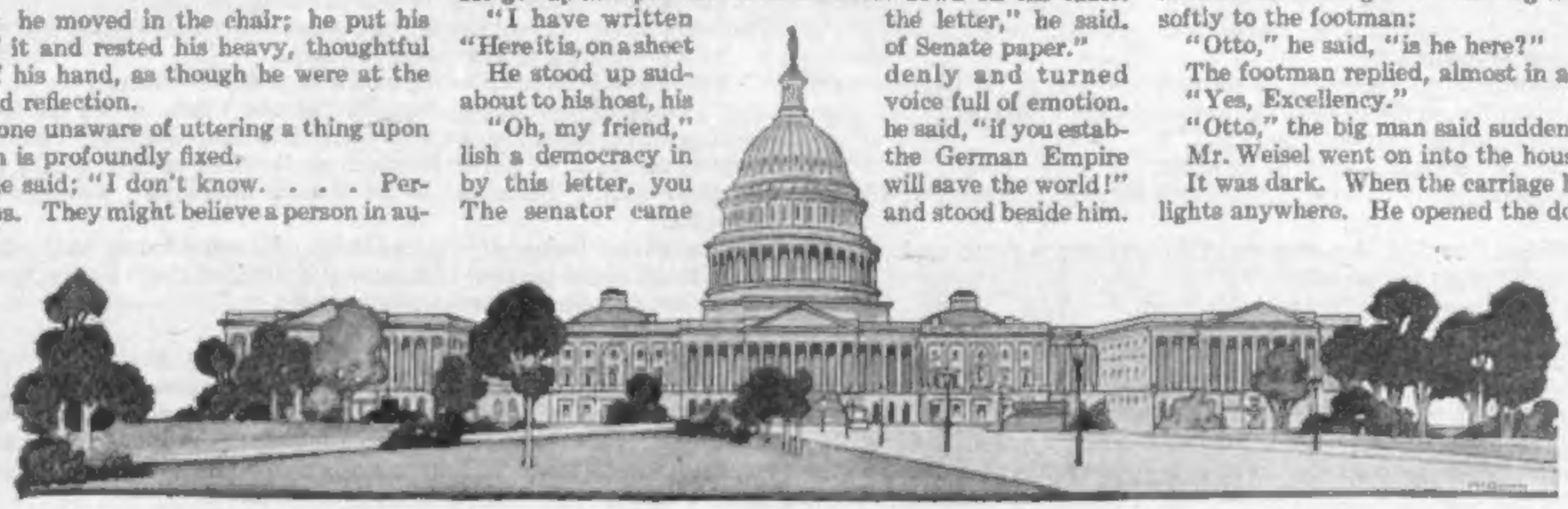
"Otto," the big man said suddenly—"not yet!"

Mr. Weisel went on into the house.

It was dark. When the carriage had gone there were no lights anywhere. He opened the door into a big room.

It was a vast drawing-room, closely curtained. There were no lights in it except a single lamp on a bare buhl table. A young man in a gray tweed

(Concluded on Page 48)



THE EARTHQUAKE

I KINGS XIX, 11-19

I: Myself, John Stanton—By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

When She Had Read It Helen Lifted a White Face and Said Simply: "Oh, John! Let's Go Home!"

RIP VAN WINKLE was no less in touch with affairs in the valley of the Hudson on his return home after his twenty years' sleep among the Catskills than my wife, my daughter and myself were with those of these United States when we descended from our sleeper to the upper platform of the Grand Central Station upon our return to New York City in the autumn of 1917. In many respects, allowing for the greater velocity of life in the twentieth century, our cases were not dissimilar. For ten months, under a doctor's orders, we had wandered in the Orient, and returned home to find ourselves in what was presently to prove a new world.

I had been a fairly prosperous bond merchant, the junior partner in a well-connected and reputable Wall Street house; not one of the Grecian temple variety, with pillars of Carrara and floors of onyx and jasper, but a modest establishment up one flight, where we did a legitimate business in strictly investment securities, dividing between the three of us a yearly net profit of approximately forty thousand dollars. Morris, Lord & Stanton is our firm name, and I was and still am the Stanton—John Stanton, A. B. Harvard '86.

If you care, now or later, to take the trouble to look me up in Who's Who you will learn that the author of these memoirs was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, December 23, 1865; the son of John Adams Stanton, a banker of that place, and Mary Stuart Thayer, his wife; that he attended the schools of his native city and afterward St. Paul's, at Concord, New Hampshire; graduated in due course from Harvard as above; went into business in New York City; married Helen Morris—the sister of his present partner—on April 30, 1887; is the father of two children and the author of Bonds Versus Stocks—a Handbook for Investors, a History of American Stock Exchanges, and American Railroad Securities.

In my capacity as my own biographer I also included in the personal sketch with which I furnished the editors of that interesting publication the valuable information that I was a Republican, an Episcopalian, and had "never as yet held public office."

That was the history of the John Stanton who shook the dust of Wall Street from his feet toward the end of the year 1916 to seek health in regions beyond the reach of the telephone and the daily newspaper. Sometimes I am inclined to feel that the life of that particular John Stanton ended there and then. At any rate, if he still lives he is, in fact, another and different man. The first followed a soft, ease-loving, thoughtless sort of life, content to go with the crowd, spending his money as freely as he made it, running to seed spiritually and intellectually, his only ambition being to build up so extensive a business that he could retire at the earliest possible moment and amuse himself—presumably as much as possible at the watering places of Continental Europe.

To-day —— Well, it is the other and I trust the better John Stanton who writes these pages. Indeed, I not only view my ten months in the Pacific as a long sleep, but I account the whole fifty-two previous years of my life as no less spent in dreaming—the dreaming of the full-fed, materialistic, essentially selfish, if good-natured, American business man, the dreamer of full-fed dreams. It was only when I stepped out of that transcontinental train that I began to wake up. It was only then that I felt the first faint anticipatory quiver of the shock I was soon to get—the shock of the earthquake that in the next thirty days was to set my brain to reeling, to turn my domestic existence topsy-turvy and to leave me clutching at my heart with weak and trembling hands.

The year 1915 had seen munition and industrial stocks generally rocketing starward; bonds had been strong and trade brisk. We at the office gave the war, at most, two years to run and capitalized our profits with the rest of the street.

The demand for ships of wood and iron, for copper, steel, dyes and machinery, was beyond anything hitherto known or imagined. To own a steamboat or a foundry was to be a millionaire. One of our clients had a steel rolling mill out in Ohio and another in New Jersey. He wanted to get hold of half a dozen more and have a merger.

Nothing loath, I undertook the job. For five months I slaved day and night, sleeping most of the time on trains, paying no attention to what I ate, my mind concentrated upon a single object—to float the Phœnicia Steel Company. The papers were just ready to be signed when the peace leak nearly wrecked the whole enterprise. For two days it looked as though my merger would never merge, as if my eggs would never scramble; and then, the excitement having subsided, the respective treasurers affixed their signatures to the necessary documents, shook hands with one another and it was done.

That afternoon I sat limp in a leather armchair in Frank Brewer's office and heard my doom from the stern lips of New York's leading nerve specialist.

"Stanton," he exclaimed impatiently, "you've just missed a complete breakdown! Twenty-four hours more and I'd have had to order you to a sanatorium. You've got to quit right here and now, give up your business entirely and go away for a year. No; don't call up your office! You'll do exactly what I tell you or I won't be responsible for consequences. I'll see both your partners—they're old friends of mine. Now go up to the club and take a Turkish bath and a rub. Then drink a pint of champagne and go to sleep. I don't want you to go home. I'll call to see you during the evening."

I did as I was told, including the champagne. Strange to say, I slept. At nine o'clock I woke to find Doctor Brewer and my two partners at my side.

"It's all fixed!" said Morris gently. "I've told Helen she must get ready to leave New York on Saturday."

"But ——" I protested dizzily. "There's Margery."

"Ought to be glad to get her out of New York!" snapped Brewer. "No eighteen-year-old girl has any business here!"

"And she says she's crazy to go to Japan!" added Lord with a grin.

"Japan!"

"And, by the way," continued my brother-in-law, "Tom Blanchard happened to be in the office when Brewer telephoned this afternoon, and he said he wasn't going back to his place in Hawaii again this year, and that he'd be glad to have you go there and stay—all of you—as long as you want. It's a sugar plantation, you know—smiling, brown-skinned natives, hammocks, hula-hula girls, and all that sort of thing!"

"Yes," I nodded. "'On the Beach at Waikiki'—I know! You fellows seem to have mapped out my whole future life for me. Well, if you've squared it with Helen and got her to agree to separate her subdébutante daughter from the follies of 1916, I'll go you—to Japan or Java or Jerusalem, for as long as you say, and a day longer!"

And so I went.

My wife, Helen, my daughter, Margery, and I sailed on the Pacific Mail Steamship Empress of China on December 19, 1916, for the Far East, where our travels, our impressions and our adventures have nothing whatever to do with the purposes of this narrative.

On the steamer the Canadians and English aboard would have nothing to do with us. Even in the usually friendly atmosphere of the smoking room I was left to myself, except for a couple of compatriots, who agreed with me that with the Allies American stock had gone down badly. Indeed, certain passengers, especially the Canadians, took pains to air their uncomplimentary views of the people of the United States in tones obviously intended to be overheard.

All together, I was glad when we got to Nagasaki. So far as Japan was concerned, I observed personally none of the popular hostility to things American I had been led to believe existed there from my reading of newspapers and magazines in the United States.

After two delightful weeks we took ship from Nagasaki for Manila, where I chartered a government revenue steamer and cruised for six weeks more in the archipelago, visiting some islands where the natives had never before seen an American, or even a white man, though owing allegiance to the United States. It was the trip of my life, and, in addition to the small arsenal of head axes and war knives lying at the other end of the table upon which I am writing, I carried away with me the emblem of the Sacred Turtle tattooed upon my tummy—which proves to those who know that I am blood brother to Jose Aguinaldo Pejaros and a subchieftain of a tribe with an unpronounceable name, whose members for ugliness leave nothing to be desired.

During this period we received no mail and saw no newspapers, these last, before we left, having been pronounced anathema by Brewer.

"Whatever you do, don't look at a paper for three months!" he had ordered; and I had humbly promised to obey. Indeed, it was no burden to carry out his injunction. I could not have done otherwise—there were no papers to read. In Manila, of course, we had been in touch for about forty-eight hours with our native land, long enough to bring our war news roughly up to date and to glance over President Wilson's message of January twenty-second. As for our going into the war, the idea seemed to me at that time utterly preposterous. I hadn't believed that anything could drive us in, or that, even if we went in, anything would come of it. In Japan, Manila and Honolulu it seemed to be assumed that there was no real intention on the part of our Government to do more than make enough demonstration to save the national face.

I confess that, so far as I was concerned, there wasn't any national face left. To my mind, the President had been stalling from the outset. The "Peace Without Victory" speech, which we got, as I have said, at Manila, finished it for me. It was all very noble, very magnanimous, very benign and very highfalutin, I thought. We were just fixing things up so as to be on the right side of everybody after the war was over. Mr. Wilson had said: "Victory would mean peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory, upon which terms of peace would rest—not permanently, but only as upon quicksand."

Fine, I said, if we were dealing with a government that didn't countenance, if not order, the cutting off of women's breasts, the poisoning of wells, the drowning of babes in arms with their mothers, the enslavement of young and innocent girls! But you might as well consider the feelings of a ruffian who had debauched your daughter and refrain from locking him up because his confinement in jail "would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory" after he finally got out. That was how I felt about it.

The President's speech of February 3, 1917, delivered upon the severance of relations with Germany—which we picked up in Mindanao—had cheered me somewhat. That, I admitted, looked more like business. But I felt by no means sure that it was not put forth with a belief almost approaching certainty that the German Government would back down; and if it backed down I knew we should never go to war. The sentence "We are the sincere friends of the German people and earnestly desire to remain at peace with the government which speaks for them" bore an olive branch that I expected would herald the return of Bernstorff.

Of course I know better to-day; for we all are aware now of what Mr. Wilson knew then—what Germany had been doing here in the way of distributing blood money and hiring criminals, and of what the Kaiser and his ministers had planned and even threatened against the United States.

Even if finally we actually declared war, I did not believe that that act would have any concrete result. We were entirely unprepared, and the war would be over long before we could send a properly trained and adequately armed body of troops to Europe. I figured the thing out in about the same way the German General Staff had figured it out. Nobody wanted war except a few jingoes in the East; free Americans would never stand for conscription, and our entry would have no effect except to divert back into the United States the tide of munitions flowing steadily to England and France. To that extent Germany would actually profit by our action.

We were visiting a native village, I remember, in one of the coral islands the first week in April when the captain of our revenue cutter picked up the news by wireless from Manila that the President had proclaimed a state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government. Naturally the news occasioned a good deal of excitement on the steamer and the captain dressed ship and fired a salute, which sent the natives scurrying to the woods. Helen's first thought, of course, was of our son, a Junior at Harvard. Looking at me a little anxiously, she said:

"Jack's not old enough to go, is he?"

"Oh, no!" I answered resolutely. "Jack's only a boy at college. Besides, the war will be over long before we can send any troops across. They'd send the regular army first, anyhow."

I told her that quite sincerely. It never dawned upon me to think otherwise. Jack was a kid. He didn't have sense enough to change his shoes after he had been out in the rain. Only a year or so ago I had had to stand over him with a club to make him brush his teeth, and he had hated a bath just as much as the devil is supposed to hate consecrated water.

"Oh, no!" I reassured her. "You don't need to worry a single minute about Jack. He might go to the next war, but he'll get no chance at this."

And so we steamed on among the islands, under cloudless skies, reading novels and playing bridge, until, six weeks later, we again reached Manila and regretfully bade farewell to our captain.

"Hello, Dad! How's Mother? Isn't it Great That the Regiment Sails Week After Next!"

From Manila we took a steamer for Honolulu, and a week later arrived by coasting vessel at Ilao, where Tom Blanchard's sugar factory is situated, and began our lotus-eating life on the plantation. There for several months we led the existence commonly referred to as idyllic, keeping no hours, sleeping fourteen out of the twenty-four when we chose, swimming in crystalline water inside the reefs, fishing for rainbow-hued pauu and hilu outside the islands, and waited upon hand and foot by impassive Chinese servants, who anticipated every thought we either had or should have had.

The bungalow was half a mile from the sugar factory, on the other side of a point, and had its own dock. There was no telegraph; we had no neighbors; and there was no one to speak to except a taciturn superintendent, who looked like an ex-convict and who lived with a half-caste wife named Mo-a. Once a week a small steamer dropped a bag of mail at our landing, including a bundle of morning, evening and Sunday New York papers about as big as a hogshead.

At first we used to rush down to the jetty and tear off the wrappers before the Chink could bring them up to the veranda—just couldn't wait! We wanted to know exactly what the Government was doing; how many hundred yards the French and English had gained from the boches since the week before; how much nearer Cadorna was to Trieste; and whether the Czar had been put at peeling potatoes or wheeling a barrow. Gradually, however, we lost interest. It took all the joy out of life to spend whole days waist-high in newspapers—all alike and full of vain repetitions—trying to arrange the news in its proper sequence. When you get about forty newspapers at once there is a striking monotony, even about war news.

Finally we reached the point when we couldn't look at them—except for the headlines. To see my namesake, John—Head or Number One Boy—come staggering up the beach with that huge load of brown-wrapped rolls of printed matter on his back filled us with gloom. In the first place, it was all weeks old when it got to us; and then there was so much of it! Stale tons of it! Usually after lying unopened for days sometimes, those papers found their way down to Mo-a, who liked to cut out the pictures in the supplements and paste them on the wall of her house with fish glue that she boiled herself.

I would occasionally find her gazing rapturously at some rotogravure print of George M. Cohan, William Jennings Bryan or Colonel House and murmuring "Beau'fu' man!" In ladies she took no interest, and she would look contemptuously at the reproductions of our most brilliant Broadway stars—at Jane Cowl, Billie Burke, or our own Maxine, and shake her head and mutter "No-a-good!"

You see, the atmosphere was somehow antipathetic to intellectual exertion. Our previous New York ideas seemed—how shall I say?—irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial. We lived like princes and it cost us only a few cents a day; we couldn't have bought anything even if we had needed it—which we didn't; there was nothing in the world of Ilao to spend a single cent on, and I don't believe that literally there was more than six dollars, Mex., in the place.

There was nothing to worry us, no duties to perform, "nowhere to go but out"—and "out" was as near heaven as anything I have ever known. We talked of New York as if it might have been Calcutta. We read of the war, but it did not seem real. We knew that men were suffering and dying, but it was like reading about it years afterward. It was our own daily life there at Ilao that was real to us—the other thing was literary, like our books; so we sat round and read frayed copies out of Blanchard's library—Marion Crawford, Henry Seton Merriman, William Dean Howells, and others of a bygone literary age. I mention this because now it seems so extraordinary that, with our country at war, we should have been dreaming over Saracinesca, or Mr. Isaacs, or The Rise of Silas Lapham, while thousands of our fellow human beings lay rotting out in No Man's Land.

Week followed week and month followed month without incident, without contact with the outside world. It was as though we had been put back twenty years or so; and, as youth is the period of life when one does one's reading, Helen and I, when we talked, were apt to speak of the books we had read, the people we had known and the things we had done when we were children. Our life seemed all in the past, and, to be frank, our nearer past seemed less real, less vivid than the period that had preceded it, of ambition, of struggle, when we had dreamed dreams and seen visions.

A Wall Street bond broker has no time for dreaming and he has no visions at all; but there at Ilao we dreamed we were young again, and we had time to wonder why we no longer had any visions. And sometimes, though I missed, in a way, the activity of New York, the complex interests of work and amusement, our hundreds of friends and the excitement of the game, I told myself that now, for the first time, in this distant place, with none of my own kind about except my wife and daughter, I was in a position to estimate the real value of the sort of life I had worked so hard to live.

Was it, I asked myself, worth the candle? After all, did I get anything out of it—at a thousand times the cost—better than I got out of life at Ilao?

A bombshell fell among us one day, however, which shattered our dreaming. It had been arranged that after his spring examinations Jack should join us; and, now that July had come, we were daily expecting a letter containing the news that he had started West and giving us the approximate date of his arrival. I had been out with one of the Chinamen fishing for hilu when I saw the steamer rounding the headland. As she was several hours ahead of time and there was no one at the landing, we rowed over to meet her. The captain, a red-faced sea dog, with watery eyes, was standing on the bridge.

"Hello!" I shouted. "What's the news?"

He mopped his forehead with a yellow madras handkerchief and regarded me thoughtfully. I was a perennial object of curiosity to him.

"They've put through conscription," he answered hoarsely, "and sold a couple of billion dollars bond issue. Looks like Uncle Sam meant business—after all," he added.

Sitting in my pongee suit in that flimsy fishing boat, rising and falling with my Chinaman in the wash of that stinking coasting steamer, the significance of what he said did not get across to me. Ilao would be just the same, no matter how many conscripts might be drafted or how many billions were raised through bond issues or otherwise. That same wilting sun would blaze down on that same sagging old jetty, covered with its loose ends of hemp and its empty hogsheads; the same stoical Chinaman would plod down to meet the weekly steamer; and from the settlement behind the point the same softly crooned songs would rise under the moonlight to the sad wail of the ukulele.

"Sure!" I retorted. "What'd you expect?"

The captain did not answer my question. He probably had had no expectations in the matter.

"Here's a letter for you!" he called down, taking it from inside his cap. He passed it to a deck hand, who relayed it over the side to me. "Look out there!" he warned us, as he gave the jingle, and the steamer, which had not made fast, began to back out.

The Chink pulled a few strokes away, while I lit a cigarette and watched the old tub back nearly into the coral reef, swing her nose round and head for the open sea. Then the jingle rang again, her propeller thrashed the water like a hippo taking a mud bath, and she spurted ahead into the rollers.

"An' a hundred million for the Red Cross!" bellowed the captain across the intervening waves. "I forgot that!"

"Red Cross!"—that was pretty fine, I thought. Then I looked at the handwriting on the envelope, saw that it was from Jack and tore it open.

"*Dear Dad,*" it ran, in a childish scrawl: "Most of the fellows are going to Plattsburg, so I thought you wouldn't mind if I went along too. You will be coming home soon, anyhow. If I should be lucky enough to grab off a commission there wouldn't be any chance of my going abroad for a long time yet. Lots of love to mother and Margery. The weather is ripping!—Aff'ly, JACK."

The boy's letter gave me a mixed feeling of pride and disappointment. I was crazy to see him, of course; but it was quite natural and very creditable that he should want to get some military training. That he would ever actually be an officer in command of men was absurd. He hadn't the remotest idea of discipline.

Well, Plattsburg was a good thing for the health, anyhow, and I didn't blame him for wanting to go along with the rest of his friends. Nevertheless, the letter did not rest easily in my pocket as I trudged across the beach to the bungalow where Helen was reading in the hammock. I tossed it into her lap, without comment, and she gave a little cry of joy. When she had read it, however, she lifted a white face to me and said simply:

"Oh, John! Let's go home!"

Our trip back was smooth and uneventful. Gradually we gathered up the threads of what had been going on in our absence and came to realize that the United States had gone into the war in earnest; but Europe seemed a long way off and it did not occur to us that our own lives would be made in any way different by what had occurred. My health was now completely reëstablished and we were all tanned as brown as native islanders.

In Frisco we saw plenty of young fellows in khaki, and occasionally, on our way across the continent, passed a troop train upon a siding jammed with ruddy lads, who waved to us out of car windows over white-painted inscriptions of Can the Kaiser! or Berlin or Bust! or Potsdam Express! But, in spite of what we read in the papers and the magazines, all of which we bought, in spite of the officers in uniform and the printed admonitions from Mr. Hoover, placed so conspicuously in the dining car, it did not seem somehow in any way to affect us. We were at war—yes; a lot of men were going over to fight—if peace wasn't declared first; the Government was going to raise a stupendous sum of money and had embarked upon a gigantic program of preparation; but—other people, not we, were doing it!

We were just spectators! It was like seeing a big show at the Hippodrome from excellently chosen seats, or watching a procession on Fifth Avenue from a window. We could go out and home and to bed whenever we felt like it. Our reaction was that, though we should like to get into the game and help, it was all being handled by someone else, and there was really nothing for us to do except to go on living as usual. That was the delusion from which we were suffering when we stepped off the train at the Grand Central Station that bright October morning.

René, our lame French chauffeur, whom we had left on half wages during our absence—"much too good to let go" had been our theory—was waiting for us, with a fur lap robe over his arm, on the curb outside the station, and our smart little Renault landaulet, which had just come from the shop, looked almost like new. Our other servants had been sent away and our house on East Seventy-second Street had been left in charge of a caretaker.

"You had better go to the Chatwold for a day or two," I suggested to my wife; "then you can take plenty of time to engage your servants. I think I'll drop down to the office to see how things are going. Probably I'll be up to lunch."

We were back in New York, back in our home town, back to our old lives—that is, we thought we were back to them.

"Where's Morris?" I asked twenty minutes later as I stepped into our private office and shook my partner, Lord, by the hand.

"Morris?" he repeated, lifting his eyebrows. "Didn't you know? Oh, you probably didn't get my letter. Why, your brother-in-law pulled up stakes last week and has gone down to Washington to help McAdoo."

"Gone to Washington!" I repeated blankly. "What's he gone there for? How are we going to get on without him in the business?"

My partner laughed grimly and shrugged his well-tailored shoulders.

"There isn't any business!" he remarked.

I looked at him stupidly.

"How do you mean—no business?" I repeated incredulously.

"Just exactly that—no business at all!" he answered. "Bonds are dead! Everybody is trying to sell 'em, and there aren't any buyers. We haven't paid our expenses for the last six months. There's nothing doing here. So far as business is concerned, you might have stayed away forever. We don't need Morris; we don't need anybody. But we can't send 'em away; it wouldn't be decent. We've just got to make up our minds to it—that's all!"

I sat down, slowly trying to take it all in—to envisage this new Wall Street.

"Aren't there any profits?" I persisted.

"Profits—hell!" he ejaculated. "Say, what's the matter with you? Where do you think you are, anyway? This business is costing us two thousand a month!"

I got up and walked to the window.

"Where did the money come from you've been sending me?" I demanded.

"Your share of our commissions on the Phœnicia merger," he replied. "Look here, old top, it's time you began to wake up. I suppose we ought to have let you know how things were, but it seemed kinder to let you enjoy yourself."

"To let me dream on," I retorted. "Well, let's hear the rest of it."

"I suppose you know about the income tax?"

"Not much."

"Well, you're soaked three ways—the old 1916 tax, the new 1917 war tax, and the eight per cent on earnings over six thousand dollars."

"That last won't hurt us much, will it?" Then I burst out laughing. "Do you know, Lord—oh, Lord!—that I've just sent my wife and daughter up to take a suite at the Chatwold?"

He chuckled.

"There's the telephone," he said humorously, pushing it toward me.

"I think I need your help, old man," I replied. "Just sit down here with me—will you?—and figure out what's left."

Lord opened a drawer and pulled out a printed sheet covered with a complicated table of figures. I told him the returns from my private capital, and after a comparatively brief calculation he informed me that my income tax would amount to $3713.09. I never knew how he got the nine cents. Anyhow, it really didn't matter much. I took the sheet of pad paper on which he had been writing and studied it attentively, with mingled feelings. Then I lifted my pencil and poised it in my hand.

"What have our yearly profits averaged for the last five years—yours and mine?" I asked.

"Twelve thousand apiece," he answered at once.

"Well, I've spent every cent of it; so have you. Add twelve thousand to three thousand and seven hundred"—I did it—"and you get fifteen thousand seven hundred. That's what this blooming old war has done to me already! It's cut my income over fifteen thousand dollars."

"It's done the same to me," said he.

"What are you going to do?" I demanded.

It didn't seem possible. I was almost convinced there must be some trick in the figures—a statistical joke.

"Do? Same as you will—cut down expenses."

"Fifteen thousand dollars? I can't!"

Of course I couldn't! I had been living right up to the top notch on the theory that my income would, if anything, have a slight normal increase year by year. I had my principal, of course; but I had been brought up to view the spending of principal—of invested capital—as hardly less than a crime. Still, under the circumstances —— Yet, to sell securities meant taking a loss of from twenty to forty points. There wasn't much fun in selling an investment security, in order to raise ten thousand dollars, at a cash loss of four thousand.

"You've got to do it, old man!" Lord said, perceiving what was going on inside my head. "We can't dispose of our firm securities at these prices—we've had to mark 'em down an average of thirty points—and you can't sell yours. You've simply got to change your mode of living. Everybody's doing it. You'll be in excellent company. After all, it's our contribution to the war! I don't mind so much. It's nothing to freezing in the trenches. We can't be tender with our dollars when other fellows are giving their lives, can we?"

"You're right," I agreed. "But if you can spare me I guess I'll hike along uptown. My wife might buy a fur coat or something!"

My pet stenographer, Miss Peterson, who, in spite of her halo of bronze-colored hair, is the most efficient young woman I have ever had the good fortune to meet, had always attended to my personal accounts; so well, in fact, that I had rarely given them any attention. Now I rang for her and asked her to make me out an itemized statement setting forth my average yearly expenditures for the past five years. To my surprise, I discovered that she had already done so.

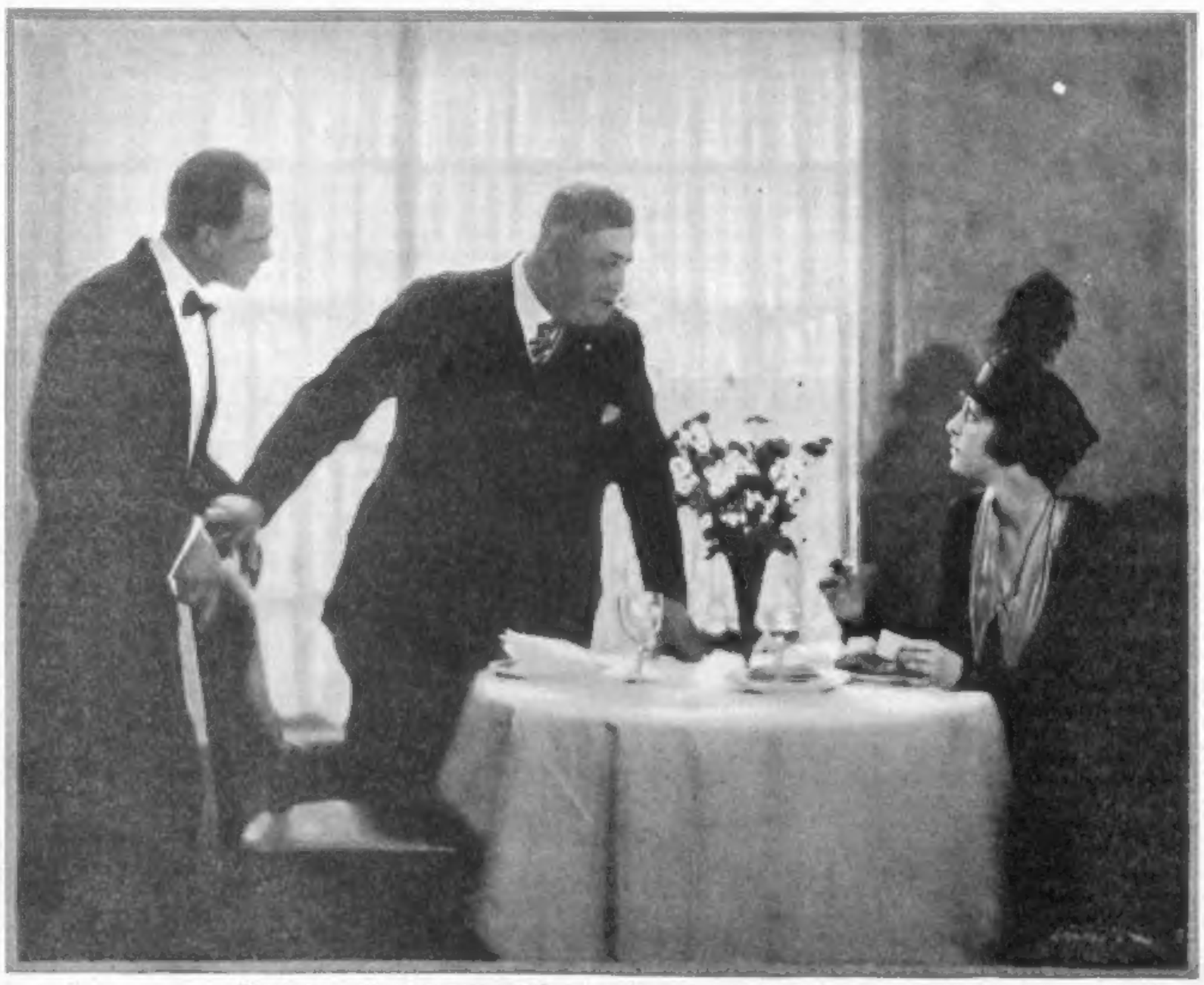
"Mr. Morris and Mr. Lord both had to go over their accounts, so I assumed that you would probably wish to," she said with a smile.

I stuffed the envelope into my pocket without daring to look at it, shook hands with Lord, and moved toward the door.

"I'll be down as usual in the morning," I said.

"Not necessary at all!" he retorted. "I advise you to stay uptown and take an account of stock. I won't expect you until next Monday; and you needn't show up then if there's anything you'd rather do."

(Continued on Page 29)



"Look Here, Helen, I Hate to Break it to You—But This is No Place for Us!"

THE FIRST RAID

By GEORGE PATTULLO

IT'S a fine thing to scare a man until he's a pale green round the ears, and the outgoing battalions cheerfully prepared them for the worst.

"Say, maybe you guys won't catch merry hell—hey?" they cried. "Just wait! We been stirring 'em up for a week now for your benefit. Any messages for the folks? Well, so long!"

And the outgoing battalions, which had really been cursing the inactivity ever since they went into the front lines, departed for villages far back, to bathe and clean up. The men about to take their places grinned nervously, wondering just how much of this might be worth thinking over and how much might be fiction.

It was mostly fiction, designed to get their wind up. The first American troops had experienced beatific quiet on the Front they occupied, between French battalions, for the purpose of putting the finishing touches on their training.

Baseball in Camp

To be sure, a few shells came over each day, and from time to time the Boche gunners tossed screeching excitement into the company kitchens or played a devil's tattoo on the communication trenches in order to worry the ration carriers. Some flares were sent up of nights, and much oftener our boys blazed away in the dark at a post in the barbed-wire entanglements, which grew a helmet under their straining eyes; but, except for such trivial happenings, incidental to the day's work, the sector had been as quiet as a country lane.

Impatient for Action

FULLY seven hundred yards separated the two lines at this salient, the point of closest proximity. That is too far for effective rifle shooting or trench mortars or grenades; at other sectors the lines were three-quarters of a mile apart. The American trenches ran along the sides of two hills. Between them were some old abandoned trenches—a sufficient barrier, however, as they were choked with wire and could be swept by machine guns from the hills.

The Boche lines were on the slope of another ridge, across a wide draw. A creek oozes through this draw—a golfer would call it casual water, inasmuch as it is merely a trickle in dry times. A young American officer who crossed it on night patrol told me that the ground is marshy but offers no impediment to troops.

There are a few copses of trees scattered up and down the valley, and the heights held by the Germans are crowned with them. At one point in No Man's Land lies a pool, perhaps a hundred and fifty yards in diameter.

The country is not battle-scarred. There is none of the terrible desolation in this region one meets on the active fronts. The land is cultivated close up to the trenches; and, though numerous villages in the vicinity were destroyed by bombardment early in the war, certain others back of the French and German positions have not been shelled in two years. Day after day our boys saw cattle driven out before their eyes by the natives to be grazed; and the natives stayed there to herd them.

In fact, there seems to have been a gentleman's agreement not to start anything on this sector. Both sides apparently used it for troops *en repos*. It was a you-leave-me-alone-and-I'll-leave-you-alone situation. Nothing could have been easier for the Germans than to demolish with their artillery the French villages that remained intact; but, of course, that would have brought about the instant demolition of those back of their own lines; so they didn't do it. And for two years each side has sat down, holding the Front and occasionally taking a chance shot at some unusual movement, but apparently never with the intention of stirring the other fellow up. Indeed, the apathy almost rivaled that of the Russian Front, where night patrols used to bid one another "Good evening; got a match?"—or stopped for a game of cards.

The Boche did five times more shelling during the first week of the American occupation than he had done in a year on that sector; but even that was half-hearted, and executed as though he wished to feel out the new activity he descried.

It was so much quieter than they anticipated that our men felt bitter chagrin. They made the painful discovery that pick and shovel play a more important rôle in modern warfare than rifles and grenades; and they would have infinitely preferred going over the top for a whack at the squareheads to repairing parapets and clearing out caved-in trenches. Why the Sam Hill had they crossed the seas, if not to fight?

Finally a doughboy could stand it no longer. In utter disgust he made ready for a march and presented himself to his captain fully equipped for attack. His proposition was that he should be permitted to make a personal assault on the German positions, and he displayed horrible disappointment when ordered back to his post. Had they come all the way to France to sit down and look at scenery over the top of a muddy ditch?

Another incident occurred that is even more illuminating as to conditions when the Americans first went in. The driver of a four-mule transport wagon used for carrying up rations got lost in the dark one night and wandered out into No Man's Land. After a profane interval he arrived at one of our listening posts, at least a hundred yards in advance of the foremost trenches, and bellowed a query to the men there.

"Sh-h! Cut that out! Don't you know the Boches'll hear you? Whisper!" cautioned the corporal in charge.

"What the hell's the use of whispering when I got four mules here?" retorted the driver in a voice you could hear back in South Carolina, where he hails from. And, whipping up his team, he clattered off to find the right road.

Not a shot was fired at him.

"A fine kind of a war, ain't it?" he said to me in the tone of one with a righteous grievance. "Here I been busting them hardtails day in and day out, and nothing happens. Once something passed me in the road, though, that didn't have no wheels. Whee-ee-ee!—like that. But it didn't stop to say a word and I never did get to know where that shell went. It must of been a stray and just wandered off, I reckon."

However, he would find things different up there at this writing. Things have livened up on the American Front.

A Company Mess Kitchen

Guests of the Trench

IN CONSIDERING the happenings of the first raid it should be borne in mind that the French controlled the sector. It was for them to decide upon night patrols and also artillery action. The Americans were in the front lines as guests, solely for training purposes and not to stir up a row; their orders had been to hold to a minimum of fire, except to repel an enemy, and, until the raid, they were prohibited from going beyond the limits of their own barbed wire.

Furthermore, most of the trenches were not of a character to withstand shelling when our first troops took them over. That portion of the Front had been passive, and it reflected the situation. Stretches of trench were badly run down. Revetments were broken, the walls had caved in at many points, and parts of the communication trenches were well-nigh impassable. Often the French soldiers had stepped out onto open ground in order to pass a bad spot, because experience had taught them that it could be done with impunity. The distance from the enemy's trenches made sniping difficult, and the Boches were wasting no shells on a remote chance. One of the sternest warnings that had to be issued to our own men was due to a tendency to imitate their predecessors and take short cuts across the open. It looked so almighty peaceful to them that the injunctions of their officers seemed to be exaggerated caution.

The first job our boys tackled was to dig out the fallen earth and put the trenches in repair. It was a tough proposition. The rains had been almost continuous, the earth was constantly crumbling, and the walls kept sliding down. They had to wade through red mire up

to their shins. A foot of water stood in some of the dugouts, due to seepage through the sides and roofs and down the stairs; and the timbers were broken in many places.

However, the first battalions sweated over it and succeeded in putting their positions into some sort of shape. They improved the drainage and mended the broken parapets—for there were spots where a man had to stoop unless he did not care if his head showed above.

Remember all these circumstances as you digest the story of the affair. Remember, too, that the soldiers who sustained the attack had been in the trenches less than five hours and knew nothing of them.

As a war happening, the raid was worth about what the German official *communiqué* gave it—three lines; but it was our first clash with the enemy, and a lot of things occurred that night which hold lessons for the men in training here and at home.

The one heartening fact is the proof it gave of what we all know—that our men will stand up under any punishment and come back for more.

"They've got the stuff in them," said the commander of the company that bore the brunt, blinking his eyes after thirty hours without sleep. "I tell you, they made me proud! All they need is to learn how—experience. They've got the guts for anything."

The second battalions selected to finish training in the Front went in about nine-thirty on the night of November second. It was their first experience of the kind. The French were holding the sector, having taken it over from the outgoing American troops several days before.

Half a mile back of the front line, Company —— entered the communication trenches and advanced toward their communications in platoon groups. The mud was ankle-deep; and they stumbled and slipped and groped, for it was as dark as a wolf's lair. A drizzling rain was falling; fog enshrouded hills and valley.

Taking Over

"GEE, it'd be a fine old night to pull something—hey, Charlie?" inquired a doughboy of the man behind. "This is worse'n —— Watch out! There's a hole about a mile deep!"

The leading platoon reached its section of trench. One by one they relieved the poilus there. As an American stepped forward a Frenchman stepped back and sloshed off through the slime.

The relief was performed in silence. Our men could speak no French and the poilus knew no English. There were interpreters with the battalion, but not sufficient to designate one for each platoon or to make individual explanations. Therefore the incoming company could learn nothing of the new positions from those who had held them, and had to get straightened out as best they could. Their officers and some of the sergeants had been through the trenches by daylight to get their lay and the location of grenades, reserve ammunition and the rocket supply; but their knowledge of these later proved wholly inadequate for groping in the dark. As for the men, they had never seen the positions before.

Furthermore, a considerable part of the company had less than seven months of soldiering to their credit. They were recruits when the expedition left the United States, and only the hardest kind of intensive training had made them fit to tackle front-line work. I mention these facts because of the hope we may derive from the spirit they showed that night and afterward.

The company's front was very extended. They had more than eleven hundred yards of trenches and about one hundred and eighty men to hold them—or six yards to a man. Inclusive of communication trenches and supports, their position was one hundred and twenty-five to three hundred and fifty yards in depth. The P. C., or post of command, was nearly half a mile from the raided salient, and the commander had to make his way there by a route through a communication trench.

All was quiet. For more than an hour after the relief not a shot was fired on either side. Then: "While I was at Number Five Listening Post," reports the lieutenant in command of Number Two Platoon, on the left of the point attacked, "we heard someone cough in a northeast direction; and two or three minutes later we were fired upon. The automatic rifle returned the fire."

This coughing came from either a reconnoitering group or a party of squareheads, who were preparing to thrust long pipes under the barbed-wire entanglements in front of the American positions to blow them up. The entanglements were sixty feet in depth along the entire front—a densely woven mesh of wire. About a quarter of a mile distant the Germans had a similar and equally formidable barrier.

"Made rounds about twelve-thirty," reports the company commander. "All quiet!"

Bayonet Practice

He went back to his post of command. Quiet continued to reign over the lines. At two-fifty, out of a complete silence, sixteen German batteries suddenly concentrated on the salient. They pounded those one hundred and fifty yards of trenches with a hail of whiz-bangs, a shell similar to our three-inch. No big stuff was used against this point. The object of the Boche was to paralyze resistance there, but not to destroy the position, for that would have interfered with the capture of prisoners.

Scrubbing Up for Supper

The Attack

AT THE same time their heavy artillery opened up on all the company positions farther back with four-inch and six-inch shells. Most of the latter searched for the company commander's post, to destroy it and prevent his joining his men. They failed. The company commander comes from Kansas; he reached them.

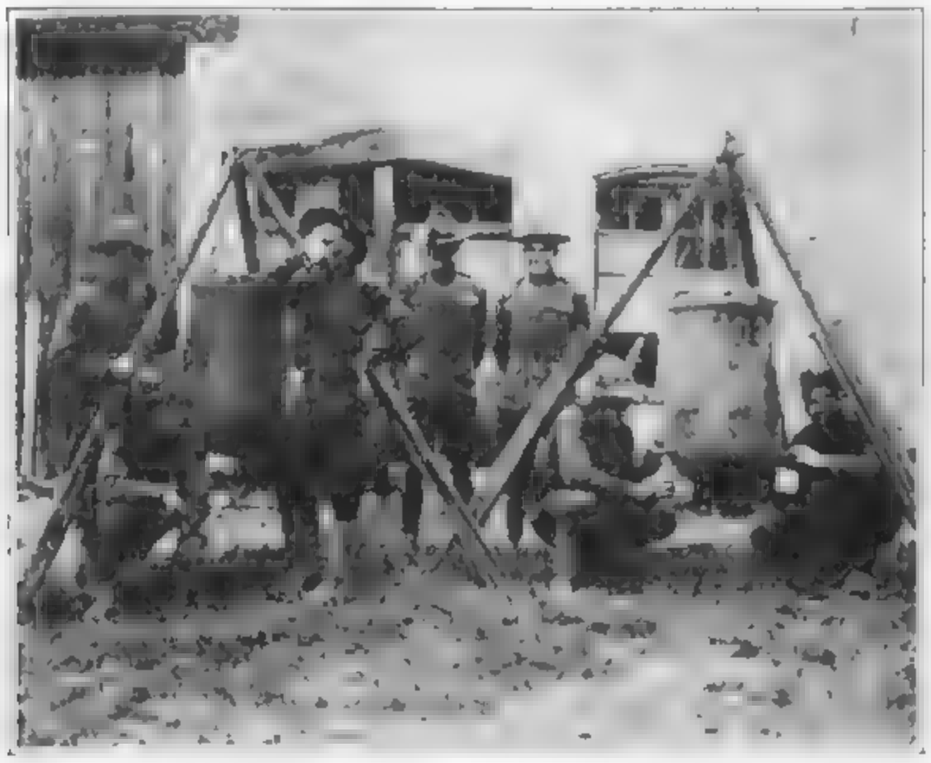
The Boches poured a harassing fire of 77's and 115's along the whole length of the communication trenches from Ravin des Crêtes to the salient. This, of course, effectually cut off relief. None of the supports could pass through the inferno to reenforce their comrades.

To make this operation clearer to the layman: Suppose you are on a spur of land and there is an enemy in front who wants to capture you. He knows you have friends farther back who will instantly come to your relief if they can.

The only thing for him to do is to cut you off from that reënforcement; so his artillery puts back of you a stream of shells that is as effective as a solid wall of flame. There you are, completely isolated. You cannot retreat if you want to, for it would mean certain death; and none of your friends can penetrate through the barrage to help repel the attack.

That was precisely the predicament of the nineteen Americans in the Artois salient. A semicircular curtain of fire was put between them and their supports. The nineteen belonged to Number One Platoon; Number Two was on their left.

The Boches took still more elaborate precautions. In order to conceal their real objective they laid down a diversion fire on Maison Brulée, Bures and Marne, which are some distance from the tip of the salient. Consequently, even if the French and Americans should suspect a raid, they would not know at what point it was to be delivered. Some of the German batteries also started a bombardment of our batteries covering this sector, in order to head off a counter barrage.



Canvas Water-Filter Bags

(Continued on Page 42)

MONKEY ON A STICK

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"They're All Conspiring Against Me, Andy. If it Weren't for You I Should Go Insane"

WHEN Andy Hanovan came home that afternoon, his celebrated wit and humor quite exhausted after rehearsing the Mad Masque of Mars at Mrs. Talcroft Skeen's palace on the height, he walked into his pretty front door and found, by the evidence, that his wife was about to leave him. He had known for some time that the Hanovan fortunes were taking a turn to the left, that Consie knew how much he was to blame, and that she was too keen to browse on the homemade sophistries by which rich wives are often calmed; but he didn't think she had it in her heart to do this. Yet there stood her complicated luggage, piled like a barricade against him in the hall: hat boxes, shoe boxes, dispatch boxes, kit bags, hand bags, steamer trunks, wardrobe trunks, distinctly lettered with the initials C. H. Even as he stood there staring, two elephantine blacks entered and, *sans* apology, began removing the paraphernalia to a waiting van.

"Consie!" he called in an afflicted voice, looking up the stairs; and in that keen, nervous face of his there was no trace of the comedy which had caused Belleville's fashionable roofs to rock with laughter during these three pleasant, vanity-stricken years.

He made a headlong charge up the stairs, driven by remorse and fear and, quite naturally, by anger. The big bedroom door was wide open at the first landing. Desolation! She had displayed inherited executive ability, no doubt about that; for the twin beds were stripped to the mattresses, the bureaus bare to the mahogany of their polished tops. Andy gaped, sank down on one of the desolated beds and was trying to think it out logically, as a retired lawyer should, when Consie herself appeared before him and stood pulling on her chamois gloves. Her trim, small figure was clad in a sensible costume, suitable for travel, and she wore a veil which she kept wriggling away with contortions of her pretty mouth as she fussed with her glove. Had Andy been ten per cent better lawyer or loved her ten per cent less he would have forced her to the disadvantage of a first shot. Instead he cleared his throat at last and grunted:

"You're not really ——"

"I've telegraphed to dad. I'm leaving by the three-twenty-six." Her eyes showed like little blue slits as she stood looking down at the stubborn buttons of her glove.

"But what in the world is it all about?" asked Belleville's champion funny man, showing a face from which all the light had fled.

"Andy!" She came and took a seat beside him on the striped ticking. She opened her eyes wide upon him and surveyed him earnestly, while the tiny crease in her full under lip fluttered with the things she had to say.

"Andy, it isn't because I'm a quitter. You ought to know that. But you've brought things round—or let them come round—to a pass where something disagreeable's got to be done. We might as well call things by their real names. I didn't ask you to support me when we were married, but I think I had a right to expect you to support yourself ——"

"Please, Consie, please!" He passed his nervous hand through his hair, which was growing a little thin on top. "I'm broke, but ——"

"I'm not twitting you, my dear," she assured him with a tantalizing gentleness of which she was capable. "But as I was saying—we've got to be candid. Maybe I have a priggish idea of self-respect. I can't endure the thought of my father's supporting my husband. It's all right for dad to give me luxuries, but if we've a home, Andy dear, you've got to keep it up."

She gave him a chance to reply before continuing her quite unusual lecture.

"I could make all sorts of allowances for your going broke. I could say that you weren't a business man, that you had a dear, delightful, artistic temperament—which you have. But I know you have ability. I know there wasn't a young lawyer in the state with more promise than you had the day you married me."

"Yes. And whose fault was it that I chucked everything to the birds?" he bawled savagely.

"If it was mine that's all the more reason why I should let you alone to work it out."

"You were there with applause at the first hit I ever made. You liked it. You were crazy about it. It was the first time you ever looked at me. You were glad enough to be the wife of a great big popular society clown ——"

He drew his sleeve across his eyes like a whimpering schoolboy, disregarding the maternal glove she had laid upon his shoulder.

When next he looked up she had risen and stood in the doorway.

"I must be going now," she said with a curious inflection. He had quarreled with her only once before; and he thought by her look that she was going to yield.

"You'll get over being mad. You'll come back pretty soon," he ventured by way of peace proposals. She shook her head.

"I can't come back," she said. "I've rented the house."

"You've what?"

"I knew it would be too big for you to use alone. Also, it would be absurd—you couldn't afford to keep it up. So the Gastons are going to take it for the season. They'll be moving in Wednesday."

"Consie, have you gone completely off your hinge?" he gasped from the mattress upon which he had collapsed.

"I think it would be better for you to go live with your mother—while you're looking round for something to do. It's only fair that you should give her all you can give, now that you've let her money get away. I think you ought to look round for something to do—something —— Oh, Andy!"

The peerless local comedian had hidden his face in his miserable useless hands; and it gave him a bitter comfort to feel that she had come to him and pressed his head for a moment against her breast.

On his cheek he could feel her warm breath fluttering through her veil.

"Andy, if you try you can come back. You've had some idle silly years. They were wonderful fun; I loved them too! I'm ashamed to say that it took this money crash to make me realize what I was helping you to throw away. But you've still got the stuff in you. If you find you can support your mother and yourself—tell me—tell me ——"

When he looked up she was gone. He heard the front door swing to. Somewhere outside a motor gurgled and chugged away.

So this was the dismal curtain to the three years' continuous vaudeville performance to which Andy Hanovan had treated an exclusive Belleville audience. A few of the oldsters—some of those who had known Andy's grandfather, the late illustrious Chief Justice Warwick—had said from the very first that it was a shame that one of Andrew's splendid traditions and native gifts should have been lured away from the law and a dignified career by the frivolous Consuela and by "that Mrs. Skeen," whose white-marble palace crowned the Hill like a gigantic wedding cake.

Belleville's dull set, which comprised the ancients of its aristocracy, saw only wrath impending for his future. In the language of golf and palmistry, his line of success, swerving from the true course, had become bunkered on the Mount of Venus. But you would have heard no melancholy warning from the bright set, which, after all, ran the town socially. To them celebrity of the Andy Hanovan type was an achievement which got him quoted from the barroom of the Commercial House to the ballroom of Mrs. Skeen's overpowering residence, where it became the fashion to brighten his occasional absence with the side-splitting reply to "Have you heard Andy's latest?"

Whether Andy was upstarting or downsliding during these years was a matter of opinion, all depending on where the spectator stood when he watched the performance.

At any rate, everybody in Belleville, including solid members of the Western Addition who didn't approve of Mrs. Skeen's parties because they were never invited, agreed that St. Valentine's Day marked the arrival of Andy as a municipal asset.

Belleville, being a seat of ancient colonial aristocracy, cherished Mrs. Hanovan as a precious relic to show to visitors and prove that original Belleville did actually come over in the Ark. It was her pride to live in a small, perfectly rounded circle; to visit only into the six families; to gossip in the language of heraldry; to point offended nostrils at such residents of the Hill as had "come in" during the past twenty years, introducing a vulgarity acquired in the sale of bricks or cotton goods.

From earliest infancy Andrew had been reminded that the blood of Chief Justice Warwick flowed in his veins. He could not distinctly remember his grandfather, but there was a marble bust of him in the Hanovan library, and the little boy, often secretly studying the high marble forehead, prayed to be made worthy of that stony perfection. He did fairly well, with his mother's help; for, even in the days when normal boys rode safety bicycles and gambled for cigarette pictures by the process known as flipping, the brats of Belleville called him Stilts, and, later on, Chief Justice. From the cradle he was marked for a lofty pilgrimage, to follow in the gigantic footsteps of his grandsire.

Nobody played with Andy very much, except a few prim ladies to whom the Widow Hanovan took him on stately visits. At nine he already looked like the Chief Justice. A majestic thundercloud bore him away to college at an early age, and Mrs. Hanovan was very happy to know that her son was already crystallizing into the magnificent Warwick statue. She was glad to feel that Andrew was not like the Hanovans, who were frivolous and usually died young. Classmates returning from Harvard for a summer's flirtation reported Andy to be a plugger and a grind; but in his senior year Mrs. Hanovan was distressed by the rumor that her son had taken the part of a Welsh rabbit at a performance of the Hasty Pudding Club. For this she condemned him to two years of foreign travel under her own careful chaperonage.

He was said to have graduated with the highest honors from law school. Exactly how high these honors were no one seemed to know. No barograph could have recorded the altitude of his manner when he strode back to Belleville

and chose for his partner his third cousin, Gaston Cole—locally known as Coal Gas—who had already been in practice two years and demonstrated a solidity which his nickname belied. Cole and Hanovan were both good legal names throughout the state. Moreover the partners were gluttons for work. In a few years of it they had inched themselves up to a foothold on the ladder—then along came St. Valentine's evening to lace poor Andy round and round with blood-red ribbons.

Nobody could have blamed Consie Birch for her share in the downfall. It wasn't her fault that she was human and born prettier than anything allowable in the criminal code. Her father was the very rich contracting engineer, G. W. Birch, of Fairfield. She came to visit Mrs. Skeen; and Andy, from his height, surveyed her as the hawk surveys the rose—or, more commonly speaking, the chicken. Andy's pomposity and rolling style of speech amused her and she elected at once to call him Stilts. It irritated and charmed him curiously to be called Stilts by one whom he so utterly desired. Therefore he had made himself ridiculous in pursuit, had proposed to her almost on first acquaintance, and had stood glum as the bust of the late Chief Justice while she turkey-trotted with all the nimble patent leathers in the colony.

By St. Valentine's eve Andy had had about enough of this. He had spent a week of self-torment, pleading his case ponderously before the bar of his higher nature. He had given his dancing contemporaries the tribal name of Fluff. He wasn't Fluff; and yet this girl, who seemed to have more than ordinary common sense, persisted in mocking him because he struck attitudes and courted her in the manner of Daniel Webster. For the first time in his life he grew dissatisfied with himself and the stony upland paths which, he began to realize, grew no daffodils. His inferiors, by their essential inferiority, were outdoing him at the game which he was breaking his heart to win.

Those were in the days before Mrs. Skeen had added the great ballroom with the permanent stage to her architectural wedding cake on the Hill. So the St. Valentine's party was given under that lady's able tyranny in the new Heatherways Golf Club, which Mrs. Skeen had largely financed, with the aid of Sam Bethel, the millionaire vaudeville manager, who was then making desperate attempts—since abandoned—to pick the lock of Belleville society.

So, grudgingly, that night poor Andy had draped himself in a brown domino and gone forth to the carnival of bleeding hearts. Mrs. Skeen had a passion for fancy dress, and had decreed that the costumes should be significant of romantic love. Bertie Hall, who at that time had somewhat outworn his long-held title of official club cut-up, was to be a very comical Cupid, Andy was told, and he groaned to think what he must endure for love. He had seen his Consie's favoring looks upon the capering Mr. Hall; so that night as he came into the noisy clatter and noisier colors of the St. Valentine's party the future Chief Justice was primed to break every law upon the calendar. The first pretty sight to offend his eye upon entering was that of Consie's teasing smile under a Marguerite wig as she sat in a corner flirting with an entirely new young man.

"And what do *you* represent?" Mrs. Skeen, sweeping forward in her proprietorial way and surveying Andy's monkish gown, had inquired.

"Saint Anthony trying to be tempted," he had replied; and this was the first joke he ever made. Which shows from what a small nut a tall tree may grow.

Like most amateur parties, Mrs. Skeen's valentine rout was mostly preliminary. It was generally understood that Bertie was dressing somewhere down in the locker room. Andy stood round disconsolately in his gaberdine, watching Mrs. Skeen bustling in and out, tagging volunteers from the audience, disappearing into the depths, looking more and more mysterious as the minutes dragged along into hours. Everybody upstairs seemed perfectly content, with the exception of Andy, who stood footsore inside his hideous habit, casting baleful eyes upon Romeos and Juliets, Tristans and Isoldes, Jacks and Jills. From Consie Birch he kept his gaze because he had about made up his mind to have no more of her.

"But, My Poor Boy, What Can You Do? I'll Venture to Say You Don't Know the Slightest Thing About Business"

When the hand of the clock had passed round the dial again and it was wearing toward ten, Andy had a mind to go home; but Fate, who was there in no disguise whatever, touched him on the shoulder and tempted the dour Saint Anthony to go down into the locker room and see what the foolish delay was all about.

In the confined, soapy, cigarette-smelling room he found the reason soon enough. A half dozen of the tallest men in the club stood round in kittenish Grecian costumes, cursing miserably over a helpless figure stretched at length on a cot. Here lay the collapsed Bertie, mumbling "All right in a minute," while Mrs. Skeen, hovering as near as the limits of modesty would permit, exhorted, and chafed the costly rings on her fingers.

"On me? I'd split 'em!" big Bill Hubbard, the next-best comedian in Belleville, was saying dazedly as he held up a suit of pink silk tights. Upstairs the notes of the talking machine proclaimed mockingly that the youngsters had tired of the delay and were going to dance.

"I told Bertie he couldn't rehearse on cocktails and an empty stomach," sounded another watcher, whereupon Andy, grumbling that the party would get along pretty well without any show, had turned on his heel. Mrs. Skeen, a jeweled figure of dismay, had intercepted him in the corridor.

"Help me!" she had pleaded. "You're the only man here who can wear them. There's a bag of valentines—Bertie and I worked a whole week with the rimes—you'll have no trouble making up speeches ——"

"I'll try them on," Andy had agreed, referring to the tights. For there had come to the young lawyer a perverse desire to show the flirtatious little Marguerite upstairs that he was not always stalking on his lofty stilts. At Mrs. Skeen's command he went obediently into the locker room and fell among strong hands. There followed a dreadful pulling on, daubing of grease paint, pinning of false wings. Those preposterous garments clung to his supple figure, revealing the fact that he was a trifle bow-legged; and those limbs needed but revealment to insure their success. They were comedy legs. Big Bill, being one of little faith, looked sorrowfully down as they fitted a golden wig on Andy's skull; incarnadined his nose; tried out his wings, which were expected to buzz annoyingly at the pull of a string.

"Don't weaken!" big Bill, evidently expecting a dreary spectacle, had whispered in his ear just before the chorus of six-foot flower bearers had stamped into the assembly room, strewing cabbage roses and shouting a hilarious song. Thus Andy staggered forward, bearing in the one hand a mail pouch, in the other a ridiculous Cupid's bow.

The serious-minded young attorney was thinking hard as he advanced. There was laughter on all sides, and from her corner he could see the admiring smile of Consuela, who evidently took him for the talented Bertie Hall. Andy was trained to brazening courts and juries, so shyness was not his fault. Also her look stung him to an acrobatic madness. He had a feeling that he had borrowed another body for the evening and was free to do what he pleased with it. Therefore he brought his comedy legs into play, cut several audacious didos, and was intoxicated by the storm of encouragement that rewarded his pains. He was accustomed to giving juries what they wanted, and here was a jury that required him to make an ass of himself or be thrown out of court.

How he succeeded is history now in the Heatherways Club. He capered down the aisle of Grecian youths under a shower of roses. The orchestra banged out a jungle air, and Andy, in the madness of Thespis, reverted to the Welsh-rabbit dance of college days. His ridiculous disguise acted for him as a rosy barricade behind which he performed all the antics of the zoo. And Belleville went wild over Andy.

After that he had but to open his mouth to start an echoing clatter. He hadn't yet learned the repressed style, so he introduced the subject of valentines by taking a header over the mail bag. Envelopes scattered across the floor, and the comedian, picking them up with coos of clownish tenderness, improvised doggerel as he doled them out one at a time. The archives of the club still record his address upon that occasion to Mr. Arthur McAfee, Belleville's justly celebrated young miser:

"Art, Art,
Here's my heart.
You'll keep it safe, I know.
It cost a dime—
'Twould be a crime
For you to let it go."

When at the conclusion of the performance Andy—partly by mistake—shot himself through the wig with a comedy arrow, died acrobatically all over the floor, and permitted the Grecian youths to drag him out by the heels, Belleville was howling for more. Even in the racketing salvo he could hear shrill voices inquiring "Who is he?" And then he knew he had accomplished something. Just what, he wasn't sure until later.

From that moment on, it was as if the grease paint had struck in and permanently dyed his personality. Down in the locker room he gloried in the sensation of warm hands slapping his back and cordial voices assuring him that he was the best ever. The hard legal shell seemed to be melting away from him. And when at last he got upstairs, properly garbed as Saint Anthony, it was with all the complacency of a star that he permitted Belleville to proclaim him. He carried a magic charm in his pocket by which he could gain the admiration of all men and women. And being a woman, Consie Birch rewarded his apish behavior by looking at him seriously for the first time that evening.

Well, it was the history of a nut in a nutshell. Consie Birch got hold of him and Mrs. Skeen got hold of him.

"Consie, Have You Gone Completely Off Your Rings?" He Gasped From the Mattress Upon Which He Had Collapsed

He married Consie and attached himself to Mrs. Skeen as her ever-ready entertainer; for the mistress of the wedding-cake house accepted only the best, and Andy became that in a marvelously short time. The antediluvian Mrs. Hanovan might fume a bit and chide her son for his neglect of the law, but it was very evident that Andy's popularity as an amateur comedian gave the young married couple a central position in local society. He had to be at every dinner party with a funny story; he developed unexpected talent as a stage manager and designer of costume affairs. In less than no time he had changed his pose, dropping the sublime manner in favor of the ridiculous.

Meanwhile Gaston Cole's broad face, which was square and dingy like an Indian's, grew more and more forbidding. It was evident that he didn't fancy Andy's entertaining fellows from the club during office hours. Dolefully he kept tab on the Hanovan jokes and resented his partner's trying them out on juries. Andy saw it coming and didn't care when Cole used their failure in the case of the Clement heirs versus the Dreadnaught Trust Company as an excuse for a peppery dialogue.

"Law is a serious business," Gaston had said, showing his wide-spaced teeth. "And the next thing you know we'll be laughed out of court."

Trying his new facetious vein even there, Andy had responded that there was nothing he knew of quite so funny as most of the courts he frequented. And of course that was the end. Andy had moved his share of the office furniture to another building, had displayed his name on the door for a few months, then closed up shop without a pang, because the Hill was calling loudly for his talents and the business districts of Belleville didn't seem to care much whether he came or went. He had invented a new anecdote about a lame chicken and a colored burglar at this crisis of his career. He was being quoted everywhere and Mrs. Skeen's parties were gaining notice in the metropolitan press. Consie, complacent in the knowledge that the Hanovan money would pay his expenses, warmed herself in the reflection of her husband's false fires. Only the Widow Hanovan, who paid his bills, sighed occasionally and inquired in her stilted way:

"Andrew, when will you be resuming the practice of the law?"

So here it ended in the third year, Andy sitting dejected and alone on the bare connubial mattress. Consie was right, of course. She had shoved him out of the boat; then, seeing him in the water, had stretched out an oar for him. Was she offering him that oar as a saving buoy? Or did she intend to hit him over the head with it? How could Andy tell, since he was dealing with a woman—and his wife, at that?

II

HE DECIDED to resume at once the serious thread of his life, so he changed his necktie to one befitting the solemn nature of his quest and started down the Hill toward the flat below, where distantly toward the declining sun tall chimneys plumed the sky, and more intimately Belleville's vulgar thoroughfares rattled with motor trucks, flaunted their five-and-ten-cent stores, brazenly displayed their advertisements for moving-picture theaters. Belleville was booming; and Andy knew that Gaston Cole, lumbering always ahead like a clumsy, invincible force, had carried on his law practice from the point where Andy had deserted it.

Toward the foot of the Hill he saw the white pillars of his mother's house showing through the autumnal elms. He turned in at the gate and knocked at the big door with the elaborate fanlight above.

The servant told him that his mother would see him in the library, and he was sorry for that, because he knew where she would be sitting and how she would meet him.

She sat with her hands folded in her lap, directly in front of the marble bust of the late Chief Justice Warwick. She was a small woman, a feminine version of the Warwick invincibility. Her features were as aquiline as those of the marbled justice on the pedestal, and her iron-gray hair was frizzed primly in an antiquated style. Preposterously laced in at the waistline, her figure was quaint with the girlishness of a past decade. In her ears she wore long pendants of carved onyx set with pearls.

"Well, mother," he began, choosing the lightest of his intonations as he took a chair as far as possible out of line with the frowning bust of his ancestor, "life is real and life is earnest this afternoon."

"I don't want you to worry too much, my dear," she told him, real tenderness for the moment softening her fierce black eyes. "I've gone over everything, and I find there is enough coming in from the Falls Farm property to keep us if we manage very carefully. Of course I shall have to curtail your allowance ——"

"Don't worry about that," said Andy huskily. "That's all on the junk pile now."

"I don't understand you." Not to understand modern slang was a part of her religion.

"I mean," he resumed after clearing his throat, "that I'm going to take a new hitch in my belt. I've decided to stop all this nonsense up on the Hill. I'm going to work."

"Andrew, I'm so glad!"

Of course that was what she was expected to say. But there were a million prejudices and reservations in the look she gave him.

"What does—Consuela say to all this?" She always spoke of Consie in this way, as though hesitating to admit her into the sacred house of Warwick.

"She insisted on my supporting myself; in fact, mother, she's left me."

"She's what?"

"Packed up and gone back to her father until I can make enough to support myself."

"Since when have the Fairfield Birches begun telling the Warwicks what they should do?"

This remark was quite characteristic. She had all the people in the county card-indexed in her keen little mind, and at will she could take them out and condemn them by families.

"I think under the circumstances she was perfectly right," persisted he. "I've been leading a pretty useless life these two or three years. It's time I bucked up—and it's not fair to ask Consie to support me."

"It's a great joy to me to hear you say that, my dear," said Mrs. Hanovan, sitting straight as a ramrod. "You've been wasting your great talents on nobodies." She shook her proud little chin toward the circle of the Hill. "And I think it high time you got back to your serious work—your grandfather's work."

Vainly Andy strove to avert his gaze from the marble eyeballs of the Chief Justice, but the effigy of that old martinet was frowning down on him with his beetling brows.

"I'm not so sure about the law," he told her at last shamefacedly.

"What in the world do you mean?" It was as though the Chief Justice and his daughter had volleyed it together at him—a marble chorus.

"I know there's a lot of family pride to be swallowed and all that sort of tosh; but in a corner you've got to take what's to be had."

"And what's to be had?" she echoed sarcastically.

"Well, if we swallow a few old-fashioned prejudices I know where I can go to work to-morrow or next day at a salary of two or three hundred a week."

"You mean you could go into a business?"

"No. I was thinking of the stage."

The suggestion didn't produce the shock he had expected, for she sat stiffly a moment, considering.

"Some gentlemen have adopted that profession," she admitted. "There was the late Richard Mansfield."

"I'm not a Mansfield"—he took her up rather tartly. "The only place where I could make money would be musical comedy or vaudeville."

"Vaudeville!" She uttered it like a cry of pain.

"As I've said," he temporized, "I can't go back and pick up my practice where I left it, and I've got to make money quick. They tell me I'm the best amateur comedian in the state—heaven knows, I've had practice enough at that. It's a matter of capitalizing my talents. I'd be a fool if I didn't."

"You mean you'd appear for money with your face painted like a clown?"

"I've done it for glory a long time," he admitted, quite without bitterness.

"Aping before an audience of common women and tradespeople—a grandson of Chief Justice Warwick!"

The worshipful graven image was staring down on him, and the sight of it drove Andy to a passion of candor.

"He's been planted in his grave for thirty years. Excuse me, mother—we can't live on tombstones. If the Chief Justice can rise up and find me a job, good! Otherwise ——"

"Andrew!" She raised a skinny arm as if to smite him for his blasphemy.

"I'm sorry, mother." Tears rimmed his eyes as he came over and gathered her slender little body into his arms. She looked fearfully ill, and his conscience tortured him with pictures of his wasted, unworthy years.

"My boy! My boy!" She was clinging to him and sobbing as he didn't know this rock-ribbed woman could sob. "You were so much to me. You were so splendid. Why can't you ever be the same again? You mustn't—you mustn't ——"

"There, there. I won't!" He could see now how hard the strain had been on her. He stood there inanely patting her shoulder, struggling against an impulse to blubber out his grief and disappointment in himself.

"Go back to the law, my boy! Be something in the world—promise me."

"Yes, yes, mother. I will! I'll go round and see Gaston right away."

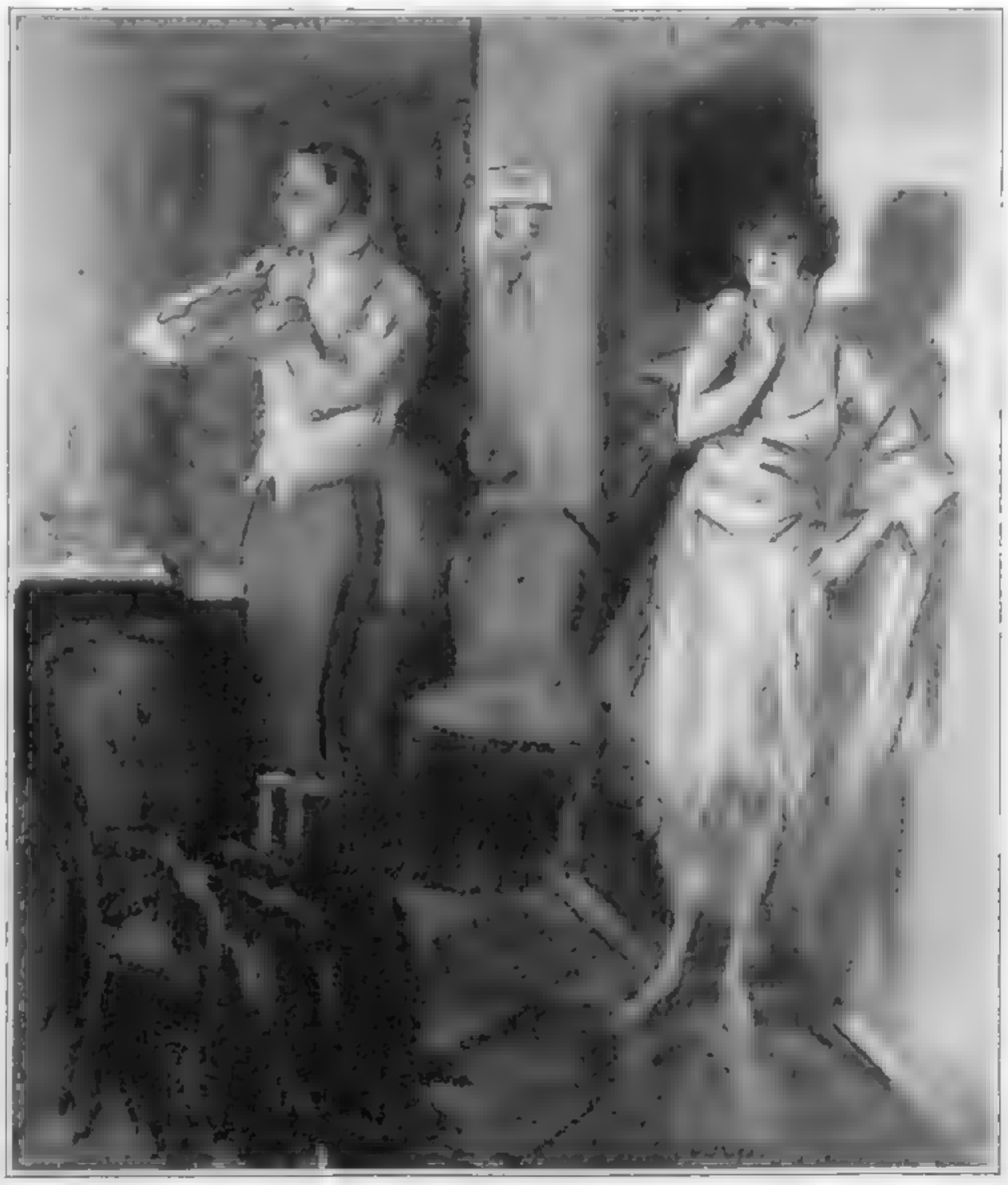
"Because, if you should do anything—beneath our dignity—what would your grandfather say?"

She cast adoring eyes up to that inexorable bust. And that was too much for Andy, who had grown to hate the disagreeable image of unearthly purity.

He kept telling himself as he walked through the rattling streets of Belleville that it would be natural enough for Cole to take him back into the firm. Andy had been the backbone of the firm in the old days, and Gaston, who was something of a social bull, would have sufficient common sense to see the advantages of wealthy contact which Andy's wastrel years had brought him.

He found the name of Cole, Phipps & Brenning emblazoned smartly on a door on the ninth floor of the new Ajax Insurance Building. Gaston had taken unto himself two keen, busy little partners, both his seniors; and upon entering Andy sensed the jealous pang of the discarded favorite who revisits the harem and finds it remodeled and restocked. The new offices were splendidly labyrinthine. A thin-wristed secretary took his card and permitted him a seat in the outside waiting room. Mr. Cole would be able to see his visitor in due time.

(Continued on Page 48)



"Andy," She Appealed Softly, But He Didn't Turn Round Until the Knot Was Perfectly Smooth and Straight

IN THE MOVIES THEY DO IT

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

Miss Glaub Prepared to Show J. Preston Timbers That the Little Ray of Sunshine of the Mammoth Store Was a World-Wise Woman as Well

THE wail of a mealy-mouthed violin seemed to dowel into the bleary comedy of the scene. A long lean room and a long lean table were furnished with all the cheer that two fruit studies of the art-beautiful type, ten straight-backed chairs of the infirm type, two ketchup bottles, a battered pitcher that had apparently gone to the sink once too often, four salt containers in choice assorted patterns, and an excruciatingly comical maid-of-all-work, busily engaged in chasing an elusive piece of wet soap for the entertainment of nobody in particular, could supply.

It was so typical. It was so typically typical! In a moment you knew that the big rough person occupying the third-floor rear would be caught tiptoeing down the front stairs. You knew, even before his humorous big shoes came into view on the stairs, that he would be of the Nat Wills school of architecture—only smoothed out a bit perhaps; and that, in a matter of three seconds by the watch, the big loafer would encompass poetic justice by being severely beaten, through the instrumentality of the sturdy landlady, who lurked behind the rubber plant, and a pair of brawny folded arms. And after that ——

But that was the humdrum thing, the familiar custard-pie preliminaries that lacked the big, vital, compelling touch of art. And what art! What delicacy of touch and charming versatility! Who had suspected that behind the lurking sensuous form, the blood-red cruel mouth, and the drooping dangerous eyes of Miss Beda Thara there lay hidden such naïve girlishness, such trusting sweetness and purity!

It was nearly unbelievable that the gentle Martha Berekeley of the five-reel heart-gripping feature, At the Great Moment, could be the fiend incarnate of What Fools Men Are! Even in Miss Thara's previous release, where she portrayed the tender rôle of A Daughter of the Old South, there had still been—at moments—flashes of the familiar Thara tigerishness. But we stray from the mutton, which is the mealy-mouthed violin and the long lean table.

The room is no longer the center of interest, however; even the comical maid has departed temporarily. The long table is fairly glutted—not with food—but with heart interest. On the right of the landlady—who, by the way, is not the landlady of the rubber plant and the husky right, but her artistic counterpart, who fairly radiates heart interest and decayed gentility—is the humorous gentleman in the grocery line, who is distinctly worried about one of two vacant chairs. Opposite him, frowning heavily between the ketchup and the beautifully decorated salt container, is Henri, the struggling artist, or Henny, the Fourth-Street barber; the program gives no indication. He, too, is registering unmistakable anxiety about the vacant chair.

At the foot of the table, instead of the custard-pie ruffian, eating with his knife and registering great joy in three different close-ups, is the aged gentleman who had come down from great estate to be a humble clerk in the city. This proves, at the very outset, to be genteel comedy of laughter intermingled with tears.

After the humorous servant has stumbled three times in removing the meat, to the huge delight of one fat man and three little boys, a sudden movement on the part of the humorous gentleman in the grocery line indicates that there are steps on the stairs without; light fairy steps, to judge by the heaving shoulders of the swarthy one.

No need for the mealy-mouthed violin suddenly to break into the soft cadences of Hearts and Flowers. No cheap serge suit, neat and manifestly ill-fitting though it be, can hide the divine form this one enshrouds. Even the cheap little velvet hat cannot conceal the soft curves of youth or the limpid beauty of the Thara eyes.

Back among the heavy shadows that cloaked the wall a girl clapped her hands. The three little boys echoed their approval on general principles. The fat man grunted contemptuously.

"Slush!" he muttered.

How uplifting it is to watch the grateful look that creeps into the old man's eyes as the girl bends to murmur a few words of greeting, and bestows a comforting pat on the bent back! How amusing it is to watch the humorous one and the swarthy one rush to assist her to her chair. It is perfectly plain that Miss Thara in the rôle of Martha Berekeley is the little ray of sunshine among these strugglers for existence.

And then, just as Martha gracefully starts to eat, there is a stir at the door; the frayed portières shiver. For the shortest possible close-up, a thick wicked face is thrust between the curtains. The little boys voice their approval by stamping softly; but the head retires suddenly. Someone is coming! A moment later the new boarder is facing the sunshine of the boarding house for the first time.

"You—you live here!" are his words flashed for a moment on the darkened screen. It is plain that he is struck straight between the eyes at the wonder of it. With her beautiful eyes downcast, Martha nods. The mealy-mouthed one breaks into a fast fox trot. They are off!

It seems almost a desecration to skip quickly through the stirring scenes that follow; but space must be saved for the great moment. Suffice it to say that, after a dozen hair-raising adventures with the merciless emissaries of the Secret Seven, seeking, for unknown reasons, to capture the beautiful Martha, Harold Merode discovers that he is in love—passionately and devotedly. And then comes the great surprise! Harold appears in the little parlor of decayed gentlehood clad in the sleekest of morning coats and the dearest of striped ascots.

Down in row eight, beside the fat man, a young woman gasped outright. If the fat man had been acquainted in the waist manufacturing or selling line he would have instantly recognized Miss Adele Glaub, waist buyer for the Mammoth Store. If the darkness had been less intense he undoubtedly would have been surprised to note the similarity of dark dangerous eyes. True, the present Beda Thara lacked the wicked jade ring that gleamed here in the darkness, and Martha-of-the-sunshine did not wear earrings; but even then he would have noticed and marveled—all the men who sold Miss Glaub waists did! But it was too dark for these enlightening details; so the fat man sneered.

"Oh, Clarence Marshmallow!" he muttered in a throaty whisper.

But it was lost on Miss Glaub, thrilled at the wonder of it.

"It's him! It's him!" she breathed.

"Mush!" said the fat man to his program.

Miss Glaub removed her elbow from the arm of the chair and let it go at that.

And what a surprise it was! Harold Merode, instead of being a struggler for existence, was a member of one of the most exclusive old families—the last of a famous line!

"I am what is known as a clubman and man about town," he modestly told Martha, registering wonder, with wide eyes and clenched fists. "I was afraid someone would marry me for my money, that I personally—would—not—count. . . . So I put away the things I had known and started out to take life as I found it. And so I found—you."

"You!"

"I want you to go back with me into my old life, and ——"

"You love me?"—wonderingly.

Certainly Martha couldn't doubt it after what Harold said then.

In her excitement at the marvelous coincidence Miss Glaub let her elbow wander back to rest. And then came the great moment!

"You—you will go back with me, Martha?"—pleadingly.

With her large eyes suffused with real tears, and her hands clasping and unclasping convulsively, she gulped and said:

"No!"

The fat man tittered skeptically. But it was so. With wet eyes looking straight ahead, she spoke:

"I—I, too, love you, Harold. . . . But I can't marry you. Between your life and mine there is too wide a gulf. Your friends would sneer at a working girl; and—and soon you, too, might ——"

Harold registered "No! No!" very vehemently.

"No; I love you too much, Harold. . . . I love you enough to give you up! It is for the best."

For a moment Miss Glaub sat absorbed at the artistry of it. Then, as the film gradually blurred, leaving the two to their last good-by, her mind reverted to the great discovery.

"It's J. Preston Timbers," she murmured into the depths of her fur. "It's J. Preston's game—for a thin dime!"

The fat man caught the murmur and guessed at the words.

"Mush!" he sneered openly.

"Mush yourself! You big yap!" said Miss Glaub with deep feeling, and flounced past his pudgy knees.

Just to say that J. Preston Timbers was the glass of fashion and the mold of form was but to say that Rembrandt was a man who manufactured genuine handmade paintings. Indeed, in several things Mr. Timbers was more Rembrandty than Rembrandt himself! Certainly his morning coat was as deep and restful as any Rembrandt background. And as for the fleeting high lights on the Timbers lavender ascot—well, it has been the despair of later men than the Old Master. Other things there were about the Timbers personality that would make even the brush of a Rembrandt falter and fail. What artist could have hoped to catch the delicate shadings of the Timbers voice as it differentiated between Mrs. Ferguson P. Klotz, Second, and the eaglelike figure of old Mrs. Peter Blount!

To Mrs. Ferguson P. Klotz he was the calm polished man of the world, directing a lady, to whom he had never been introduced, to the waist section; polite, but restrained. To old Mrs. Blount, with her eternally waving feather boa and shaggy eyebrows, he permitted the necessary directions to become a trifle more personal in tone, as one equal to another. When he said, "My dear Mrs. Blount, let me find you that Miss Beeley who takes care of you so well," it was as if he had said: "My dear Mrs. Blount, let me call Rufus to get you another macaroon."

J. Preston was a floorwalker—ahem!—manager; but to see him walk across the green velvet of the millinery salon, the light gleaming equally bright on shiny black hair and shiny black boots, was a sight that was little short of a picture. Of course there were people who held different views.

"Be still, beatin' heart!" whispered Miss Virgie Tupper, of the French Room. "Here comes lavender an' ol' lace."

Her companion giggled, with head averted.

"Don't touch him," she begged in mock concern; "he bruises so easy!"

They both giggled, heads down. A moment later Miss Eulalie Hieber, holding up a large velvet hat as an excuse for joining the two, whispered:

"He musta' lost money playin' polo with Astor an' the boys last night; he's as pleasant as a poisoned pup!"

Virgie arranged her back hair with a languid hand.

"Ol' stuff!" She yawned into a feathered turban of Burgundy velvet. "Mr. Timbers is too patriotic—he's studyin' Red Cross work."

"Too bloody!" said Miss Eulalie practically.

"White ain't his color"—from the other blonde.

Slowly they drifted apart as Mr. Timbers' brow gently contracted; passed toward the waist section, beyond. Later, Virgie continued her conversation with the blonde.

"He's been here two weeks now," she computed. "An' to hear him talk—honest, wouldn't ya think he went to Hawvard with old John D. Dictionary'"

The blonde, though opinionless, was inclined toward a somewhat more romantic view.

"Maybe he's some relative of Bibker's, learning the business from the ground up," she suggested.

Miss Virgie sniffed.

"Don't be young, child," she admonished wearily; "it ain't being done any more. It ain't the cree, as madam says."

The child wanted to know what that was.

Virgie sighed into a small hand mirror at the ignorance of some people's children. She smoothed an imaginary wrinkle, caused by answering fool questions, from her chalky brow.

"It means class," she said finally, the wrinkle gone. Then, irrelevantly: "I'll bet he wears embroidered suspenders!"

But the blonde persisted.

"There's something about him, anyway!" she began.

"Yeh!"—resignedly.

"But there is," continued the blonde; "you know there is!"

Listlessly Virgie brushed a thread of lint from the Burgundy turban.

"Sure there is!" she agreed.

"Well ——"

"The same thing there is about Bryan."

The blonde wanted to know what that was.

"The gift o' gab!" said Miss Virgie briefly, as if she were wasting words.

II

THERE are certain elemental things of life over which the individual has no control. Among these Miss Adele Glaub included the belief that no woman can help it if she is attractive to men.

"An' if a girl happens to resemble one of the screen's greatest beauties—well, every woman owes it to herself to look the best she can, don't she?"

Miss Glaub demanded this of her mirror. The mirror—or so Miss Glaub imagined—said that was perfectly true. Continuing this train of thought, it was reasonable to suppose that J. Preston Timbers was not unlike—very much, anyway—the men in the waist business.

As she brushed the blue-black hair to a lustrous sheen, she reflected that even a member of one of the best families couldn't be any better than Col. Amasa Pickering Jephson, of Kentucky. And even if he was a poor old fish with frayed cuffs, he was there with the family. And then, there was Mr. Nathan Rosewater, of August & Rosewater, blouse manufacturers, who had said—to her face—that she made him forget even the rising crêpe-de-Chine market. And surely there could be no classier dresser than Mr. Rosewater! Why, that man's silk shirts ——

Of course it was all right to part that way in the movies—where a marriage sometimes kills a person for another picture; but in real life —— Now, of course, if this Martha person hadn't really been a poor shopgirl, but had a little class, why, it might have been different. . . . Nobody could accuse her of being a fortune hunter, because a floorwalker is a long way from a buyer; about thirty dollars a week away, to be exact. After all, there wasn't any harm in helpin' a nice-appearing man along, was there? Of course she was really only amusing herself; but maybe ——

Over her bedtime cup of chocolate Miss Glaub decided to wear her mauve crêpe de louve, trimmed with nutria; and be nice to Mr. Timbers, anyway.

The next morning, by a strange coincidence, Miss Glaub rounded a billowy mountain of early spring voiles and washable white satins, only to run head-on into the smart figure of Mr. Timbers, evidently bound for the transfer desk, in the rear. It was so stupid of her to have her head down—she blushed delightfully.

"Can't you watch ——" began Mr. Timbers angrily; then, as he recognized her: "I am dreadfully sorry. Quite my fault, I assure you."

How courtly he bowed!

"It was my fault entirely," she assured him warmly. "I was so intent on a little pet charity of mine—a girl who used to work for me—ill!" She held out her hand with the impulsiveness of a schoolgirl. "You are Mr. Timbers, the new floor manager—aren't you?"

"I Wanted to Keep it a Secret—So That, in the End, it Might be a Great and Happy Surprise!"

Mr. Timbers nodded pleasantly.

"And you are Miss Glaub, the executive head of this department?"

Anyone else would have said "buyer," flashed through her brain.

"Yes," she admitted outwardly; "but sometimes I wish"—rather hesitatingly—"I wish I was just an ordinary clerk."

Mr. Timbers noticed the slight pause and the almost inaudible sigh that finished the sentence. He pulled down the fawn-colored points of his fawn-colored waistcoat, registered genteel surprise, and said that such a statement, coming from such a source—Mr. Timbers let his eyes say that this was not meant in a disparaging way—was most surprising, as well as interesting.

"A statement, I venture to say, that is founded on some mighty concrete reasoning," he added.

Miss Glaub nodded her head uncertainly, but managed to smile—almost wanly.

"Yes," she assented; "they are good hard reasons."

Mr. Timbers toyed with the rubber tip of his pencil and murmured that, if he wasn't presuming too much—short acquaintance, and all that—he would like to know what they were. It was Mr. Timbers' turn to hesitate. "That is, if you care to take a total stranger into your confidence to the limit of that extent," he concluded.

Toying with the wicked jade dinner ring, she bowed her head and said she didn't mind; and, after all, they really weren't strangers, were they? This with most engaging brightness.

"We certainly are not," said Mr. J. Preston Timbers—"not now, I trust, at any rate."

Miss Glaub colored equally engagingly.

"What kidders all you men are!" Then, lower: "But the reason for my wish was because, in my position, I have only employees and no friends."

"Really?" Mr. Timbers' tone indicated that this was all but impossible.

Miss Glaub continued hastily:

"What I mean is, here in the store. Of course, outside ——" The downcast gaze seemed to say that, of course, that was different. "But here in the store there are so few that I—I care to mingle with in a social way; not that I am stuck up," she rushed on, so he might not misunderstand; "but ——"

"I know," J. Preston said softly; "it's the misfortune of being placed above others. I, too, despite many friends, often feel it here—even during the short space of time in which I have occupied my present position."

"It is hard, isn't it?" said Miss Glaub, blotting out the six years she had spent trailing irritable old women through the waist section with a troubled little shake.

J. Preston said it was—very!

Miss Glaub let fall the teeniest of hints.

"We'll hafta get together an' console each other," she murmured lightly.

"Yes, indeed!" agreed Mr. Timbers quickly; then, more slowly, as if seeking to correct an impression of overeagerness: "But my people demand so much of my time away from the store that, together with filling in for ——" He stopped abruptly, like a man with a runaway tongue.

"You were sayin'"—quickly.

"Why"—lamely.

Miss Glaub had been a past master in selling waists by the follow-up method several years before. She had lost none of her skill.

"You were saying something about filling in," she prompted.

Mr. Timbers capitulated.

"Dinners," he finished weakly.

"Oh!"

Mr. Timbers' face had certainly changed color. He straightened his ascot nervously.

"I didn't mean to have it known about the store," he explained, "that social activities of any nature are in any manner connected—ahem—with my person."

"I know," said Miss Glaub understandingly, from out the social weariness of four consecutive movies.

But, now that the cat was out of the bag—through Miss Glaub's sharpness—J. Preston was less backward. He spoke lightly of a dinner given by Mrs. Van V. Velvet—"of the younger set," he explained. "It was an amusing little affair. There was a Russian artist—Prince—what was his name? Something like Prodasktsky—only longer. Well, he ——"

"O-o-o-o-oooh, Mr. Ti-i-imber-rrs! Cr-ed-it!"

It brought them back with a jump.

"I must go," he said.

"Maybe," suggested Miss Glaub, "you could finish telling me about that funny prince at lunch. I go about twelve; an' ——"

"I never eat lunch," Mr. Timbers explained hastily. "My indigestion, you know—only malted milk."

Miss Glaub was instantly all sympathy.

"Ain't that too bad!" she cooed.

"I don't mind it at noon; but at night the sight of all that heavy food and wine—after you have eaten ——"

Mr. Timbers' liquid eyes turned up in eloquent description of this social hades.

"O-oo-o-ooh, Mr. Tim-ber-r-rrs! Cred-it-t-t!"

Miss Glaub watched the slender graceful figure pick its way through the network of glistening mahogany and glass with unfeigned interest. Van V. Velvet's wife! . . . A dinner! Why, it was just like a book!

Back in her little office, Miss Glaub enumerated on her fingers five reasons why Mr. Timbers was a different man from what he seemed: First, because of that courtly bow; second, because he had said executive instead of buyer; third, because of his eloquent language; fourth, because of the Van V. Velvet dinner; fifth, because of the Van V. Velvet dinner. And then, all real aristocrats have indigestion, haven't they?

III

THE floor woke up very slowly to the fact that J. Preston Timbers was interested in the head of the waist department. But when it did wake up it lost no time in getting down to the business in hand, which was the necessity of getting some fun out of it.

The millinery section, particularly the French room, headed by Miss Virgie Tupper, enjoyed as much of the situation as they could see or conjecture. Plenty of the latter, thank you!

"Oh, Ro-mee-o!" chanted this blasé world-worn woman of twenty. "What have you done to our little vampire?"

The blonde straightened her jabot, to cover an appreciative grin. Virgie continued:

"You have taken away her earrings ——" Another giggle. "You have taken away her wickedness; an' she has nothing left but sweetness an' joy."

The blonde decided that this was too good to be wasted. Over a table of huge floppy velvets marked $4.85, to clear—she called softly to Miss Eulalie Hieber:

"Come on over an' get the Charlie Chaplin stuff Virgie's pullin'!"

Miss Eulalie picked up two of the floppy hats and came round the table, with the evident purpose of brushing them. The blonde explained why Virgie was so perfectly killing.

"Go on, Virgie, with th' act," she snickered.

Virgie needed no urging. Strolling slowly and apparently aimlessly behind the shelter of one of the large mirrors, her attitude quickly changed—one hand went to the hip; the other, little finger gracefully rigid, was drawn across Virgie's almost pasty brow. Slowly she began to sway forward and backward as if in great emotional pain.

"Only two short days," she hissed tragically to the back of the mirror, "an' see what your fatal beauty has done to me! I was a vampire, dark an' dangerous. . . . An' now what am I? A vamp without a chance against your hon-eed wor-r-ds! Only two days, an' your gift o' gab has changed me so that I am the little angel of the waist department!"

Eulalie looked quickly about; then laughed outright.

"Swell!" she applauded. "Honest" as Virgie sauntered back—"ain't it funny the way those two have got clubby in the last coupla days?"

Eulalie leaned forward, after the fashion of all women with something especially secretive—and good:

"Lily Mock, over in the waists, heard him tell her, a little while ago, that after this beastly day he had to go out to a big dinner at the Lotus Club. Lily said the way he said it would make ya think he hated the sight of a square meal." Then, with bitter emphasis: "The poor fish, talkin' that way on eighteen dollars a week 'r so!" Languidly: "It gives me a pain!"

The blonde recurred to her former contention.

"They ain't nothing green about Miss Glaub," she pointed out. "Maybe there is something to his line of talk. Remember, Virgie, I says only the other day that there was something about him that was ——"

"An' I told you what it was," grimly commented Virgie.

"Yes; but ——"

"Don't bother y'r head about it, dear child," directed Virgie maternally. "Go over to the trimmin' room an' get me that feathered fright for the superintendent's friend-wife. . . . Ain't it funny" Virgie observed bitterly, as the blonde went along the aisle to the trimming room, "how a clean collar an' a line o' talk gets some women?"

But the very next morning the blonde had her inning. Red with the exertion of running up stairs, instead of waiting for the usual eight-thirty elevator, she burst into the French Room, a very excited small blonde.

"Oh, you know-it-all!" she thrilled in the direction of Miss Virgie Tupper and Miss Eulalie Hieber, who were calmly brushing the pile of floppy velvets preparatory to another day. "Oh, you wiseheimers!" she continued.

Virgie and Eulalie continued brushing, registering silent unconcern. The blonde hurriedly grasped a small dustbrush and came to the table.

"Oh, you wiseheimers!" she repeated, taking up a hat.

"Youth," observed Virgie, apropos of nothing, "makes up in shoutin' what it lacks in brains."

"You said it," yawned Miss Hieber, as if the observation was quite pat. "Always gassin' about something!" she added.

But no amount of observations, no matter how pat, had a chance against such news as the blonde carried.

"Oh, won't it make you cheap!" she promised, rocking backward and forward in silent enjoyment. "An' after all your talk! Ha! Ha!"

"What will?"—sharply.

The blonde laughed tantalizingly.

"Get it off your chest, dearie," coldly urged Miss Tupper. "Ya might swallow it."

The blonde moistened her lips with evident relish.

"Well, you remember what you said about J. Preston?" she commented slowly. "An' you remember what I said? An' you remember how you laughed an' called me young? Well ——"

"Slip it faster, child," Miss Tupper commanded, eyes following the black-coated figure near the transfer desk.

But it was the blonde's big moment, and she refused to be hurried through—floorwalker or no floorwalker! Anyway, it was too early for customers. Eyes bright, she continued:

"Well, I was walking along the Avenoo las' night ——"

"Do tell!"

"Honest?"

"An', just at the corner of Capitol, who do you suppose I saw?"

"Ernie!"

What a cat Virgie could be! Just as if she ever saw him any more!

"No; J. Preston Timbers!"

The two wiseheimers threw up their hands in mock surprise.

"An'," continued the blonde slowly, that they might be hit all of a heap, "he—was—dressed—in—a—full-dress suit!"

But the two refused to admit the rebuttal to all their predictions.

"Maybe it's the eyes, dearie," said Virgie sadly to her brush.

"Maybe he hired it!"—from Eulalie.

"But he was hurrying right toward the Lotus Club," protested the blonde almost tearfully.

"The Three Leaf Pool Room is only a little farther along the street," observed her tormentor in the same calm tone.

The blonde retreated a few steps and then returned to the attack.

"You just wait an' see!" she hissed. "You just wait an' see who knows it all."

An hour later the blonde's anger was assuaged by this remark of Miss Tupper:

"Maybe you're right, child—we was only kidding you, anyway. Maybe he's the only son of some rich plush horse."

In the Mammoth, plush horse is a localism for millionaire.

"If he ain't," finished the blonde, in a tone she strove to keep fair, "he's one of those crushed-rose-petal boys out to uplift the poor workin' goil."

How different it would have been if either had seen Miss Beda Thara in At the Great Moment!

IV

AFTER the charming unconventionality of their first meeting, Miss Glaub and J. Preston fell into the cozy conversational give-and-take of intimates. J. Preston spoke of a humorous occurrence at the Lotus Club dinner given by Harrington Ape, but begged Miss Glaub to keep it strictly *sub rosa*.

Privately Miss Glaub wondered what a flower had to do with keeping a secret; but she let it go at that. Not to let Mr. Timbers get the impression that she was anything like a wallflower, even if her manner was of the timid shrinking-violet variety, Miss Glaub referred to her imported-blouse mailing list and spoke occasionally of a tiny family dinner with Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs, or of dropping in to tea at Mrs. Templeton Snively's afternoon at home.

One afternoon, ostensibly gathered together to discuss a waist returned for credit, Miss Glaub, with all the artlessness of a child, said she should love to see that wonderful opera of "Ada," which was to be sung at the Capitol Opera House that evening.

J. Preston said it was a shame that he was compelled to be in for an evening at bridge and a dinner at General Pilsifer Morningrod's. To be perfectly sure there could be no mistake, he brought forth the daintiest of crushed-green-leather notebooks and referred to the current date. With a delicate forefinger he pointed out the line for Miss Glaub. "Dinner at General Pilsifer Morningrod's, 53 Capitol Avenue; seven o'clock sharp," it read.

"Gee, but don't the general have his dinners early!" commented Miss Glaub as Mr. Timbers returned the little book very carefully to the inner pocket of his morning coat.

For the slightest of intervals he hesitated.

"Yes; yes he does. Sorta eccentric in that regard. Fine old fellow though. Splendid!"

Miss Glaub thought that was probably it. Mr. Timbers said he was sure of it.

A few moments later Miss Glaub said she guessed she would stay at home and rest for the balance of the week. Before she could finish, Mr. Timbers had his little notebook out and was consulting it eagerly. Suddenly his face brightened.

"How about tomorrow night?" he exclaimed. "I have a little affair that will detain me only until seven. I would love to see you at eight."

Miss Glaub smiled gracious acquiescence.

"You may take your choice," she said gayly, "between going to see something besides Ada or spending a quiet little evening at the Ansonia—where I live."

Mr. Timbers made his decision instantly—if not sooner.

'A cozy little evening with you—away from all the white lights and gleaming shoulders," he said earnestly — "would be a pleasure that—that I ——"

"Yes?"

"That I little deserve," he finished.

Miss Glaub giggled and told him not to be a foolish boy.

(Concluded on Page 45)

"Only Two Short Days," Virgie Hissed Tragically, "an' See What Your Fatal Beauty Has Done to Me!"

THE MIRACLE OF MECHANICAL TRANSPORT—By Isaac F. Marcosson

How the Motor Car Helps in the Business of War

Gasoline-Propelled Vehicles Have Made Possible the Feeding and Purveying of the Enormous Fighting Hosts

WHEN the real story of the great war is written the technical experts will probably call it a war of artillery, but the men who have had to battle with the business of it will always know it as the war of mechanical transport. The whole marvelous empire of the motor has produced no greater miracle than the achievement of the gasoline-propelled vehicle, which has made possible the feeding and purveying of the enormous fighting hosts. Indeed, supply and transport are so closely related that one cannot exist without the other. They are the real affinities of the service.

Since a historic evening early in September, 1914, when General Galliéni's reserve army swept out of Paris in taxicabs, joined Joffre's forces, helped to deliver the crucial blow that blocked the Germans at the Marne and saved the capital, the automobile has been a constantly increasing factor in the waging of the war. In this particular case it provided the pivot on which the whole Allied cause turned. If Paris had fallen before Von Kluck's drive no man knows what might have happened. The abused taxi earned its crown of glory that night.

No phase of the British army organization in the field is of such vital significance to the United States as mechanical transport. Here you get the direct link with America, because thousands of our cars of all kinds are in constant use in the war zone. But more important than this is the tremendous lesson in standardization as to both vehicles and their parts that has been learned by the British after three years of costly and drastic experience. By heeding this lesson we can save millions of dollars, to say nothing of infinite trouble. Simple and standardized mechanical transport is half the battle, because it means not only adequate food supply but also guns, ammunition, aëroplanes and engineers' stores.

Cheers for Abe and Mawruss

UNDER the terrific pressure of army needs the utilitarian side of the motor, from cycle to five-ton truck, has been reorganized and given a rebirth of efficiency. Three years of war have advanced the industry more than ten years of peaceful investigation. The results are of almost incalculable benefit to the entire business. They furnish one of the many stimulating examples of regeneration wrought out of monster destruction.

Like the army it serves, British mechanical transport has developed from almost nothing into a mighty machine. Prior to this war the motor truck as a practical aid to operations in the field did not loom very large in the mobilization plans. In the Boer War all the transport was drawn by horses, mules or oxen. In 1910 a few steam-propelled trucks were introduced as experiments, but they were rather impracticable on account of their weight, slow speed and the inevitable difficulty of fuel supply in actual war. The mechanical transport was controlled by the transport branch of the War Office and consisted of a very small personnel and an equally limited number of vehicles. The War Office relied for the provision of motor transport, in the event of the mobilization of an expeditionary force, on trucks already in use in civil work whose owners had been subsidized and who were therefore bound to turn over their equipment at the outbreak of war. For the expansion of the personnel this plan depended upon the direct commissioning of experienced civilians for officers and the immediate enlistment of civilian drivers. No provision was made for training men in discipline or military routine. Such was practically the main mechanical-transport resource of the British Army before the war began.

Under this scheme the mobilization of motor units was intrusted to the commanding officers of the various ports of embarkation. These officers were provided with lists of the vehicles that were to mobilize at their depots. The owners of these vehicles were instructed by telegraph just where their trucks and cars would be required. For the provision of spare parts a system of subsidy similar to that in vogue for the supply of complete vehicles existed. Efforts were made to encourage manufacturers to standardize parts and fittings to as great an extent as possible.

When the war crashed into civilization this arrangement was not found entirely wanting. The trucks that first supplied Lord French's army were taken from trade. They went from shop, warehouse and factory to flat cars, were hauled to the southern ports and rushed to France. These scattered and impressed vehicles formed the nucleus of the immense fleet of transport, comprising thousands of trucks, cars and motorcycles—50,000,000 pounds of equipment on rubber tires—that to-day makes up the mechanical transport of the British armies in France alone. The transport in the other theaters of war augments this list considerably.

As a matter of picturesque fact, however, the British mechanical transport in France, on any large scale, really began with that lumbering engine of peace, the London omnibus. At the outbreak of hostilities thousands of them were literally taken from the Strand, Piccadilly and other streets of the metropolis and shunted into the war area. They were used to convey the "Old Contemptibles," as the immortal first army that dashed to the relief of Belgium was called.

In connection with their advent in France occurred one of the most amusing incidents of the war. Since these busses were rushed from the highways of peace into the zone of war, they appeared on the French roads carrying all the advertising that had become familiar to the London population. The virtues of soaps, matches and safety razors were still extolled on their sides. At that time Potash and Perlmutter, rendered into a play, was having its first big run at a well-known London theater. Nearly every London bus carried a huge sign which read "See Potash and Perlmutter at the Queen's Theater." This injunction in huge letters burst upon the unsuspecting people of France. When the first line of busses filled with British Tommies swept up the road to Mons the French soldiers and civilians stood at attention on the roadside and yelled:

"Vivent les Généralles Potash et Perlmutter!"

They thought that the names of the famous Jewish merchants were those of the British generals in command of the expeditionary force. Soon after the outbreak of the war mechanical transport, or M. T., as it is known in the service, was detached from the transport branch of the War Office, intrusted to a separate branch of the quartermaster general's staff and mated to the Department of Supply.

This is why, as you may have read in the second article in this series, Major General A. R. Crofton Atkins is Director of Supply and Transport in the War Office organization that feeds and provides the British armies everywhere.

Britain's Chief Motor Man

WITH mechanical transport, as with supply, you find a close-knit system that is full brother to the whole process of food provision that I have already explained. It is just one more branch of the stupendous business of war, organized, sustained and operated on lines that would do credit to the most scientific of industrial institutions.

Your knowledge of the institution of supply now enables you to grasp at once the scope of the complete mechanical-transport service. In England you find a perfect system of provision based on actual needs expressed in demands sent from France and the other war areas. In the field you encounter an interlocking chain of base and advanced depots; you see an unfailing process of supply; you behold a field-repair service that carries the work of maintenance and reconstruction almost up to the firing line; you marvel at the ceaseless flow of gasoline and you realize that the whole world of rubber has been drained for the millions of tires required.

Again you have the parallel with trade, because this whole gasoline-driven enterprise is operated just as if it were the annex of a private business that must be conducted at maximum productivity and with the minimum overhead cost.

At the head of this business is Major General W. G. B. Boyce, Director of Transport of the British Armies in France, who sits at his desk at General Headquarters with his hand at the wheel of all mechanical transport in that field. Every day he knows the precise number of trucks and cars in active service and their exact condition—how many have been destroyed by enemy fire or accident the day before; the exact state of motor supply at all depots,

British Mechanical Transport in France Really Began With That Lumbering Engine of Peace, the London Omnibus

and what new vehicles are on their way to replenish the lost or damaged. In brief, the whole mechanical-transport situation through the agency of an almost infallible chain of intelligence is at his fingers' ends. In war knowledge is always power.

General Boyce is a fine type of the clear-cut efficiency that you invariably discover in the high executive British army places. Without technical knowledge of motors I doubt if he knows how to run a car—he can detect the slightest deviation in the structure of the very technical organization that he controls. It is instinct. One of his colleagues said: "Boyce can smell out mistakes." I am quite sure that he could take charge of any huge motor plant in the United States and operate it successfully. Like his stalwart colleague, General E. E. Carter, who rules the domain of supply, he is a graduate and member in good standing of the Army Service Corps, a conspicuous figure in the army behind the army.

At the outset it might be well to impress the fact that mechanical transport in a great army to-day is much more than motor trucks and automobiles. It includes all ambulances not hauled by horses, motor cycles, the equipment of the tanks and the huge so-called four-wheel drives which pull the big guns. These drives are the monster limbers or tractors with caterpillar wheels. In the case of 9.2 howitzers, 12-inch guns and larger calibers, they are like traveling machine shops. All cannon, from six-inch howitzers up, come under the head of siege artillery and must be hauled by mechanical transport. Without motors they could not be used in the field. Now you can see why the gasoline engine has made the war of artillery possible.

Motor-Drawn Water Wagons

MECHANICAL transport also includes all the water wagons, which are as important to the sustenance as the food columns. Then too there is the tremendous task of providing spare parts, accessories and tires for all the different kinds of vehicles. Last but not least of mechanical-transport responsibilities is the maintenance of a continuous supply of the lifeblood of all motor transport, which is gasoline, or petrol as the British call it. The only section of mechanical transport not under General Boyce is the equipment of the Royal Flying Corps. This is because the aviation lorries, which is the English synonym for trucks, must be of special construction.

All vehicles, their parts and accessories must be provided from hundreds of factories in Great Britain and the United States, mobilized and manned in England, conveyed to France and other areas of war, and kept going day and night behind the lines and under fire. Like the organization of the army food supply, it seems like an almost impossible proposition, but it is all reduced to charts and diagrams, vitalized by an amazing administrative genius, and made into an agency whose operation is as simple as it is efficient.

On a chart about three feet square, which hangs on the wall in General Boyce's office at General Headquarters, is a layout of the whole system from factory to field. At the bottom is production, which may be factories in the United States or England. Next in succession come the home depots in England, where the mobilization of transport, drivers and mechanics is effected. Beyond this lies France, where you go from the base mechanical-transport depots to the advanced mechanical-transport depots, past the heavy-repair shops and tire presses, up to the mobile workshops in the field, where the cars damaged by shell fire or wrecked on the roads in the zone of the armies come for repair.

Everything on this chart is so comprehensive that it is like a tale told in words of one syllable. The English depots are all in yellow, the depots and shops on the lines of communication are blue, and the stations in the field are pink. On one side is a succession of compact texts, which explain the functions of every stage in the system. You can look at this chart and see at a glance just how the whole organization of mechanical transport lives and has its being. With this bird's-eye view of operation in your mind you can now go into specific details. Let us first examine the production end as it affects men and motors. The rank and file of mechanical transport must of necessity be more skilled than any other branch of the Army Service Corps, from which its entire personnel is drawn. All men who enter the army and who have had previous experience as chauffeurs are mobilized at once as drivers. But the number of trained volunteers and conscripts is unequal to the enormous demands of the army-transport service.

Two huge mechanical-transport depots had to be established in England. At one of them the men are examined as to their qualifications. If a man says that he knows how to drive a truck he is immediately put on the seat of a five-ton lorry and made to prove that he can deliver the goods. At the first of these depots the men are cross-examined, weeded out and equipped. They then proceed to the training depot, where the experienced chauffeur is put through the paces with every form of army vehicle from truck to four-wheel drive. The green driver gets a complete course of technical instruction. No one is permitted to leave the depot to serve as driver in the field until he can manage the biggest truck on a crowded road in the darkest night and can repair his engine under all sorts of disquieting conditions.

The Source of Man Power

THE faculty in this automobile college is composed of temporary officers who have been employed in the great automobile factories of England, and also hundreds of men from the technical staff of the London General Omnibus Company. Recruits who are unsuitable as motor drivers become loaders and packers and remain in the Army Service Corps. This automobile school becomes the source of man power for the mechanical transport. The drain on this man power is very great because of the constant stream of new vehicles that pours from England into France, and the steady losses in the field.

Now we can turn to the vehicle end. Every week scores of trucks and cars arrive in England from America. Some

(Continued on Page 36)

Since a Historic Evening in September, 1914, When General Gallieni's Reserve Army Swept Out of Paris in Taxicabs, the Automobile Has Been a Constantly Increasing Factor in the Waging of the War. Above, Major General W. G. B. Boyce, Director of Transport of the British Armies in France

The Biography of a Million Dollars

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XVIII

THE first thing I'd like to ask you," he said, looking at me, "if you don't mind, is just what your attitude to this business is?"

"What do you mean by that?" I came back at him.

"I mean what are you in it for, now, principally?"

"That's a weird question to ask a man," said I.

"I mean it," he said. "I would like to know."

"What am I in it for?" I said, staring at him. "What would I be in it for? What is any man in business for—his health? I'm in it for what anybody else is, I suppose; for the good old stuff—the spondulics—the iron men. I'm in it for just what you are—what you get out of it!"

"Then you'd sell if you got your price?" he asked me in that level voice, arranging a cigarette in his long holder.

"Certainly I would if I got my price; wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes," he said, lighting up the cigarette.

"Oh, yes. That's what I'm in here for, admittedly—to make money pure and simple. To get in, and get out when I see a profit. But I always thought you might take a different view of it."

"Different," I said. "How?"

"I've always thought," he said, "you might have some sentiment about selling out."

"Me!" I said. "Sentiment! Well, that's a new one. That's the first time anybody ever called me sentimental yet."

And I stopped and laughed. I had to. "Well, I guess not; not if anybody came along once with my price," I said. "He'd get my share here so quick it'd scare him."

"I'm glad to hear that—personally. That simplifies matters very much," said Billings.

"Why?" said I, stopping and looking at him, wondering what he was up to now.

"What is this?" said I. "What's all this got to do with what we've been talking about—the control of this company?"

I thought he was playing me off.

"Everything in the world," said Billings, "as I see it."

"How do you figure that out?"

"I can show you that, my friend," he said, talking now in that kind of precise, measured way he talked sometimes, when he was getting over being mad—"in a very few words."

And I sat and watched him—close.

"You say I will have control here, with that new stock issue," he said. "If you think of it you'll see I'll have nothing of the kind."

"You'll have more stock than I will," I said.

"But not a majority," he told me.

"What difference does that make, practically?" I said.

"A great deal. No, we will be both in exactly the same situation."

"I don't see it."

"The same situation," he repeated again, "and the same danger!"

"What's that?" I asked.

"Each one will be exposed to the other one's selling out any day to a third party—to somebody who has picked up enough more of that new stock to give him a clear majority."

"Or one of us might buy enough to control, himself," said I, "for that matter."

"Exactly," said Billings.

"Well, we could fix that by agreement," said I, "I should think."

"Yes," said Billings. "Yes. But the main danger from now on will be that at any time somebody might come in and offer a real temptation for one or the other of us to sell the other out."

"Come in?" I said. "From where? Who'd want to buy it?"

"Our New York friends may, for one," he told me.

"The ones financing this?"

"Yes. They've been getting into motor stocks pretty deep lately. Personally, I think they're going deeper. I believe, sooner or later, they're going to make a great consolidation of motors," he told me. "And if they do I believe they could use our product to advantage. That's just a guess on my part, of course," he told me. "But it's a good fair guess. And whether it is or not, whether we have an offer, either you or I—I don't care myself for the chance of it all the time. I don't know how you may feel about it," he went on, "but for my part I'm perfectly free to say to you, I don't care to be in a situation where you or any other man can sell me out any minute. It isn't good business. It's bad for the nerves."

"Amen!" I said. "I'm with you."

"You are?" he came back. "Well, then all there is to do is to devise some form of agreement to cover the point for both of us."

"Go ahead," I told him.

"While we are operating the company together," he said then, "it will be simple enough. We can vote our stock together, with certain rights agreed upon between us. We haven't had much friction so far!"

"No," I had to admit.

"The difficulty will come up when either of us begins to think of selling. That's the thing we will have to arrange between us—for our mutual protection. There are several ways of doing it, of course. You could bind yourself not to sell out to a third party without first giving the other party to the agreement the right to buy at the same figure."

"There's some objection to that, as I understand it, ain't there?" I said.

"There is, yes. It might be difficult for the other man to raise the money to buy, under certain conditions, for so large a sum, at any reasonable notice."

"It might open a hole for funny business," I said, "on the price—by a fake offer from a third party, for instance."

"It might," he said. And we both stopped, thinking it over.

"You say," he asked me, after a minute, "that you would sell if you got your price?"

"You bet!" said I.

"Have you ever thought," he said, "what your price would be—the limit?"

"I don't know as I have. Have you?"

"I've rather set a mark," he answered, "of what I thought it might be possible to get out of it."

"What?"

"A million dollars!"

"For just your own stock?" said I, sitting up.

"Yes."

"Two million for both of us?"

"I believe it might be possible."

"I don't believe you can do it—in a thousand years," I said. "I don't believe you can, within a mile of it."

"Would you be satisfied," he asked me, with those still eyes of his up, watching me again, "with that sum for your stock?"

"Would I be satisfied," I came right back, "with a million! Two million for the two of us! We'd have a fat chance of getting it!"

"I'm not so sure."

"In cash, I mean—not just some new stock!"

"That's what I mean," he told me. "If I sold at all." I just laughed at him. It struck me funny.

"Well," he said then, "what if we do this: We will pool the vote on our stock while we're here together."

"That's all right."

"And agree for the present that neither one will sell his share for less than a million."

"In other words," I broke in, "we'll stick together. We won't sell it at all."

"You seem to think so," he said. "I'm not so sure.

"But if we both wanted to sell at any time, of course, on any other basis, we could easily agree to do it," he went on.

We were getting down to business now. He had cut out the frills—and his face was as still as the old man in the oil painting over him. I was getting busy myself, following to see where his mind was going.

"That's right," I told him. I couldn't see any out in that.

"Of course," he went along, and smiled a small smile, "if we did sell for that two million, either one or the other of us would have to do the selling."

"It won't be me," I said. "That ain't my line just this minute."

"I do offer more chances along that line, I suppose," he said.

"I'm willing to admit that," I told him, "always. You'll handle it if anybody does in this combination. Go on," I said, laughing again. "Try it. I'd like to see you. But there's one thing more."

"What?"

"Whoever sells it—whether you do or I do—the other man's got to get exactly the same price for the stock as the seller does. That'll be understood."

"That's agreeable to me," said Billings.

"Directly, or indirectly—or any other way. There'll be no rake-off for the seller in this—absolutely. No bonuses or commissions or side deals. We each get just exactly what the other does on the basis of the stock we own."

"That's agreeable to me," said Billings again.

"All right."

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, sitting up at his desk, after a minute—"so it will be absolutely sure: We'll sign two agreements—I to you, and you to me. We'll both agree, for a period of three years say, that if we hold the company, we'll vote our stock together—always."

"Yes."

"But if either one can sell the other's stock for a million dollars or more, he has the option to do so."

"Provided," I said, "he gets himself no more than the other does."

"Exactly. I understand," said Billings. "But if you can sell my stock, or I yours—for a million ——"

"You sell it," I said. "Quick as the Lord'll let you. Only remember," I said, "share and share alike, or the whole thing's off: the option is no good."

"Certainly," said Proctor Billings. "That will be part of the agreement. But under this arrangement," he went along, "you're willing to let these people go on with their financing it now?"

"Well, yes," I said, thinking a minute. "This thing is a roast they're putting over now. It's a rotten roast and a hold-up to get that common stock out of the treasury that way. But I don't know what we can do better—do you?"

"No—so long as we get a good share of it ourselves."

"Well then, let them go ahead, as far as I'm concerned. I think it will be better business, everything taken into consideration. That's what you think, isn't it?"

"Yes, I think so," he said, sitting there with his still fit on, watching—his eyes clear as crystal, and his face as still as an old cat looking round the corner at a squirrel. "I think so, on the whole."

So we went into it on that basis.

"That's Why I Thought You Were Always Wrong—Because You Hated Him!"

"And you want to get busy," I said, when I got up to go, "right away. I'll be looking for my million."

"All right," he said, smiling. "I will. I don't say I will get any such price, you understand," he said. "I merely thought it would do no harm to try "

"Oh, I understand," I said. "I was just kidding you."

"Well, I'm very glad," said Billings, getting up, with his polite manners on full force, to let me out, "we arranged it so easily. My father used to say," he said, turning back to the picture again, "it was hard enough to divide losses, but it was the devil to split up profits between two men "

And he gave me a cold long hand again, and we shook hands and I went out.

I didn't believe what he said: I didn't believe for a minute that anybody was going to offer us two million dollars for that property. But yet, at the same time, it didn't make me mad at all to hear him say it. And we certainly weren't getting bad money now, any way he put it. And all that afternoon it kept coming back to my head—as if somebody was calling it to me: "A million dollars. A million. Bill Morgan, millionaire!"

I went over to Lembach's for a little drink after I left the bank; and then right over to the office.

"A little more speed, Bill," I said to myself. "You've been letting down a trifle since this little deal of yours was on. Back to the factory for yours. A little more speed. You've got to gear up a little bit higher, brother, if you're going into the millionaire class!"

I sat there and jammed things round in the office and kept the office force humming, and half of them and myself after hours. They certainly heard from me in the office that afternoon. With that, and that luncheon with the boys, and the excitement talking with Proctor Billings over that stock thing, my stomach went bad again and I went home that night late and ugly—feeling rocky.

It was that night, at the house, I first heard about the Thomases and Chuck Powers.

"You know what Pasc and Zetta have done?" Polly asked me when I got into the house.

"No."

"They've got Tom's boy for chauffeur; Pasc told me to-day."

"The fools!" I said. "What's he thinking of? That speed maniac!" I said. "They must be crazy. He'll kill them all before he's through."

"I'd rather ride behind him," said Polly, "than with Zetta when she's out in that big new runabout of hers "

"They're two of a kind," I said, "she and the boy."

"Maybe he'll be more careful," said Polly, "driving somebody else "

"He can't be," I told her. "It gets in the blood after awhile. That's all he is, anyhow—speed! Speed," I said, "and some cheap tailor's clothes, pressed up every morning."

"You're a little bit hard on him, I always thought," said Polly.

And that made me hot, I suppose.

"Yes?" I said. "Well, I happen to know him, that's all. That ain't the only thing, either. From all I hear I don't think he's a fit thing to be driving a decent woman round, anyhow."

"Oh, Bill," said Polly. "That kid! You men are disgusting."

"What do you know about it?" I said to her. "He's twenty-three, yes—and he's older than most of us at forty—if you want to know! If you want to get an idea of about what's what you want to stand for a minute and listen to those kids, as you call them—those bottle-shaped loafers before the garage tell what they know about the women going by "

"I-I'd like to!" said Polly, getting sarcastic. "It would be a nice thing for me to spend my time doing!"

"Well, you'll see me in the morning going over and telling Pasc what I think about it!" said I.

"I would," said Polly. "I-I'd make myself just as popular as I could, mixing into family affairs like that."

"You trust me!" said I.

"Yes—like a bull in a china shop," said she.

"I'll do what I want to," I told her; and I turned over and tried to get to sleep. I was feeling rotten, still. My stomach was all in. She was right though I wouldn't say it to her, naturally. I was uglier than hell's kitchen those last few months, but I couldn't stop it. I seemed to have no control over myself at all.

XIX

"LOOK here," I said to Pasc, a few days after that, when I was stopping into his house "What are you trying to do—kill your wife?"

"What do you mean?" said Pasc.

"Is it true, what I hear, you've engaged that Chuck Powers for a chauffeur?"

"Yes," Pasc told me, acting a little bit awkward. "He's going to work for us till he gets something else."

"You ought to have more sense," said I. "Don't you know he's the most reckless damned driver in seven states? And here in town," I told him, "he's got to be worse—even. He's got to be the town devil to hold up his reputation with those half-baked young speed experts round the garage."

"Well," said Pasc, acting as if he didn't want to talk about it, "it was Zetta's idea. And you know how she is about a car now!"

"Yes, I know. Fifty miles an hour is loafing through traffic! And that makes it all the worse."

"What is this?" said Zetta, coming in on us suddenly from the back room. "What are you saying about me?"

"I was saying to him," I said, making the best of it, "he ought to have more sense than to get that wild Chuck Powers to drive you round."

"Look here," she said, coming right at me the way I knew she would, "what's that to you? Wasn't it enough," she said, snapping those black eyes of hers, "for you not to give him a job when you owed it to him, without going round and trying to push him out of one when he gets it?"

"I offered him a job. A darned good job," I told her. "He'd have had it now if he hadn't got such a swelled head "

"He couldn't take it if he wanted to," she said. "His right hand is too stiff. He couldn't stand it."

"His head's too stiff," I said, "from swelling up between his ears. His hands are too clean, that's all that ails them. He's got too much good looks. He wants to stand round with the rest of those cigarette holders who lop round in front of the garage and take the servant girls out on joy rides in somebody's machine they couldn't pay for if they took all the pay for honest work they were ever going to get in their lives!"

"The trouble with you, Bill, is," she said, looking me in the eye, "you've had it in for him ever since he wouldn't take that job you wanted to offer him. You're sore. I don't blame him a bit for not taking that job—even if he could do it. That ain't his kind of work anyway."

"No; he's too good for it," said I. "He's got too good a shape "

"And besides," she went along, "if you want to know, we've only got him temporarily—till he gets something else to do. We owed him that much anyhow!"

"Aiming at me, I suppose?" I said.

"If you want to take it!" she said. "You owe him as much as we do—and more."

"Well, I've done what I'm going to," I told her. "I certainly wouldn't do anything for him now—not after the way he's acted. But if you want to," I said, "and want to get hung up on a telegraph pole—all right. Go ahead! I suppose you won't be satisfied anyhow, unless you're going five hundred miles an hour in that runabout of yours. But that's your lookout. That's your lookout," I said, getting hotter as I went on. "But I wouldn't have him round, on general principles. He's a bad egg all the way through. I wouldn't board him in my dog house," I said. "And I know what I'm talking about."

"So do I," said Zetta. "Let's talk about something else."

I was right, just the same, and I knew I was—though naturally I shut my mouth up then. That boy had gone bad since he'd been in that riding game, traveling round in the country, learning all the worst of the nasty underground things that a bunch of fresh young kids poking round from one city to another get taught to them. He was a handsome-looking devil now. And he'd come back like one of those kings of the dare-devils in the movies—a real hero, standing round with that bunch in front of the garage, making comments on mankind in general—with just two ideas in their noodles—women and speed; how they're going to sneak off with somebody's machine and take some cheap girl carousing round the country at sixty miles an hour, with a ten-dollar bill they'd managed to knock down on the garage charges of their employers. I know that bunch; don't fret. I've watched them: and he was the wisest of the lot—the wisest, hardest boy there; under contract to be, you might say. But I didn't say

"You Can Jam a Thing Through All Right, Bill; But You Can't Sit In With Proctor Billings on That Game. Sooner or Later They'll Get You"

anything more about it then. I had my own business to attend to. I never spoke of it again till that talk began to go round.

"Do you know what I heard to-day?" Polly asked me one night after we went to bed.

"No."

"A woman told me—you know who—that it is all round that Zetta was over in Watertown at that swell road house there, dancing with that Tom's boy. People who've been over there have seen her several times—dancing with him."

"I don't believe it," I said. "I know who it was told you—and I don't believe it."

"It might be, at that," said Polly, "over there thirty-five miles away, where she'd think nobody from here would come."

"You've got that wrong," I said. "She's got more sense. She wouldn't do it."

"I don't know," said Polly; "she might. The girl's half crazy. She don't know what to do with herself—since they got their money, especially. She can't be attending Pasc all the time, and she's never found anybody here that she liked. And nobody's taken her up anywhere."

"Aha, maybe," I said. "But you're wrong about this other thing."

She wasn't, though. I heard it several places after that. If the devilish boy hadn't had such a reputation everywhere as a general all-round, still-mouthed devil, it would have been different. If he had been an ordinary chauffeur even, but he was something else. He was better than just a chauffeur, in a way. He was a kind of a town character—a celebrity.

Everybody knew about the thing. And by and by it got too strong for me to stomach.

"Now here, Pasc," I said, going to him finally, "I'm going to talk to you like a Dutch uncle."

"What about?" said Pasc, staring at me.

He was looking awful thin and old lately—those pale eyes looking out at you from way down in their sockets, deeper and deeper.

"When are you going to let that young fool that's driving Zetta round for you go?" I asked him.

"Why?" Pasc asked, looking up quickly. "What do you mean? Have they had any more accidents I haven't heard about?"

"They've had enough, I guess," I said. "I've known of three. He'll get her some day. Or she'll get herself, driving along those country roads at such a clip."

"I know it," said Pasc. "But what can I do? That's what she wants. That's exactly what she's after now—tearing round in that car; and I can't stop it."

"Yes, you can stop it, too!" I said—getting mad at that soft, easy-going way he always had toward her. "You've got to—if you don't want to get her killed!"

"He's a wonderful driver," said Pasc. "You've got to say that for him!"

"That's the kind that always get theirs," said I, "sooner or later. And besides that, he ain't driving all the time. She's doing some of it. And there ain't any woman alive that's fit to drive at those high speeds—not if she once gets in a pinch!"

"Zetta's got a pretty good head on her," said Pasc, arguing with me.

"Maybe she has," I said, getting excited, I suppose, arguing. "You can take a chance with her if you want to. But that ain't the only thing either. He's not a fit man to be driving round your wife—or anybody's wife."

"Who says so?" he said, starting up.

"I say so," I came back. "You know his reputation as well as I do. If you don't you ought to—dragging these fool girls round nights, in your car, when you ain't home. I don't suppose, maybe, you know all that," I said, thinking—"with your eyes turned inside out all the time you're awake, looking at some new carburetor. But you ought to. If you don't it's time you did.

"Now, look here," I said—kind of sorry for him, the way I always was, when I saw him handling practical things; "while I'm at it, I'm going through with what I've got to say. You and Zetta are my friends. I haven't got any better that I know of!"

"I don't think you have," said Pasc, getting embarrassed.

"And I know what I say to you is right. And you'll take it the way I mean it. It ain't the right thing to have that boy driving Zetta round all times of the day and night, stopping at hotels and tea houses for refreshments. You and I know it's all right," I hurried up to say, "but it don't help her any. It can't help but make people talk."

"I'd like to hear 'em," said Pasc, his old leather face set.

"Well, they're doing it all right," I said. "You might just as well face the thing as it is."

He put his head down for quite a while after that—I waiting for him.

"I'm sorry for that," he said. "I'm sorry that's come ——" and stopped.

"But it's my fault—if it has," he went on then, when I'd waited. "I take all the blame for it myself."

"Oh, rats!" I told him. "Blame, nothing!"

"I do," he said. "I'm no fit person for anybody to live with—let alone a quick, lively, full-blooded young woman like Zetta to be tied to! I'm nothing but a sick brain sitting in a chair, turning itself inside out, hunting a new idea for a carburetor; keeping on and on because it has to. With no more control over its motions than a clock has."

"I do think you could let up some," I told him, "for your own sake as well as hers. But that ain't what I'm talking about now. What you want to do now is to fire that boy."

"How can I?"

"Why can't you?"

"Zetta won't listen to it," he said, "not till he gets another job. She says we owe it to him—and a lot more than we'll ever pay."

"The hell we do!" I said, getting hot again.

"That's what she says, and what she'll stick to—you know that. Especially when he's down and out—kind of—this way."

I could see that—of course.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," I said, thinking it over: "I'll do what I said I'd never do. But I'll do it for you! I'll get a place for him—an agency. I'll make it for him!"

"Much obliged to you, Bill. That's almighty nice of you," said Pasc. "Not that I think a whole lot about what you've just been saying about this other thing. Though I've taken it as you meant it! It's all right—from you!" he went on. "But I'll say this: I am worried half crazy sometimes—thinking about her tearing round any old road all kinds of hours and weather with that reckless boy driving her—or she driving him, which is worse."

"But there's one thing," I said, waiting for him to get through, "I won't do! I won't go to him, and offer a job to him myself again. I won't do that—under any circumstances."

"I tell you what I wish you would do," said Pasc. "I wish you'd go to Zetta and get her to take it up with him. I think there'd be more of a chance of him taking it."

"Taking it!" I said. "Taking it!"

"From you," said Pasc. "You've got to remember he's terrible sore at you. I don't really believe anybody but Zetta could get him to take it."

"You make me laugh," said I. "But I'll go. I'll see her. But I won't see him!"

So I went to her and told her what I'd do.

"I'll see," said Zetta. "But I tell you now, I don't believe he'll do it."

"You ask him," I told her. "And then you'll know better. What he wants is a piece of easy money."

"It isn't so," said Zetta.

"Hold It Up a Little for Us. Don't Give It Out to the Newspapers Until After We're Through Here"

"Well, there it is," I said. "That's what he asks for. Now he's got it."

"All right. I'll take it up with him," she said.

But a day or two afterward, when I went in to see about it, she said: "It's just as I thought; he wouldn't take it. He said he wouldn't take a job from you if it was his last meal on earth."

"He won't, eh?" I said, getting mad, and a little surprised at that. "Well, he don't have to. But that shows you just what he is. He don't want to work. He's got a snap and he knows it. He's bad clear through; that's what's the matter with him."

"I don't think so," said Zetta, her mouth setting. "I don't think that's the way he is at all."

"Now look," I said, "I want to ask you something."

"Go ahead," she said.

"Are you still going to keep him?"

"Why not?"

"Well, I'll tell you why not if you want to know," I said. "In the first place, you've got Pasc scared to death jumping four ways for Sunday, for fear you'll get killed—smashed up with that reckless fool."

"There's nothing to it," she said. "He's one of the best drivers in the country."

"Well, you ought to think of Pasc, anyway," said I, "how he feels!"

"How often does he think of me?" she said, her eyes getting sharp and shiny. "Or anything besides that fool carburetor! No. I can take care of myself!"

"That's a nice thing to say," I said.

"Isn't it!" she said after me—her eyes getting hard.

"Yes," I came back at her, "it is! And there's something else, too, as long as we're on the subject. There's a second thing."

"What is it?" she asked in a kind of a sharp, suspicious voice.

"He's not a fit man to be driving you or any other woman round."

"You must know that," I said, when she didn't answer. "If you don't you ought to."

"Go ahead," she said, her eyes getting a still dangerous light in them. "What else?"

"Nothing else," I said—"except that you can't do it—or any other woman can't—without getting talked about."

"Do what?" she said.

"Go round—driving up and down the country—stopping at tea rooms and restaurants—dancing ——" I said.

I looked away from her—and said it. I thought I would get it out once and for all.

"What is this you're giving me," she said, very low and quiet—"an insult?"

"You know it ain't," I said.

And she stopped a minute, her mouth shut down tight.

"If anybody else said that to me I'd kill them," she said then—and stopped, getting hold of herself again.

"I'll tell you this," she said finally, "so you'll know: Pasc knows all about what I do—everything—and has from the first."

"I don't doubt that," I said.

"And it's nobody else's business," she went on, giving me a stare.

"Maybe it ain't," I said. "But that don't prevent their making it their business."

"It's nobody's business," she said, "if I want to go out and amuse myself and get a little excitement out of life, and not sit at home and mope round with a monomaniac—a man with one idea in his head."

"Don't!" said I.

"No. I'll take that back," she said. "He's almost sick I know that. But he don't treat me fair!"

"He wouldn't treat you bad for the world," I told her.

"No, he don't beat me up," she said in a kind of bitter voice. "I wish he would sometimes, so I'd know he noticed me!"

And we both sat still a minute.

"I try to do what I can," she went on. "I did try to keep him interested—the best I could. But it wasn't any use. He won't even look up and look at me, the way a man looks at a woman he cares for. So I cut it out. So I do what I can to keep him well," she said in a bitter voice; "and when I can't do anything else I get out. I've got a right to that much!

"Besides," she said, letting down a bit, "I'm doing nothing wrong or underhanded. I've told him what I did. He understands it perfectly well."

"Yes," I said. "So do I. But the rest of them don't."

"What do I care," she said, letting go of herself, her cheeks with deep red spots in them, "for the rest of them! What they say! I don't give that," she said, snapping her fingers.

"Or for you, either!" she said all at once to me—her breathing coming quicker. "You come in here and insult me! In my own home!" she said. "What do you think I am? I won't stand it. You—you—get ——"

"Hold on, Zet; wait—before you go that far!" said I. "I'm not doing this for my own amusement. I've got something else to occupy my mind than going round

insulting women. I'm doing this because you and Pase are the two best friends I've got—or I think you are. And I'd be devilish sorry if you'd ever go to smash, any way. That's what I'm here for now. And you know it just as well as I do."

And she looked down—and didn't say anything back to me.

"Don't you?" I asked her.

"Yes. I guess so!" she said finally.

"I don't go whispering and goggling behind your back. I come to you man fashion and tell you what's going on, like a friend should—or I think he should, anyhow.

"I come to you," I said, "because I've got a license to if anybody has. I'm just telling you facts you ought to know. And you've got no business to get mad over it—not for a minute."

"I suppose you're right—maybe," she said after a while, thinking.

And I sat still—waiting to see if she'd say anything more.

"I always said," she came out finally, "I wouldn't explain to anybody. It was nobody's business. But I will—to you," she said, "as long as it's come up this way."

And then she went along to tell me about herself.

"For the rest of them," she said, "all of them, except you and Polly, I don't give one little silver damn. And the women especially. Especially the women! I never liked one scarcely, in my life. Not scarcely one. They're mean-spirited, small-souled things—the whole of them. I always liked the men better. They're kinder-hearted and more charitable at bottom. They'd do more for you in trouble."

"Somebody'll be Along in a Few Hours, and the Quicker We Get Out of Here the Better!"

And then she told me again about how she was raised, and about her father—an old-fashioned, horsy kind of a man, who kept a livery stable in a small town; one of those old-time free and easy horsemen.

"He was a fine man, if I do say so," she said, holding her head up—"as anybody! We had more money, and spent more, than almost anybody else in that narrow-minded, mean-spirited, little psalm-singing country village. There wasn't a man there who didn't like him and say he was a good fellow. But did any of those dowdy, beady-eyed, bony-souled New England women have anything to do with us? Not on your life!

"The more I see of women," she broke out again, "the more I despise them. They ain't half so kind-minded as a weasel. Except now and then a few of them," she said and tears came into her eyes, "like my mother was. Except when they come like my mother and your wife—like old Polly. And then they're half angels too ——" she said and stopped.

"Little sandy-headed spunky angels," said I, smiling at her, letting her get on her feet again. "Eh?"

"Yes," she said, nodding her head. "Too good and kind to count in with the rest of us ordinary folks.

"I'm a fool!" she said, and took out her handkerchief.

"See here," I said after a while. "Zet, ain't this thing half your fault. Don't you stand the women off as much as they do you?"

"What chance did they ever give me—home or here in this town, either? Oh, I know," she said. "I dress too gay! I talk too loud for them! I'm looking for too much excitement! Oh, I know them as if I'd made them," she said, "and worked out their poor little hand-embroidered souls for them!"

"I don't believe it," I said. "If you went out to play with them they'd come in and play with you."

"Who wants to play with them—those frozen-faced frumps?" she said to me. "I can have some amusement of my own—if I have to."

"If you met them half way—like Polly does," I said; "and showed them you liked them!"

"That's different," she said. "Polly's different."

"Nonsense!" I said. "Different, nothing! You'll be just the same yourself when you get in your new home up on the hill with us."

That was just after we'd bought our new house on High Hill.

"You'll get in just as well as we did."

"No, I won't," said Zetta; "and I don't want to. And about this other thing," she said, "we were talking about; I shall go ahead just as I always did—so long as Pase knows about it. So long as he says nothing it's nobody else's business if I want to get a little excitement out of life. You've got to remember, Bill, I'm not getting any younger."

"Yes, you're terribly old," I said.

"I'm thirty—pretty near," she said. "And if I'm going to get anything out of being young I've got to get busy. And, as far as I look at it, it don't seem to me wildly wicked for me to go out and see other people enjoy themselves dancing round."

"And dancing round yourself occasionally."

"Mighty seldom," she came back quick. "Only once or twice, when I just had to. Of course they'd make it a hundred if they saw it once! I had to, Bill; I was feeling so darn blue. I get that way every now and then, Bill; you know it. I get desperate. I just get where it's anything for a little excitement.

"And so far as this boy goes," she said, "you're wrong about him. You don't do him justice in the first place. You can't—after that row with him. He's nothing but a boy—I'm a grown woman to him.

"But if he was all you said he was," she went on when I didn't say anything, "do you think for a minute I'm not able to take care of myself? The first minute he got gay," she said, her eyes flashing, "what would happen? What do you think?" she asked me.

"I suppose you'd eat him alive," I said. "But that ain't it."

"It is too," she said, "so far as I'm concerned. What do I care what they say? You don't know how it is, Bill," she said, "being cooped up; being a woman, all the time on your good behavior! You don't know what it is not to have something to do. Do you now?" she asked me. "Imagine yourself!"

"No, I suppose I don't," I told her.

"Except tend a sick man who doesn't want you round."

"That ain't so," I told her, "and you know it."

But she just shook her head. "I oughtn't to be a woman," she said. "I've wished a thousand times I could have been a boy instead of a girl. But it ain't really anything we can help, is it?" she said, and smiled at me again—a little crooked.

"No," I said. "But take my advice, Zetta, and do what I tell you! Cut this boy out!"

"I can't do it, Bill," she said.

"Can't—why not?" said I.

"I can't," she said. "I won't throw him down now when he's fixed the way he is. I owe him something. And I like him—in a way."

"Why?"

"He's such a young untamed devil, I guess," she said. "He don't care what he does. I guess maybe that's one main thing. And he's in hard luck. You don't believe it, but he is. He's desperate. But you didn't ever think ——" she said all at once, her voice getting sharp and hard again.

"Think nothing, Zet! You know me better than that," I said to her. "I like you. I always did like you. And I'd trust you anywhere. There ain't a crooked hair in your head. Only I think you're a little damn fool about this thing—and you've got to stop it."

"That's my business," said Zet.

"Look," I said, when she shook her head at me. "You will do this much: you'll try again to get him to take that job of mine. Insist on it!"

"Yes, I'll try," she said finally. "But it won't be any good—any more than it was before. I can tell you that in advance.

"You don't like him, Bill," she told me again. She'd let down a little and was talking less excited. "And when you come down to it you didn't treat him right. I know just the way it happened. When he got fresh, or when you thought he did, you had to get up and snap his ears off—the first time he disagreed with you. And you've never forgotten it. And you never will. Oh, I know you, Bill," she said; "down to the ground. And so does everybody else.

"And there's another thing, while we're at it, talking out this way, Bill," she said to me. "I've wanted to say it for some time."

"What?"

"That Proctor Billings is going to get you before you get through—trim you bad," she said, looking through me with those smart black eyes of hers.

"Why? What makes you think so?"

"I know it."

"How?"

"I don't know how."

"I guess you don't."

"I don't know how," she said, "but I know he will. You're too slam-bang downright; you can jam a thing through all right, Bill; but you can't sit in with Proctor Billings on that game he's playing—with those still-faced boys, as you call them. Sooner or later they'll get you."

"Don't you worry," said I.

"And I ain't the only one who thinks so, either," she told me. "I've heard them."

"Don't fret—not too much," I told her.

"I've warned you anyway," she said, "of what I think and what they're saying."

I didn't ask her who; I didn't attach enough importance to it. And then I came away, good friends with her still, thinking it all over—about her and how she was fixed with Pase and his inventions; and that crazy, reckless, bad-eyed boy, racing faster every hour downhill to the devil.

"How much is there in what she says?" I asked Polly, after we'd gone to bed that night. "Are they really trying to freeze her out—the women here?"

"They don't like her. They're not much struck on any of us, I guess," she told me, "if the truth was known."

"Why not?"

"For one thing, we've made too much money, too quick," she said. "And then—we aren't like them!"

"Why not?" said I. "We're decent people—just as good stock as they are."

"We're not, that's all," she said. "We ain't like them. We haven't been raised the same. It'll be different with the children. I can see that already."

(Continued on Page 26)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada By Subscription $1 75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $3 25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 29, 1917

A Steady Campaign

OUR method of war financing is, no doubt, the best we could have adopted so far. It enlists the sporting spirit. A great drive for a definite sum to be raised within a definite time evokes an enthusiasm that could be roused—at this stage of our war experience—in no other way.

But there is a disadvantage. When the subscription books close a reaction follows. The tension being relaxed, people's thoughts instinctively turn to something else. We do not get the maximum of systematic economizing.

After more than three years of war experience—and when what war involves has been ground into the public mind—England seems to have abandoned the plan of selling long-term bonds by periodic offerings. The British Government is now selling short-term bonds—payable in five, seven and ten years at increasing premiums—day in and day out, through banks, post offices and other agencies. There is no limit to the amount of bonds and no fixed term for subscribing. They are on sale like postage stamps, bread, or any other necessary of life; the idea being to keep a continuous flow of the nation's savings into the national treasury.

That is what it must come to—a steady campaign; an unremitting drive, day in and day out. The ardor and effort of the last whirlwind week of a loan subscription must extend itself indefinitely until peace comes.

A thoroughly war-conscious public realizes that. To it every day is the last day of a Liberty Loan campaign. After more than three years of terrific war pressure, isolated Germany's last loan offering produced over three billion dollars, or quite as much as our first offering, when we were figuratively rolling in untouched wealth. Allowing for the huge inflation of credit by which Germany achieved that result, it still sets a mark for us to emulate; for it is now peculiarly our job, as banker for the Allies, to beat Germany economically. The Liberty Loan campaign is still on, and will be while the war lasts.

Billions to Win

FOLLOWING the most extraordinary propaganda ever known, since that which began in Galilee, the whole world is saving to make up for the waste of war. Five years ago few sane men would have believed that the day was near at hand when well-to-do Americans would stint themselves on wheat, flour and sugar; rich men go without their accustomed breakfast bacon, school children sell Government bonds, emergency brakes be set on all needless private expenditure, unheard-of sums be levied for national defense. Yet all these things have come to pass, with every self-denial they imply. These sacrifices, one and all, are right and meet, but they impose the weightiest imaginable responsibilities upon those who have the spending of the enormous sums saved.

They who save at the spigot have a right to firm assurance that their governmental stewards are not wasting at the bunghole.

No secretary of the treasury, no chancellor of the exchequer, ever felt the responsibility of spending public moneys more keenly than did Mr. Gladstone. In warning the House of Commons of the laxities which characterize the disbursement of greatly increased budgets, he said, in 1863: " . . . there grows up what may be termed a spirit of expenditure, a desire, a tendency prevailing in the country, which, insensibly and unconsciously perhaps, but really, affects the spirit of the people, the spirit of parliament, the spirit of the public departments, and perhaps even the spirit of those whose duty it is to submit the estimates to parliament."

No leak was too small for Mr. Gladstone to stop, no waste too petty to escape his notice. Mr. Morley tells us that he was not ashamed to appeal to the foreign office for retrenchment in the thick folio sheets used for covering dispatches; for, he reasoned, all these had to be bound, and the bound books wanted bookcases, and the bookcases wanted buildings, and the libraries wanted librarians.

This wholesome compulsion of public thrift is no less admirable to-day than it was in the sixties, for it is only an effort toward efficiency in spending. When we were fighting Tripolitan pirates in the Mediterranean, the American slogan was "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." Now that we are fighting German pirates in the Atlantic war zone, our motto should be "Billions to win the war, but not one dollar to waste!"

On the Eastern Front

NO DOUBT Russia is out of the war. It is very unlikely she will count again in a military way. But Russia is still a subject of liveliest interest to the United States. In "making the world safe for democracy" a democratic Russia is still worth more than a Russia whose nine million soldiers and vast resources can be set in motion against any country at any time at the irresponsible will of an autocrat in Petrograd.

The last Czar was pacifically inclined. Others have not been. Not so long ago, for example, one of them chose to help a brother monarch by crushing a popular revolt which had practically won freedom in Hungary. It was no affair of the Russian nation, but popular revolts were displeasing to the Czar personally and he put that one down with bloody rigor. A Czar helped Napoleon subdue Europe because the Corsican flattered his vanity, and turned against him later because he was offended.

European peace would always be in a doubtful state as long as the vast power of Russia was at the command of one irresponsible man or an irresponsible court clique.

The United States is deeply interested in a successful issue of the Russian revolution—a return to sanity there and a rational political and economic reorganization. Disorganization has gone far. The mass of the people have small political experience and capacity. Return to sanity will probably be a matter of many months. But the United States' hope is in a successful issue of the revolution.

Buried Talents

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, you remember, spent a good deal of time at Washington. Presumably his official position and a naturally inquiring turn of mind enabled him to form tolerably correct impressions of the situation there.

He returned to England and immediately gave out an interview, for American consumption, about the British Government. He said the chief of that government was a "live wire," that he had two or three able men about him, and the remainder of his cabinet was mostly "shirt fronts and rubber stamps." Later on he referred to them as "deadheads," who ought to be got rid of. He intimated that at this juncture politeness and tender regard for the personal feelings of estimable but incompetent gentlemen in enormously important official positions were absurd.

We are bound to suppose he was thinking about the British Government only; yet the interesting coincidence that he had been spending a good deal of time at Washington naturally comes to mind. Every now and then we meet somebody who has just come from Washington after an intimate contact with some particular facet of the organization down there, and who privately expresses the opinion that So-and-So is "solid ivory."

That organization is doing an enormous work; in many respects doing it very efficiently; and, on the whole broad view, getting steadily forward with it.

On the other hand, it is absurd to claim that the Government is organized as it would have been if anyone had deliberately and disinterestedly organized it to undertake the vast task of this war or that it has not blundered and wasted time. It contains some very inconspicuous abilities, while some of the most conspicuous abilities in the nation are excluded from it. People don't like that.

The Northern Neutrals

THERE may be a war that excludes neutrality—for example, our Civil War. A resident of Kentucky, perhaps with sympathies which inclined him toward both sides and a powerful conviction that the carnage might be avoided if only both sides would exercise some reason and forbearance, could not say that he would just keep out of it. Neither side could let him be neutral; he must in some way act with and stand for one or the other.

We now have pretty nearly a civil war of the world. Its scope covers the globe almost as closely as the scope of the Civil War covered the territory of the United States. Within that scope there can scarcely be any important human activity which does not, in some way, contribute to one side or the other.

The case of the northern neutrals is extremely hard. Sending American or Ally supplies to Germany through them would be an act of downright imbecility. But Germany has a gun at their heads.

With them in mind, we hope to see immediate steps to a more formal and thorough organization of the non-Teutonic world. A federation of nations to inaugurate a real and binding régime of international law need not wait upon the ending of the war. Not only the actual, effective belligerents against Germany, but virtually all South America, Asia and Africa, are doubtless ready for such a move now. Every step toward a formal, permanent organization of the nations outside the Kaiser's rule would, we believe, accelerate the movement toward peace in Germany. Such a federation could offer guaranties and indemnities to the northern neutrals which would probably bring them in, too, as nonbelligerent members, like the South American states.

World organization is, of course, a matter of time—which is all the more reason for undertaking it immediately. Announcement of a program looking to organization would have a world effect upon Teuton, Allies and neutrals.

Pouring Sand in the Bearings

THE cause of woman suffrage cannot be judged by the conduct of a few women at Washington. Badgering and insulting the overworked occupant of the White House at this time naturally disgusts liberal-minded persons of both sexes and gives a gratuitous advantage to opponents of equal suffrage, as the defeat in Ohio seems to show.

But the victory in New York—reversing a defeat inflicted only two years before—shows that suffrage for women is being won by the part that women are bearing in the war.

The moldy old argument that women should not vote because they cannot fight looks nothing less than silly when everybody knows that England and France would be helpless on the battlefield if it were not for the labor of women in keeping their industries going.

If women can run the street cars, clean the streets, fill the workbenches in munition factories, and in a hundred directions take over work heretofore done by men, in order that the men may go to the Front, only an especially Bourbon type of mind can repeat that woman's sphere is in the home and society will disintegrate unless she is confined there.

Women in New York conducted their campaign with a dignity and sagacity that any set of male campaigners might envy. With an effective organization they appealed only to reason and to liberal instincts of fair play. We believe they would have won in Ohio, too, on woman's record in the war, except that by some inscrutable trick of mass psychology reaction against obstreperous suffragettes was not overcome there. Suffragettes who make public nuisances of themselves and offend the public sense of decency are now the main obstacle to equal suffrage.

Unchain the Dog

SEVERAL million people who are not used to investing in stocks and bonds have of late become investors in the Liberty Loans. That fact, we hear, has not escaped the attention of various bands of thieves.

The return upon an investment in Government bonds—four per cent—seems small out in the country, where money loaned on good farm mortgages has been fetching six or seven or eight per cent. It is said some get-rich-quick artists are oiling up their old paraphernalia and preparing to accept Liberty Bonds in exchange for engravings that promise far higher returns.

In spite of the laws that many states have enacted, there is still opportunity for an agile blue-sky swindler to clean up a community and beat the sheriff to the state line.

Look out for these gentry. Remember that any investment which promises a very high return, along with absolute security, is quite sure to be a swindle. The shrewdest investors in the world cannot find investments that yield more than six per cent interest and are practically free from risk. Never deal with strangers. If any investment that looks tempting is presented to you, go to the bank and inquire about it.

We hope millions of these new investors will keep their Liberty Bonds indefinitely. They are convenient things to have. But if you do think of converting your Liberty Bond, beware of the wildcat.

Do not keep a bond round the house, where accident or theft may put you to much inconvenience or entail an outright loss. Take it to the bank for safe-keeping.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

General Doyen and General Barnett

AS THE well-known song puts it, the marines have fought "From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli," but for the first time in the history of the corps these valiant soldiers of the sea are going to battle on European soil. The commander of the overseas contingent, which forms part of General Pershing's forces in France, is Charles A. Doyen, who is shown above talking to Major General Barnett, commander of the Marine Corps.

J. Hampton Moore

CONGRESSMAN MOORE, of Pennsylvania, who represents the Independence Hall District in Congress, is one of the Republican Steering Committee of the House. His specialty in Congress has been the development of inland waterways, on which he is an authority. He is also a member of the Ways and Means Committee, and figured in all bond and revenue legislation of the last session of Congress. He was one of the ten conferees of the Senate and House on the War Tax Bill.

Evelyn B. Longman

ATTENTION was again drawn to Miss Longman's work when she won the competition recently for a figure to be placed on the tower of the new Western Union Building in downtown New York. She began life in a log cabin in Winchester, Ohio, and later moved to Chicago, where she started her business career in an office. To-day we find her in New York, another confirmation of the saying that most of the people who make good there come from somewhere else. The snapshot below shows her in her studio. Examples of her work can be seen on the doors of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, the bas-relief of John Stewart Kennedy, on the United Charities Building, New York, and in the Allison Monument in front of the Capitol, Des Moines, Iowa.

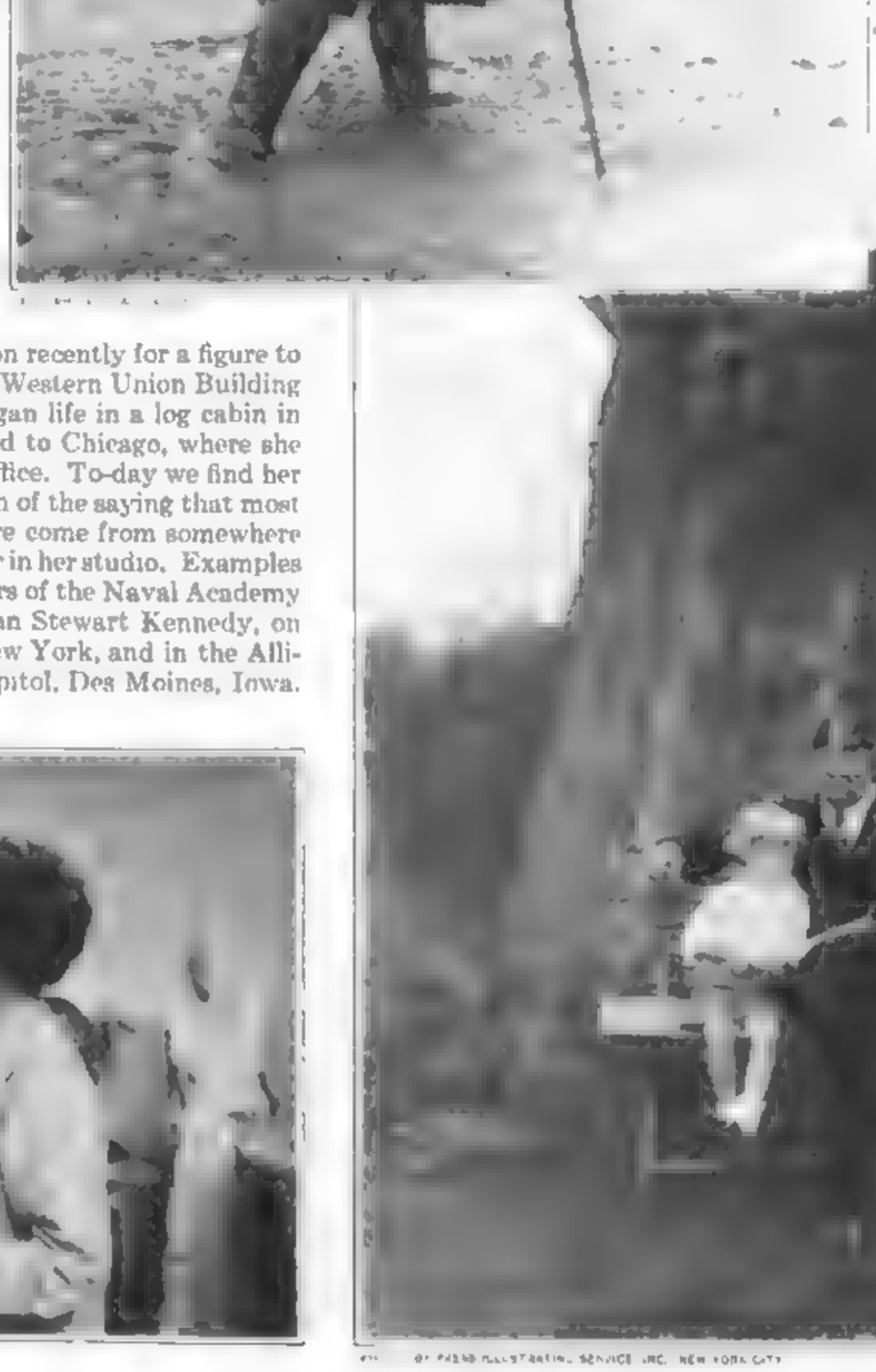
Ellis Parker Butler—An Autobiography

WHO is this Ellis Parker Butler that I am? Conceited, no doubt, or he would not have chosen to begin his career with a three-part name. Conceited, and therefore touchy. Parts his hair in the middle—see cut at the foot of this

(Concluded on Page 40)

Muirhead Bone

WHEN England went to war she made particular efforts to mobilize art most effectively. Not only did the Royal Academy participate in every form of war work which was convenient, but the schools of painting outside the Academy, in which all that is living and progressive in British art is published, showed up no less conspicuously. Perhaps the most famous instance is that of Muirhead Bone, whose wonderful etchings—particularly those of The British Tank in Action—are known to Americans all over the United States. Mr. Muirhead Bone belonged to that school of artists who have gathered round the new English Art Club, of which Sergeant Wilson's senior—McEvoy—and Muirhead Bone's brother-in-law—Francis Dodd are prominent members. It drew its inspiration from the Slade School of Art in London, at which Tonks is now employed as chief professor on drawing work connected with facial study in the hospitals in France. These artists were given commissions in the Army and Navy, and Muirhead Bone, who is very popular with his brother officers, is shown in the center of this page going out to sketch on a muddy day.



"THE COMING DISASTER"

By Carl W. Ackerman

IN PEACETIME one would never have thought of considering Washington a national or even an international barometer of American opinion. Washington's ideas fluctuated too much. There were about five hundred opinions in Congress, a score or more in the cabinet, several score among the newspaper men, and every Washingtonian had an opinion all his own.

Now that we are, and have been for seven or eight months, a belligerent, this has changed. The whole world now looks to Washington to see how high our War Heat and War Spirit register. America is judged by the war atmosphere at Washington. But Washington knew, and the Allies silently suspected, that the United States was "not really at war"; that the nation had done nothing more than put on war paint, raise an army, transport part of it to France, oversubscribe two Liberty Loans, and begin gigantic preparations for our part in the struggle against Germany's military leaders. I do not intend to minimize what we have done. Our war activities have astonished everyone here and abroad, but despite it all we had only a lukewarm war spirit.

In October one heard comments such as the following, in Washington and throughout the country:

"Yes, the United States is at war, but the people don't realize it. Reading about war and fighting a war are two distinct things. The American people will not realize that they have a war to fight until there is some great disaster. A troop ship must be sunk, with all lives lost, or we must await the first long casualty list, with five or ten thousand names. Then we shall be roused to the real seriousness of war."

That was "the coming disaster" which everyone talked about. Washington, especially, talked so much about it one might have gained the impression that though the Government was trying to prevent such a thing still it was necessary. Some people added that France did not realize what the war was until the Marne, and that England did not wake up until the Zeppelins came. Some sort of disaster seemed as necessary to this country as a spring tonic to a worn-out individual.

The New Spirit of the Capital

ALL this was in October. In November the disaster came, and the first city to be roused was Washington. The calamity did not take the form most people expected. Instead of being a disaster to American troops it was an invasion of Italy and another revolution in Russia. Washington was shocked in somewhat the same manner that London, Paris and Brussels were shocked when the German Army crossed the Belgian frontier.

Some weeks before the disaster President Wilson, while on a rest cruise, stepped from the presidential yacht Mayflower and paid a visit to Col. Edward M. House. A few days later it was announced that the President had asked him to coördinate the peace plans of the United States. Colonel House, who had visited Europe on several occasions as the President's personal envoy and friend, began work immediately, but by November first the international situation had so changed that instead of there being prospects of peace by spring there were prospects of a European crisis. Colonel House went to Washington immediately to study the situation—and was sent to England and France on a war mission!

The invasion of Italy, the Russian demands for peace and the naming of the Bavarian Conservative leader, Count von Hertling, as chancellor, taught Washington, and the United States, the first lesson of war: That in war it is always the unexpected move that brings success. All of Germany's great military movements have been unexpected. The only possible exception to this is the French defense of Verdun. Germany always did what her enemies thought she would not, or could not, do. This lesson is responsible for the new spirit at Washington.

Since the United States has been at war Washington has passed through three phases of belligerency: The inception; the preparation; the realization.

The inception began with the indictment of the German Government which President Wilson delivered before Congress on April second. The crisis during the first phase came when Congress debated the war resolutions, when Washington was filled with serious citizens and pacifists, when Congress was swamped with pro and con telegrams. From the time that diplomatic relations were broken until Mr. Wilson resolved upon a belligerent attitude, hundreds of men and women rushed to the city to urge this and that measure upon Congress. A Columbia University professor, since dropped from the faculty, paraded through the halls of the Capitol with a band of international pacifiers. When he was asked what his object was in making this demonstration he replied:

"Every day of war will cost the United States at least a million dollars. If we succeed in postponing war one day we shall save the country that much money."

But Congress declared war and only a "little group of willful men" voted against it. With the war declaration signed a new group of citizens came to Washington. The first phase of our war history was written, and the second began.

We started our preparations with tremendous earnestness and seriousness, but like novices. Our army and navy were mobilized and our public buildings were doubly guarded. These were the first war measures, and then scores of the biggest and most successful business and professional men in the United States came to Washington to volunteer for war work. Immediately the United States chose them for important tasks. So many really great men came to the capital that one day Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to the President, remarked that "the brains of America are working for Uncle Sam." These men brought a new spirit to the city, a spirit of self-sacrifice and national service. Some of them went to work for one dollar a year and brought their own executive staffs to the city, paying all their expenses. A few congressmen and senators, who thought that wartime was the greatest opportunity for political appointments and the awarding of rich contracts to favorite supporters, woke suddenly to the realization that the United States had no war sinecures. It dawned upon them like every big and unexpected thing that this was not to be another Civil War or a second Spanish-American War for political appointments and war contracts. Within a very few days after we entered the war Washington, the politicians' paradise, disappeared and a new city with the motto "Public Service" rose on the horizon.

Of course there are always exceptions. There are a few men and women in Washington seeking political exaltation and army contracts, but the great majority are in the city to give everything they possess to help the Government win the war.

Besides the successful business men there are college professors, lawyers, students, newspaper men, ministers, labor leaders and retired state and government officials directing various branches of war work. Fifty students are censoring the mail to and from the internment camps. German prisoners are permitted to write as many letters to their relatives abroad as they desire. Complete plans have been made by these voluntary workers for the internment of all alien enemies if that is necessary. The director of prison camps has already been selected. He has his staff ready and they await only an order from the President. Volunteers are coördinating the work of the various government departments, in some cases acting as official clearing houses. Red tape is being burned faster than it was ever made. Railroads are selling their freight and passenger cars, their rails and ties to the Government, sacrificing them at a time when they need them but when the United States has a greater need in France. The navy is so active that our ships, acting as shuttles between here and France, are sewing this continent to the battlefields of France and Flanders.

Saunter through the crowded hotels, visit the government departments, watch the automobiles hurrying through the city and you can see the men who are privates in the organization army at Washington. A list of these men would include nearly every name famous in the United States, such as Edison, Ford, Taft, Coffin, Rosenwald and others. Washington is crowded with men who are sacrificing their own businesses to win the war and make peace. There is no divided loyalty among these men. Being experts in the organization of their own industries they are succeeding in breaking down the red tape which used to bind the capital. One business man remarked that when he first visited the city after war was declared the red tape appeared to him to be barbed wire. Now these entanglements are broken down—for those who have real business to transact!

Short Cuts Through Red Tape

THOMAS A. EDISON'S inventions, for instance, have been of tremendous aid in fighting submarines. About some of them there has been a great deal of speculation, not so much perhaps as there might have been had the Government not discouraged it. Still Mr. Edison and his staff continue to invent and to give their creations to the Government during the war.

One afternoon at two o'clock Mr. Edison called at the White House and asked to see President Wilson. At three minutes after two the great inventor was in Mr. Wilson's personal study in the residential wing of the executive mansion. By two-thirty the conference was concluded and the President himself made an appointment for Mr. Edison with Secretary of the Navy Daniels. That afternoon a new anti-submarine device was explained to a selected board of naval officers. The navy was as quickly convinced as was the President, and by seven o'clock the next morning Mr. Edison and a naval staff, aboard an American warship off the Atlantic Coast, were testing the invention on an American submarine, which was previously instructed to attempt to sink the ship!

So successful were the tests—it is not compatible with public safety to reveal the nature of the scheme—that within thirty hours after the invention was explained to President Wilson it was officially adopted by the American Government. Thus in less than a day and a half an important invention became the property of the United States and another step toward combating Germany's submarine offensive was taken.

It is perhaps but natural that one should hear criticism in Washington. No one is more critical of the Government even in peacetime than Washingtonians. They speak of all the evils and few of the virtues of the Government, and despite the fact that the new spirit of Washington has carried the country far beyond the vision of these critics they still condemn everything. But many who criticize know more about what gossip says is happening than about what big men are really doing to win the war.

(Concluded on Page 26)

Any Woman to a Soldier

By Grace Ellery Channing

THE day you march away—let the sun shine,
Let everything be blue and gold and fair,
Triumph of trumpets calling through bright air,
Flags slanting, flowers flaunting—not a sign
That the unbearable is now to bear,
The day you march away.

The day you march away—this I have sworn,
No matter what comes after, that shall be
Hid secretly between my soul and me
As women hide the unborn—
You shall see brows like banners, lips that frame
Smiles, for the pride those lips have in your name,
You shall see soldiers in my eyes that day—
That day, my soldier, when you march away.

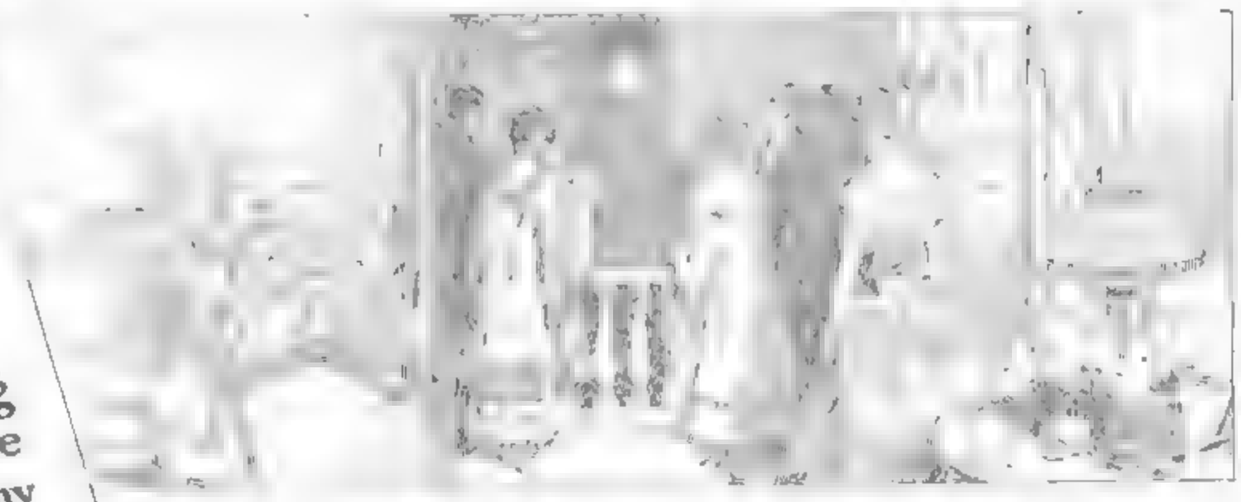
The day you march away—cannot I guess?
There will be ranks and ranks, all leading on
To one white face, and then—the white face gone,
And nothing left but a gray emptiness
Blurred moving masses, faceless, featureless
The day you march away.

You cannot march away! However far,
Farther and faster still I shall have fled
Before you; and that moment when you land,
Voiceless, invisible, close at your hand
My heart shall smile, hearing the steady tread
Of your faith-keeping feet.

First at the trenches I shall be to greet;
There's not a watch I shall not share with you;
But more—but most—there where for you the red,
Drenched, dreadful, splendid, sacrificial field lifts up
Inflexible demand,
I will be there!

My hands shall hold the cup.
My hands beneath your head
Shall bear you—not the stretcher bearer's—through
All anguish of the dying and the dead;
With all your wounds I shall have ached and bled,
Waked, thirsted, starved, been fevered, gasped for breath,
Felt the death dew;
And you shall live, because my heart has said
To Death
That Death itself shall have no part in you!

"Just take a look at my new book
And learn its lesson, true.
'Tis good, you see, for you and me
And helps the nation, too."



When the clock strikes twelve!

On the last stroke of Monday midnight we enter the biggest year in American history. *The nation is on trial.*

Not "somewhere in France"—we *know* what our boys will do there—but right here in America at the average home table. That is where we have to make good. And the ordinary "new leaf" won't do for 1918. *We must open a new volume altogether.*

We must all realize more keenly than we ever did before the value and the duty of simple sensible living. And we must *act on this*—for our own sake and our country's sake, too.

"Eat plenty, but wisely and without waste," says Mr. Hoover, head of our National Food Administration. "Use soups more freely," he suggests—for one thing. And this reasonable advice applies with special force and timeliness to

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

You could not provide for the home table a food more wholesome, satisfying and truly economical.

We make the rich strengthening stock from whole quarters of good Government-inspected beef. We use large selected white potatoes, choice Jersey sweet potatoes, red-hearted Chantenay carrots and Canadian rutabagas. We include Country Gentleman corn, baby lima beans, tender little peas, Dutch cabbage, fresh celery, green okra, and parsley, also vine-ripened tomatoes, delicate leek and onion with plenty of "head" rice, and pearl barley. We add a sprinkling of alphabet macaroni and a brisk touch of sweet red peppers, for flavor.

This nourishing soup is almost a meal in itself. And ready for your table in three minutes. No waste. No materials to buy. No cooking cost. Think what you gain and what you save!

The wise way is to order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case and keep it on hand.

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Concluded from Page 24)

One day General Pershing telegraphed for several hundred locomotives to be used on the railroads which American engineers are constructing in France. The order was sent to a former president of a Mid-Western railroad now acting as chief purchasing agent for General Pershing. This official went to the president of a large locomotive concern. He informed the manufacturer that the United States needed so many hundred engines immediately for service abroad

He brought the specifications and asked for an immediate estimate of cost. The president of the company said that in view of war conditions, of the high cost of materials and labor, and because the Government desired immediate delivery the price would be $75,000 per locomotive.

"I cannot understand why the price is so high," the official is reported as having said, "because when I was the chief executive of a Western road I bought these same engines for $50,000 each. In view of this the Government will not pay $75,000 each on this order."

He returned to Washington, unable to come to an agreement with the manufacturer. Being one of the men more or less officially responsible to President Wilson, he informed the Chief Executive that he believed he could purchase the engines for $50,000 if he could be assured of the President's support. The President told him in his very definite and firm way that he should buy the locomotives at whatever price he considered reasonable to the Government and the manufacturer. In doing this, the President said, he could be assured of the Government's support.

The next day the Government purchaser went to the manufacturer with a contract. He said in effect:

"The United States Army in France needs —— hundred locomotives. Two months ago I bought these same engines for $50,000 each. I have a contract here which the United States has already approved. I am certain that you will be making a good profit on this contract at the price I suggest."

And then he presented the contract, which was signed by the manufacturer.

On this one purchase alone the United States was saved many million dollars, and the man who saved the money is receiving one hundred cents every 365 days—less than one-third of one cent a day.

Tainted Americans

Walking about in Washington one sees many and all types of individuals. There are men and women from many nations, commissioners from European neutrals, observers and coöperators from the Allied countries and—let it be understood—friends of the enemy too. But the latter are ostracized. There are among others who are now in Washington a certain group of Americans who lived in Berlin before the United States declared war. In Berlin they were universally recognized as being anti-American, but now that the United States is fighting Germany they are anxious to reinstate themselves. But Uncle Sam is not making hasty friendships during the war with men or women who were at one time on the shadowy side of loyalty.

"I don't understand," remarked one of these Berlin Americans, "why none of the officials will talk to me."

He may not be able to fathom the mystery, but the Government is! Washington is such a busy place, however, that it is possible the officials have been so occupied with public business that they have not had an opportunity to receive the calls of this ex-prominent American. Frank L. Polk, Counselor of the State Department and sometimes Acting Secretary of State, who sees a large number of diplomats and callers every day, is one of these busy men responsible for the new society of "Standers" in the capital.

A friend of Mr. Polk's called at his office one day and asked for an appointment.

"Mr. Polk is seeing only the 'Standers' this afternoon," said his secretary.

"And who are they?" asked the visitor.

"Mr. Polk," said his private secretary, "divides his callers into two groups—those who sit down when they get into his office and those who stand up. When he is very busy he sees only the Standers. When he is not pressed for time he sees the Sitters.

"Do you want to sit down or stand up?" the secretary asked. "If you are a Stander perhaps I can get you in!"

For the benefit of those Americans who may yet have to visit the State, War and Navy Buildings I desire to caution them not to try to sit down in any office. Washington is doing things so swiftly these days that unless even the callers can transact their business standing there is not much of an opportunity to keep up with the procession. About the only places one can sit are the waiting rooms.

But in many aspects of this war business we are novices. One day not long ago the War Department received a telegram from General Pershing, reading:

"Send one thousand canaries and one thousand white mice."

The message was sent to the chief purchaser for the expeditionary forces. He read the words and sent the dispatch back to the Secretary of War with the request that it be uncoded. The code room of the War Department returned it with a note saying that it could not be uncoded, that it was just a plain telegram.

The purchaser was baffled. He did not know whether the telegram was a joke or an order, so he consulted a former United States military attaché in France.

"Do you suppose that General Pershing actually wants white mice and canaries?" he asked the captain, handing him the cable.

"Yes, sir!" was the military reply. "White mice and canaries are placed in the first-line trenches because they can detect poisonous gases much quicker than the soldiers. When a soldier sees a canary bat its wings or a white mouse trying to bury its nose he understands that it is high time for him to put on his gas mask. White mice and canaries have saved thousands of lives in France, and we should supply our army immediately."

Nothing Escapes Mr. Wilson

It is hardly necessary to add that the United States purchased the white mice and canaries at once and shipped them to France, and in doing so we almost exhausted the supply. I know of only two white mice that were left behind; perhaps there are many others, but these two belong to Mary Roberts Rinehart.

The war, too, has changed the activities of many men in Washington. In the White House Secretary Tumulty, who formerly saw the President many times daily, now sees his Chief a few times a week. The President spends most of his time in the White House study, and on his behalf Secretary Tumulty—privately he is known only as Joe—writes thousands of letters to various war bureaus. Our war plans and preparations are so vast that he confesses he has difficulty in keeping in touch with the great moves on the military, naval and diplomatic chessboard.

Nothing of importance, however, escapes the President.

In his mail one day the Chief Executive received a letter from a friend in Hampton, Virginia, stating that a slight epidemic of fever had broken out there among the sailors and that there were not sufficient cots and comforts adequately to care for the men's wants.

After the President had read the letter he put on his hat and went immediately to the Navy Department. To the assembled officers he read this letter, asking them what they knew about the situation at Hampton. The President, who knew the reliability of his informant, ordered the Navy Department to send supplies to the city immediately.

When Mr. Wilson returned to the White House no announcement was made, but a brief dispatch appeared in the press the following day to the effect that the President had conferred with Secretary Daniels and it was believed that an important naval policy was discussed. It was an important policy, even though it concerned only the care for a few sailors in a Virginia hospital.

As our preparations continue, as many of our ships sail every day for France, and as our army is being trained the Government is faced by great war problems. Our object is to fight, according to President Wilson, until we can make peace with representatives of the German people. The United States' chief interest is in internal conditions in Germany, political and social. Contrary to the belief that some people have, even in Canada, the United States is not preparing to stop fighting Germany upon the first evidence of democracy in that country. Not until the democratic movement in that country becomes so strong that it can dominate and dictate to the government will the United States begin to think about peace with the enemy.

While the great melting pot of Germany sizzles our Government is faced with the task of preparing to fight a ruthless, experienced and prepared enemy while many of our own and Allied citizens believe that the war is almost won. The Government must combat by extensive preparations the common belief that, because the United States and the Allies have a great preponderance in men, ammunition, money and natural resources, victory is certain in 1918. Perhaps, as one influential man stated, if the United States were situated geographically as is Russia there would be no doubt that Germany would be defeated by military operations alone next summer. But the United States is three thousand miles away from its nearest ally. It must build and repair ships, it must construct railroads, telephone and telegraph lines in France. Houses, Y. M. C. A. headquarters, hospitals, aeroplanes, cannon, shells and food must be sent abroad.

In the face of Russian exhaustion, in the face of submarine warfare, in face of dangers in neutral European countries, in face of a possible German naval engagement, in face of German plots and schemes throughout the world, and in face of the possibility that some neutrals may join forces with Germany the United States must train, equip and transport an army for every eventuality. It is an enormous task, which demands and which is receiving the wholehearted assistance of the brains of America.

While these preparations were being made reports were being received in Washington, London and Paris indicating that President Wilson's reply to the peace suggestion of the Vatican was having the effect of dividing Germany. There had been for more than two years in that country a sharp line between the military leaders and the Liberal forces. The position of the United States of having nothing to gain by the war except permanent peace made between democratic parties in each of the belligerents had strengthened the hands of the Liberals; and the fall of Doctor Michaelis as Imperial Chancellor was due to the hostility of the progressive forces in Germany, to the growing sentiment in favor of representative parliamentary government.

Reliable reports from Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria indicated that these countries were on the verge of breaking away from Berlin. Bulgaria especially was considering the possibility of a separate peace, and Turkey and Austria were wondering why Germany had not defeated England with her submarines "within a few months," as had been promised. The Central Powers were ripe for revolutionary troubles, and it was the confident expectation of some officials that the Allies would be able to make peace with a German democracy by next fall at the very latest. During our preparations for war one heard almost as much peace talk as war talk.

No one in authority in Washington today minimizes the danger of the present situation. The sudden switch in the plans which were made at first to send Colonel House, when the right moment came, to Europe on a peace mission, to the secret dispatching of a war mission to Paris, indicates how important Washington regards the decisions that the Allies will have to make in Paris and London. The coming disaster which was thought necessary to rouse the United States is to-day considered insignificant compared to the Teutonic invasion of Italy and the new revolution in Russia. Washington is now considering all possible eventualities—from an invasion of Switzerland and France from the Italian-Swiss border, to the possible dangers from Spain.

That is the situation which faces the United States and the Allies. The coming disaster was greater than anyone expected, but it did rouse Washington; and by the time this article is printed the shock will have vibrated throughout the United States. In wartime Washington is the American barometer and thermometer too.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A MILLION DOLLARS

(Continued from Page 21)

"There's one thing," I said: "They won't be darned snobs—if they don't want their heads knocked off!"

We were up there by that time, in that High Hill neighborhood that swellest part of town; near the Proctor Billingses, and the Waterburys, and the Fenby Lesters. Billings had helped get us in there—and that old Banks house that had been for sale so long. And I felt the neighborhood, I thought, myself sometimes—kind of stiff in the back of the neck.

"She's entirely different from them, too," said Polly, thinking. "You can't get round it. She hasn't got along here in town a bit."

"She lays it all to the women," said I.

"Well, she's right," said Polly. "They don't like her."

"Why? Just for what reason?"

"Her dresses," said Polly. "She dresses pretty gay, for one thing, for a town outside of New York. And she is pretty fond of color. She would be noticeable anywhere. Then there's her high voice. And they don't like her grammar, either."

"Nor her good looks, I guess," I said—"probably!"

"Probably not," said Polly. "But she is pretty reckless—pretty lawless, you'll have to admit."

"She seems to always have to have excitement," I answered.

"She lives on it," said Polly.

"But you agree with her?" I said. "You think it's the women that have got it in for her!"

"Yes, I do."

"What little mean things they are," I said.

"Yes, in a way," said Polly. "I suppose so. I suppose they are. I suppose they've got to be. They're brought up that way. They live in a world of little things—terribly small. Their main pleasure, I think sometimes, is seeing differences—thinking they and their folks are better than somebody else.

"They are just the same, I always thought, till they die, as they were when they were children. They never grow up, that way.

"No; you can't get round it, Bill," said Polly. "Women are that—awful little in such things. But it ain't all bad, either," she said. "It's a good thing some ways, I think sometimes."

"Good? How?" said I. "I don't see it."

"It makes them want to keep themselves up, all the time, and their children. Make them look good and act decent and keep up appearances, and get in with better people, always—more educated. And that goes a long ways sometimes. Men don't mind. They're kind of careless about such things. And somebody's got to do it. Somebody's got to keep up. It does a lot of good, taken altogether. And it's a woman's job."

"I don't see it," I said. "That's stretching it pretty far."

"It's right, though," said Polly. "It's better a lot of times. It has more influence on other women—what the women say and think—than all the police force in the country; that's my opinion."

"What a queer old girl you are, Pol," I said, patting her.

"It's true, all the same," she told me. "And that's one main trouble now with Zetta. She won't pay any attention to them—what they say, what they think. She goes right ahead and does what she pleases."

"No," said I. "She doesn't give a hoot for anybody; she never did."

"Perfectly lawless," said Polly. "You can't blame them. She's got started and she won't stop; and the more they say the more she'll defy them. But you can't blame them, either, their talking about her."

"I suppose not," I said. "She's changed a whole lot," I went along, after a while, "in the last few months. The strain of it's telling on her."

"It is," said Polly.

"I don't think I ever saw anybody change so much in such a little time."

"I have," said Polly.

"Who?"

"You!"

"Don't start that again," I said. And then I rolled over and went to sleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE greatest good you can possibly get out of the National Automobile Show at New York next week, is a clear understanding of the *new measure of comfort* embodied in the new Hupmobile.

The new Hupmobile—*The Comfort Car*—has actually given the word comfort a meaning and a significance it has *never* had before.

Christmas Automobile Tire Conservation

Conserve your tires—not by laying your car up—but by giving your car United States Tires.

* * * * * *

Tire conservation doesn't require you to use your car less.

Doing that would reduce the value of your car to the community and to the nation.

But tire conservation does require riding on tires that have the endurance to last, and last, and keep on lasting,

—to the point where mileage-cost is down to an irreducible minimum.

That is why we say—make yourself and your car a present of United States Tires,

—the tires that have earned the reputation as the low-mileage-cost tires.

* * * * * *

The continued, steady, persistent sales increases of United States Tires,

—both tires for passenger cars and for commercial vehicles, prove that motorists and truck owners find that United States Tires live up to their reputation.

The "Five"—
'Royal Cord',
'Nobby','Chain',
'Usco' and
'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aëroplanes

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have all the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

THE EARTHQUAKE

(Continued from Page 7

I started to take a taxi, recoiled, and descended to the Subway. While shooting uptown I surreptitiously examined Miss Peterson's schedule:

1912	$30 [illegible] 75	1915	$47 215.01
1913	10 [illegible] 77	1916	4 [illegible] 87 16
1914	4 [illegible] 80	1917 (in	[illegible] 50 .0

These totals were neatly itemized under various general headings—such as Rent, Taxes, Supplies, Motor, Mrs. Stanton, Servants, Travel, Charity, Miss Margery, Repairs, Furnishings, Medical, Light and Heat, and so on. It made me almost sick to look at the thing. It was preposterous!

"1916—Mr. Stanton—$3714.27," for instance! How on earth could I have spent any such sum on myself? Mentally I reviewed my disbursements of the preceding year. Yes; I had joined the Riding Club at an expense, including the initiation fee, of $450, and I had ordered my usual number of overcoats and suits at an average of $90 each. My club dues had come to $670 and my club bills to $443.20. There were also sundry items camouflaged on my stubs under the mystic symbol of Pk, which stood for poker losses. The amount of these shall remain undisclosed for the sake of posterity. On the whole, the $3714.27 was pretty well explained.

I found my wife lunching in the sunlit private suite at the Chatwold she had engaged to tide us over temporarily until she could secure her staff of servants.

"Sit down," she said. "The waiter will be back presently. What will you have—Poulet en Casserole or Salmis of Long Island Duckling? The Salade Russe is delicious."

"I'll have a roast-beef sandwich and a cup of coffee," I answered shortly. "Look here, Helen: just make the most of that Poulet en Casserole. I hate to break it to you—but this is no place for us!"

"Why, John!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter? Have we lost money?"

"Don't you know that we are at war?"

"Of course! What are you going to do—buy Liberty Bonds?"

I laughed a hollow laugh.

"No! We're busted—that is, we're fifteen thousand dollars a year poorer than when we left New York; and that comes pretty close to busting us—living as we do."

She looked at me wearily. She seemed very tired. I had expected some sort of outburst, but nothing of the sort occurred.

"How much have we got left?" she inquired vaguely after a pause.

"Oh, something over twenty-five thousand dollars a year," I answered.

I confess I had looked forward to this disclosure with apprehension verging on panic. I was still exactly as much in love with Helen as the day she had become my wife; we were perhaps the happiest married couple I knew. The only thing that ever came between us, that in any way detracted from our complete sympathy, was that sometimes I felt that she expended her intellect upon objects unworthy of her. These objects were chiefly concerned with the material comfort of her existence—the polish on the machinery of her life.

It seemed to me that the polish had taken on for her a greater importance than the machinery. She was preoccupied with appearances. Everything in the house always had to look exactly as if it were new. There were always painters and upholsterers about, and my bills for repairs never were less than one thousand dollars a year. Our house was a pattern of luxury and taste. Our servants were models of dexterity and neatness. Our cooks were inevitably mistresses of the culinary art. Everything ran as if on ball bearings, without a sound, without a hitch. Seven people could have their breakfasts in bed without causing the slightest disarrangement in our ménage. Our friends said Helen was a wonderful housekeeper. I thought she was just a wonderful little spender.

Our automobile was exquisite. René always looked as if he had just stepped out of a show case, and the motor was done over every year. Helen didn't seem to have any time for the things she and I had regarded as important when we were engaged. At times I regarded her as ease-loving—trifling, superficial.

I see now that I was wrong—at least to the extent of thinking that it was Helen's real character to be like that. It was rather that she had simply let herself go with the current and taken nonessentials seriously because the rest of her friends did so. Her trouble was not individual; it was endemic. And it was allied to ophthalmia. So I had anticipated tears, if not a scene, when she should learn our situation. She looked a little worried, it is true; but she did not protest.

"I suppose it will mean giving up the motor—and our house?"

I nodded.

"It does seem too bad to have to lose René," she murmured. "And the car ran too beautifully this morning!" she added wistfully. "However, I should think anybody ought to be able to get along on twenty-five thousand dollars a year in wartime. I want to live as well as I can, but I don't want to live any better. If that's all we've got we'll have to manage. I'm sorry for Margery, though."

I had been thinking of Margery myself. She was in every way a charming girl, and her mother had for years looked forward to bringing her out in society with the customary New York display. Poor Margery! There would be mighty little chance for magnificence on our reduced income.

At that precise moment, however, I was not thinking of Margery, but of my supposedly ease-loving wife. In place of the expected indignant outburst, she sat there quite calmly, agreeing without a moment's hesitation to readjust her entire scale of life. Poor dear! I thought. She didn't know what it was going to involve. What real sacrifices she would be called upon to make, habituated as she was to luxury! But, whether she knew or not, she was a brave woman and I admired her as I never had before.

"Darling!" I exclaimed, putting my arm about her, for the waiter had not returned. "You're a real little brick—the real stuff! I didn't care for myself—only for you."

She suddenly threw her arms about my neck and burst into tears.

"Oh, John!" she sobbed. "I don't care how I live. We started on nothing and we never have been happier than we were in our first little flat; but—I didn't tell you before—I didn't want to until you'd had your lunch!—but —— Oh, John, I'm frightened to death about Jack!"

"Why?" I choked, startled at her tone. "What about Jack?"

She picked up a newspaper that was lying beside her and pointed to an item on the back sheet; then turned away her head.

"Gallant ——th to sail for France next week," I read through blurred eyes. "So rapid has been the improvement in the condition and training of the ——th Regiment, stationed at Fort —— that it is now authoritatively announced that it will break camp within a few days and sail within the week for the other side, where the men will receive instruction in the field from specially detailed French army officers in the use of trench bombs, raiding, etc.

"Among the sons of well-known New Yorkers upon the staff are Lieutenant Ogden Baker, son of Maxwell Baker, of Park Avenue; Lieutenant John Stanton, Junior ——"

For a moment the motes in the sunlight swam in dizzying circles and I grasped the table to steady myself. Jack! Jack going?

"Oh, Helen!" I cried, wholly unnerved. "He can't go! He's too young. My God, it never occurred to me! Why, he's only a boy! I'll go to Washington—see Wilson. It would be a crime! I ——"

I sank down at the table and put my face in my hands. Then I heard my wife's voice saying:

"John dear, it's all right—it's simply splendid! Of course it's a surprise; but you—you wouldn't have it otherwise! It's where he ought to be! We should be the proudest people in New York. Our boy is going among the very first to fight to make the world safe for democracy, for Christian ideals; so that there never can be such an awful, awful war again; and—and—and —— Oh, John! John! I can't bear it!"

And she threw herself down beside me and held me tight. We sat there clinging to each other for some time. Then Helen raised her head and wiped her eyes.

"Jack dear," she said, "let's go up to the house. I'll leave word for Margery at the office. I can't think in this place. I want to have my own things round me—my own books and pictures and furniture—not all this gilt and plush! I don't feel as if I were all here—at this hotel. I'm sure we can talk things over better there than in this horrible place!"

I paid my bill to the dapper young gentleman at the hotel office, who seemed rather surprised at our sudden change of plans and who "trusted that everything had been satisfactory"; stated that I would send for my baggage that evening, helped Helen into a taxi, and started for Seventy-second Street. It was a lovely afternoon, sunlight everywhere, children playing with their nurses in Park Avenue, the streets clean and quiet; nothing seemed changed since we had gone away. As we turned into our own block Helen leaned out of the window of the taxi and looked up at the house.

"How nice!" she exclaimed. "Someone has hung out a big American flag! It must have been Henry!"

Sure enough, there over our white Colonial doorway, the pole suspended from the iron grill of the library windows, curling and uncurling in the soft afternoon breeze, floated the Stars and Stripes.

"Splendid!" I answered. "It was bully of your brother to do that."

Then my eye caught another and smaller flag beneath—a red flag bearing an oblong field of white upon which was a single star of blue.

"Hello!" I cried. "What do you suppose that is? Do you see that other flag, Helen?"

"Why, yes!" she answered curiously. "I wonder what it can mean!"

The decrepit taxi driver touched his hat.

"Pardon me, ma'm," he said. "That blue star means that someone from this house has gone to the Front. God bless him, whoever he is!"

We looked at each other in silence.

"God bless him," I repeated, though my lips quivered, "whoever he is!"

How familiar, yet how strange, seemed the silent interior of our house, with its shrouded furniture, its shadowy corners, its drawn curtains. For the first time I realized what it meant to me—to Helen—to all of us. There was the room where Margery had been born. There was Jack's half workshop, half stateroom, with that yellow Teddy-bear he had never quite brought himself to relinquish sitting astride the football he had forced across the St. Mark's goal line for a victory for Groton.

I closed the door quickly lest Helen should see it. Yet I felt that it was best that we should give up our home; best to surrender it to the unsympathetic hands of strangers than not to do our bit in teaching the rest of the nation the lesson of economy. At any price—however seemingly extravagant—a hotel would be cheaper than housekeeping.

"Well," I said finally when, after our inspection, we had gone downstairs into the library and thrown open the windows to the afternoon sun, "it's tough, but we'll have to give it up!"

"Isn't there anything else we could do first?" asked my wife. "I would do almost anything rather than lose my home!"

"The only way to really save any substantial sum of money is to make a radical change in our mode of life," I answered. "You would find it almost impossible to give up living here as you have always lived. Let's do the thing right and start differently."

Helen made no further protest, except to give a little sigh as she glanced at the portraits of my father and mother, which hung on either side of the fireplace.

"All right, dear," she agreed. "If we must, that is all there is to it."

There was, however, one factor in the situation upon which it appeared that we had not sufficiently reckoned. It had never occurred to me that we should have any difficulty about leasing our house if we cared to do so; but a brief colloquy over the telephone with our real-estate agent was enough to satisfy me that it would be practically impossible for us to find a tenant who would be willing to pay enough rent to enable us either to take an apartment or go to a hotel and effect any real saving. Practically every house in New York was for rent, he said; in fact, there were five other houses in our own block on the market.

(Concluded on Page 32)

Can Your *Feet* Pass A Military Examination?

TODAY, top-notch physical condition is a patriotic duty. Why do you, then, continue to wear pointed, bone-bending shoes, that cause corns, bunions, callouses, flat feet, ingrown nails, etc.?

Get into roomy, comfortable Educators *at once*. They will help you "do your bit." Not by "training" your feet, but by giving them a chance to become strong and sturdy, as Nature intended them. Educators are made

FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

to "let the feet grow as they should."

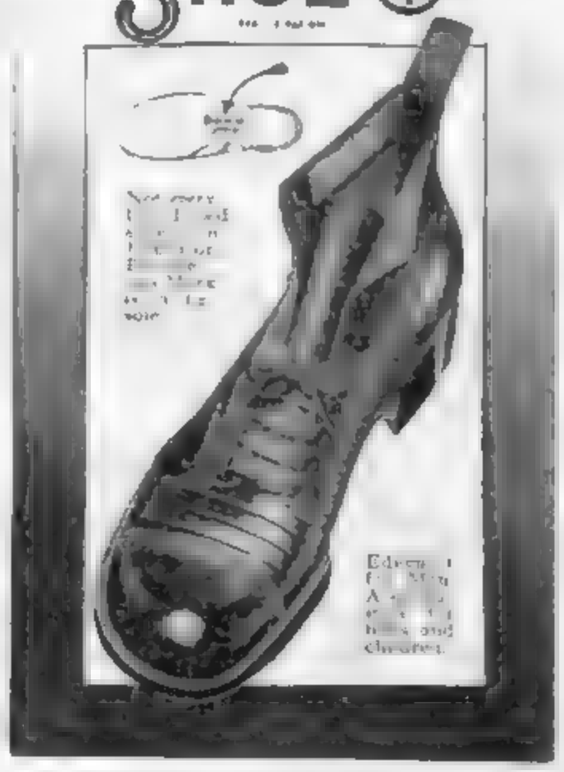
When buying, be sure to look for EDUCATOR branded on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a responsible manufacturer.

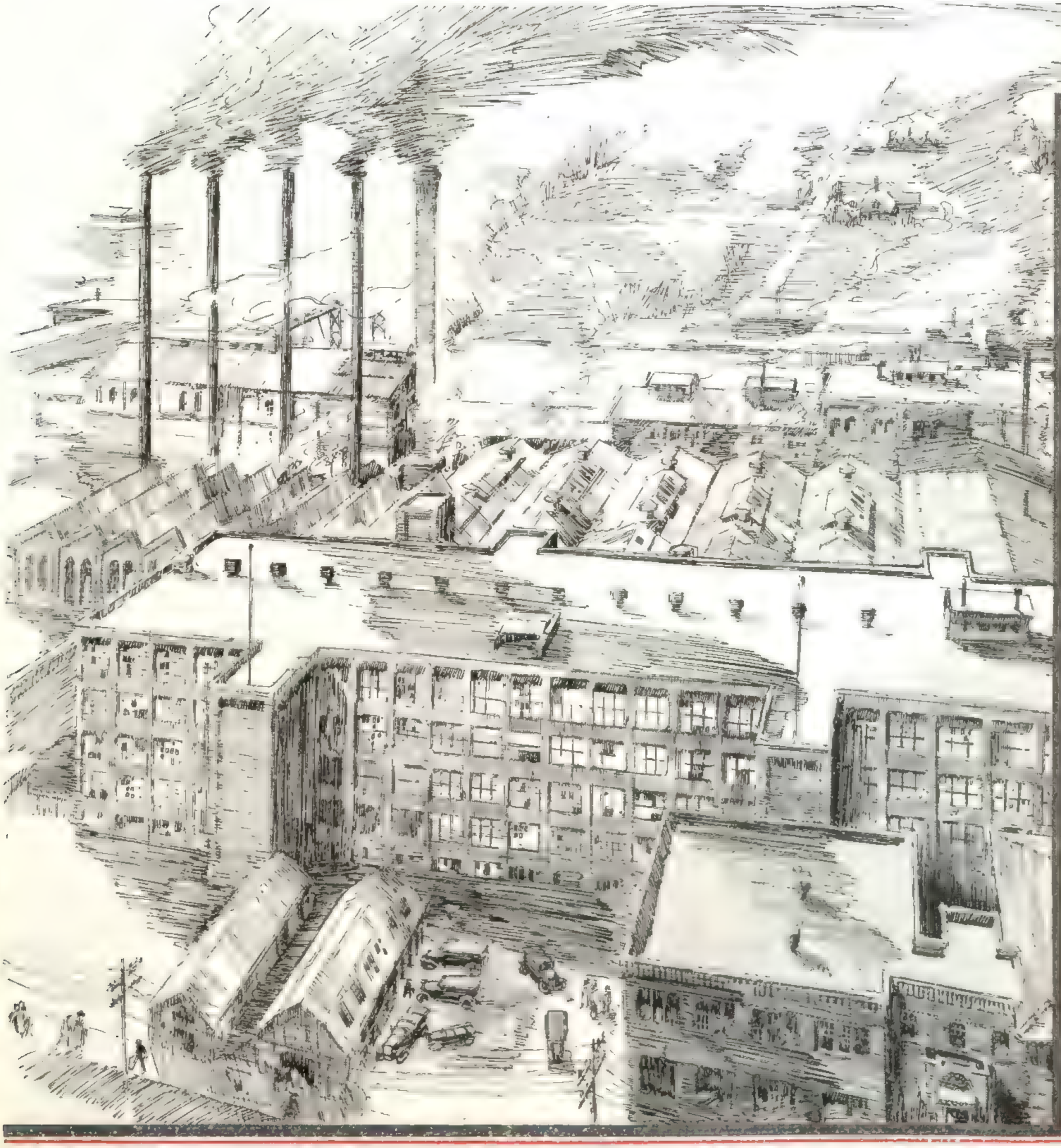
"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" is an interesting booklet that we'll mail you free. Foot facts you never knew before. Write for it today.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
14 High St., Boston, Mass.

Makers also of the famous All-America Shoe for Men, "The Shoe That's Standardized"

RICE & HUTCHINS
EDUCATOR SHOE ®





T
Th
tio
fin
Th
It
do
Se
An
We
kn
Re
Th
Th
de
ne
We
fac
co
Pr
Th
Rep
Rep
Rep
Rep
Rep
Rep
Rep
Rep
Ever

REPUBLIC

'he Aim of the Republic

e parent plant of The Republic Rubber Corpora-
n at Youngstown is supplemented, now, by another
e factory at Canton, Ohio.

ıe reason for this great growth is not hard to find.

is due, first, to the simple fact that Republic Tires
last longer.

:ond, to the recognition of that fact by the
nerican people.

e record the expansion of Republic facilities as ac-
owledgment of our debt of gratitude to the nation.

public Tires have always "stood well."

ey stand higher now than ever before.

e past year has witnessed the springing up of a
mand which has penetrated to the farthest cor-
s of the country.

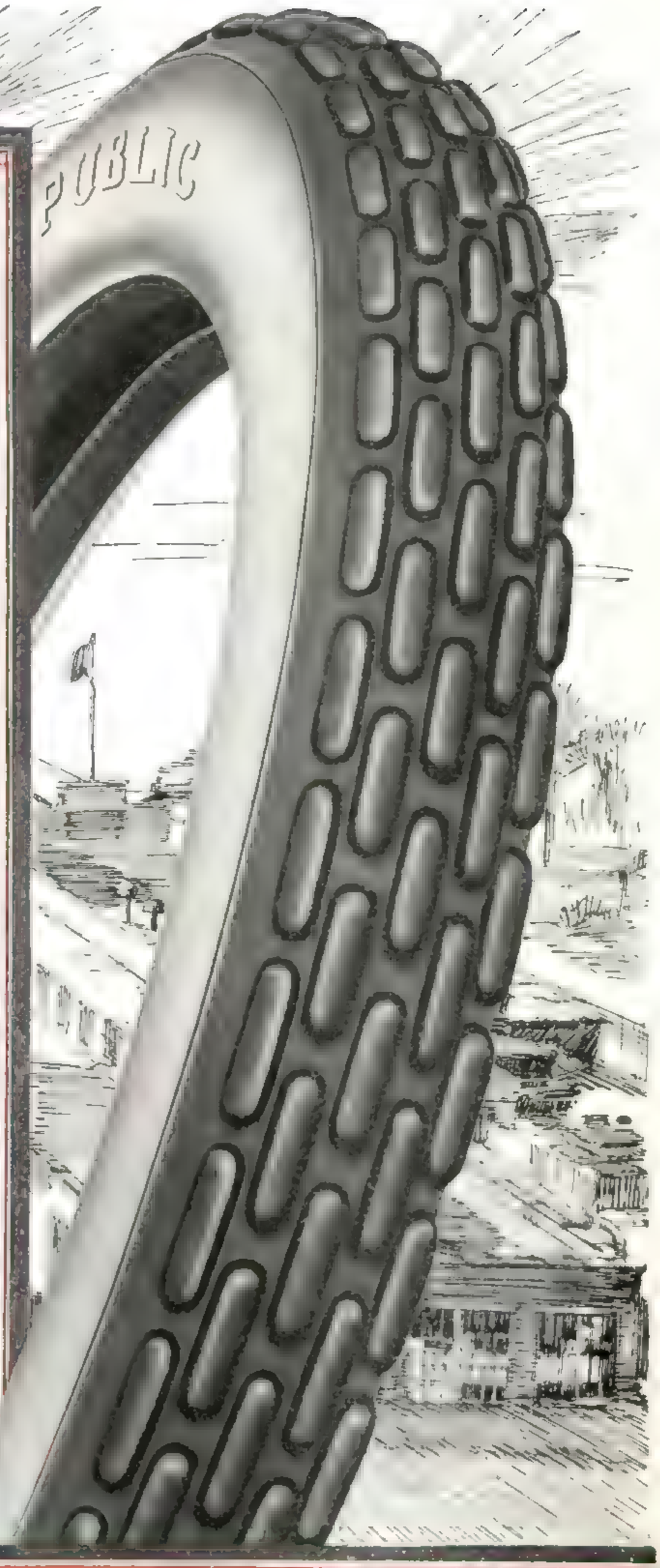
e wish to pledge ourselves that these new factory
ilities will be dedicated to the continuance of the
ıfidence already given to Republic Tires and the
5dium Process.

e Republic Rubber Corporation, Youngstown, Ohio

Manufacturers of

ublic Prōdium Process Tires
ublic Blackline Red Inner Tubes
ublic Grey Inner Tubes
ublic Truck Tires
ublic Transmission Belting
ublic Conveyor Belting
ublic Steam Hose
ublic Air Brake Hose
Republic Fire Hose
Republic Steam Packing
Republic Sheet Packing
Republic Radiator Hose
Republic Garden Hose
Republic Molded Rubber Goods
And a complete line of Republic Mechanical Rubber Goods

y article made by the Republic is worthy of the Republic quality trade mark



TIRES

Republic
STAGGARD
PAT. SEP 15-22-1908
Tread
Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

"Saving Money is Saving Lives"

This is the slogan the U. S. Government has adopted in its campaign to encourage thrift. It then goes on to suggest that the money to be saved may easily be earned by "selling magazines."

OUR PLAN

will enable you to earn—and save—$5.00 a week in your spare time. And by thus earning—and *saving*—you are helping to *win* the war. For details of this unusual money-making opportunity, write to

The Curtis Publishing Company
216 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

ASK FOR and GET

Horlick's

The Original

Malted Milk

Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

(Concluded from Page 29)

Everybody had gone to Washington, or was going to spend the winter in the country; he mentioned several of our friends. People were cutting down on every hand. We might get a tenant at about half what our house might normally be expected to bring; but otherwise he could not give us much encouragement. The renting market had started out well; but lately there had been a bad slump. It was obvious that, unless we practically gave our house away, we should have either to close it up or live in it ourselves.

We considered the former course first. By going to a hotel we should save light, heat, repairs, various maintenance charges, and servants' wages. We should also not have to run our kitchen. We had previously kept ten servants. It would be much cheaper for the three of us and our maid to board at a hotel—say the Chatwold.

I telephoned to my dapper young friend there and inquired what apartments were still available for the winter. He replied that there was one four-room suite left—but only one—which for a term of six months he would let me—"me"—have for nine hundred and seventy-five dollars a month, a substantial concession from ruling rates! I thanked him and hung up. We figured out that, on the basis of the data in hand, it would cost the three of us—with Helen's maid—on a conservative estimate, not a cent less than fifteen hundred dollars a month to live at the Highbilt. For eight months that would amount to twelve thousand dollars—practically as much as it would cost us to run our house.

We telephoned to many of the other hotels; but the best we could do was four hundred and fifty dollars a month, with an estimated dining-room charge of at least four hundred and fifty dollars more. This last was in an excellent hotel on a side street, but where we knew the rooms were small, rather dark, and distinctly unattractive. Nevertheless, to go there for the winter, even if we sacrificed our home, would be to effect a substantial saving. To me it seemed the most sensible thing to do, and I said so. But Helen answered:

"Jack, I don't want to go to a hotel. I want the quiet and order and privacy of my own home. I want my own family life. We've lived here twenty years, and this house—our things—are all part of us. It's the physical center of our lives—whatever they are. I don't want Margery in a hotel; it's far better for her to stay here, where she can receive her friends quietly, instead of giving them tea in front of a string band."

"I agree with you," I replied patiently. "Of course I'd rather live here. But what are we going to do if we can't afford it?"

Then it was that Helen showed the rare and penetrating quality of mind which had compelled my admiration so often in her earlier years and which latterly had seemed to be dormant.

"Jack," she retorted eagerly, "do you know what you are urging me to do? You are proposing that we should run away—try to escape from our responsibilities, from the duty to economize which the war has forced upon us. I know it's all on my account. You think I'm a slave to comfort. Well, perhaps I have been. Maybe the war will liberate a lot of people. We have suddenly lost over a third of our income; but, even so, our income is about four times what my father and mother lived on right here in New York. I've always known that we—that everybody—spent too much money; but it's human nature to want to live the way one's friends live.

"Now we can't any longer. We've got to live on what we've got. If we're obliged to save fifteen thousand dollars, let's save it—not rush off to a hotel, to even greater extravagance. There's no calamity—no sorrow—no sickness that doesn't bring some good with it. If we ought to change our mode of life, let's change it—and be glad of the chance. If I run off to a hotel, where all I shall have to do, if I want anything, is to press a button; if I make you give up your home for the sake of my own convenience; if I turn coward when all the world is full of courage—why, Jack, I couldn't look at myself in the glass!"

I don't think I ever loved Helen more than at that moment; and if she had realized what her words meant to me she would have been repaid a thousand times for any sacrifice she might be called upon to make. For several years I had felt uneasy at the monetary cost of an existence that not only left us nothing to spend upon many things I should greatly have enjoyed—European travel, for instance—but rendered our contributions to charity negligible.

I had really been poor on forty thousand dollars a year, frequently denying myself things that men with half my income regarded as matters of course. Taxicabs, for instance. My New England training had never enabled me to expend on the mere maintenance of our household the huge sum it required with any degree of complacence, for I knew in my heart that we were making an end of what should have been the means to an end. Our sole object in life had come to be ease of living. And, even so, though we had made a science of luxury we had not achieved our purpose.

The machinery of existence had been more important than existence itself. The servants had outnumbered the family three to one. Employed to reduce responsibility—that was why we had so many maids, chambermaids, parlor maids, kitchen maids and laundresses—the irony of the situation lay in the fact that, instead of eliminating responsibility, all these people only added to it. The more "help" we had to work for us, the less help they were and the greater the effort required to superintend their inactivities. Instead of paying servants in order to keep house, we kept house in order to pay servants to live with us.

Moreover, houses, horses, yachts, motors—all demanded constant attention; but unfortunately it was an attention that required no physical exertion. We had ceased absolutely to do anything for ourselves. Our wives grew fat from their everlasting motoring. We—the supposed workers—were borne to and from business—miles—in luxurious limousines. Even when we went out to play golf, we were carried. Even in our own homes we went up and down stairs in elevators.

None of us ever put foot in a street car or the Subway. If we went to dinner in the next block we sent for René and the automobile. We were soft—perhaps even worse! I knew it; and now—thank heaven!—I knew that Helen knew it. Yet we never should have thought of changing if it had not been for the war. Should we change? Could we change? Wouldn't the sacrifice be too great? Fifteen thousand dollars!

"You're all right, Helen!" I exclaimed, shoving the cigar box to one side and lighting a pipe. "Let's see if we can do it!"

I pulled Miss Peterson's expense sheet from my pocket and sat down beside her.

"Do it? Of course we can do it! Why, Jack, imagine not being able to get along on twenty-five thousand dollars a year!"

She took the sheet from my hand and began going over it, item by item. Naturally we could not do anything about our real-estate and water taxes, life and fire insurance premiums. These we passed by. But we had always taken a house on Long Island for the summer at an approximate rental of from twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred dollars; and this we decided we could cut to fifteen hundred—or stay in town. My own expenses I unhesitatingly cut to twelve hundred dollars, and Helen surprised me by saying that she could do quite beautifully on two thousand dollars. "Why should I want any new clothes this winter?" she asked.

Margery would have to get along on one thousand dollars, instead of her accustomed two thousand. Jack—I tried to dodge his name, but Helen insisted on jerking me bravely back—Jack would cost us practically nothing. We decided to cut out the motor for the seven months in the city—a saving of at least two thousand dollars; to sell our opera tickets—two hundred and seventy-six dollars; to buy no new furnishings for the house, keep no menservants, reduce the number of maids, and put the kitchen on a war basis.

For what it is worth, here is how we proposed to save on ten items our fifteen thousand seven hundred dollars:

	ACTUAL AVERAGE A YEAR FOR PAST FIVE YEARS	PROPOSED ALLOWANCE FOR 1918	ESTIMATED SAVING
John Stanton—personal	$2,000	$1,200	$800
Helen Stanton—personal	3,500	2,000	1,500
Margery Stanton	2,000	1,000	1,000
John Stanton, Junior	2,000	.....	2,000
Summer cottage	3,000	1,500	1,500
Opera, theater and so on	500	100	400
Servants	5,200	3,500	1,700
Stables	8,500	4,250	4,250
Automobile	4,000	2,000	2,000
Sundries and so on	500		500
Total saving			$15,650

After all, what did giving up the motor for the winter really mean to me? yet it cost me not a cent less than twelve dollars a day; or my vacuous-faced English butler and footmen—why were they not in Flanders?—or the few clubs on Fifth Avenue, whose portals I rarely entered; or my seats at the Opera—heretofore usually occupied by indigent female relatives; or the elaborate cuisine we had previously been accustomed to maintain chiefly for the gastronomical entertainment of the ten voracious men and maid servants who had hitherto made our house their home, their restaurant and their club?

In reality, nothing at all. I should not even be inconvenienced by any of these reductions. In point of fact, I could surrender, with entire equanimity, the idea of having a cottage at the seaside, since I was infinitely more contented in my own home, and commuting tired me to death. There was not an item on our revised budget that needed to be a penny larger for our entire comfort. And yet we should save fifteen thousand dollars a year and be living quite within my income—war taxes included.

It set me thinking. I dare say it set Helen thinking too. What did our previous expenditure of that fifteen thousand dollars represent? Our dependence on a conventional luxury that was really not luxury at all, but an impediment to freedom! It was the price we had paid simply to live like our friends; to be thought well off and successful. Yet we were ill off. We had ceased to know the verve that comes only from constant physical activity; we had lost spring bodily and mentally; our moral and physical attack; our ability to handle ourselves—in a word, our efficiency. We had lost the mastery of our own souls at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars a year.

Along with this I enjoyed the somewhat less meritorious reflection that if I could get along on fifteen thousand dollars less when my earning capacity was entirely cut off, I should achieve wealth when that income should be restored. Should I ever again be satisfied to pay fifteen thousand dollars a year just to oil the machinery of my existence? Why, what could I not do for myself and for others with such a sum of money? Was I, in fact, giving up anything? To this extent the war had proved a blessing instead of a burden. I was making no real sacrifice.

Through the smoke wreaths rising from my pipe my eye caught in the window the gentle swaying of the red flag with its single blue star. I turned to find that Helen was gazing at it also.

"Jack," she said slowly, "I've been thinking that, after all, we're not going to do enough. We've only been planning how to live on our income. I read to-day that there was danger the Liberty Loan might not be fully subscribed. Think what it would mean if we sent hundreds of thousands of our young men over to fight and didn't give them the proper backing. It would be terrible! We ought to subscribe to the loan, whether we have the money or not; no matter whether we see our way clear to do it or not. Everybody ought to save every cent and lend it to the Government. Don't you think we ought to subscribe for at least twenty thousand dollars?"

"If you tried to save twenty thousand dollars more," I retorted, "you would have to go and live in a boarding house on a side street! I don't suppose we have to save it, though. We can sell some securities and lend Uncle Sam the money. We'll have to take quite a loss."

"I don't mind!" she answered. "Nothing is really a sacrifice that doesn't hurt."

"Next to wearing a uniform, I guess the proudest badge of honor any of us can wear is going to be a shabby suit of clothes," I agreed.

We sat there without saying anything more until the room fell into shadow and the street lamp across the way was lighted. I was just going to suggest that we go out to dinner somewhere when the front bell rang sharply.

Thinking it might be a telegram, I went downstairs and opened the door. Outside stood a tall figure in khaki. Messenger boys did not dress like that—did they now? Then I felt myself being hugged violently and heard Jack's voice shouting:

"Hello, dad! It's ripping to have you back again! How's mother? And isn't it great that the regiment sails week after next!"

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series by Mr. Train. The second will appear in an early issue.

AMERICAN travelers have passed along the good word of Firestone Tires, their mileage resources, their sure, easy riding and above all, the honor of the name. And now every civilized country has its Firestone branch; every civilized tongue has its native equivalent for the Firestone motto,

"MOST MILES PER DOLLAR."

Just as Firestone Tires make travel easy and sure over the "magnificent distances" of America, so do they work equally well under tropical tests or over these snowy hills of the land of the midnight sun.

Firestone Super-size Cord Tires provide added security for winter travel in the double-F tread, a design which from every angle effectively resists skid.

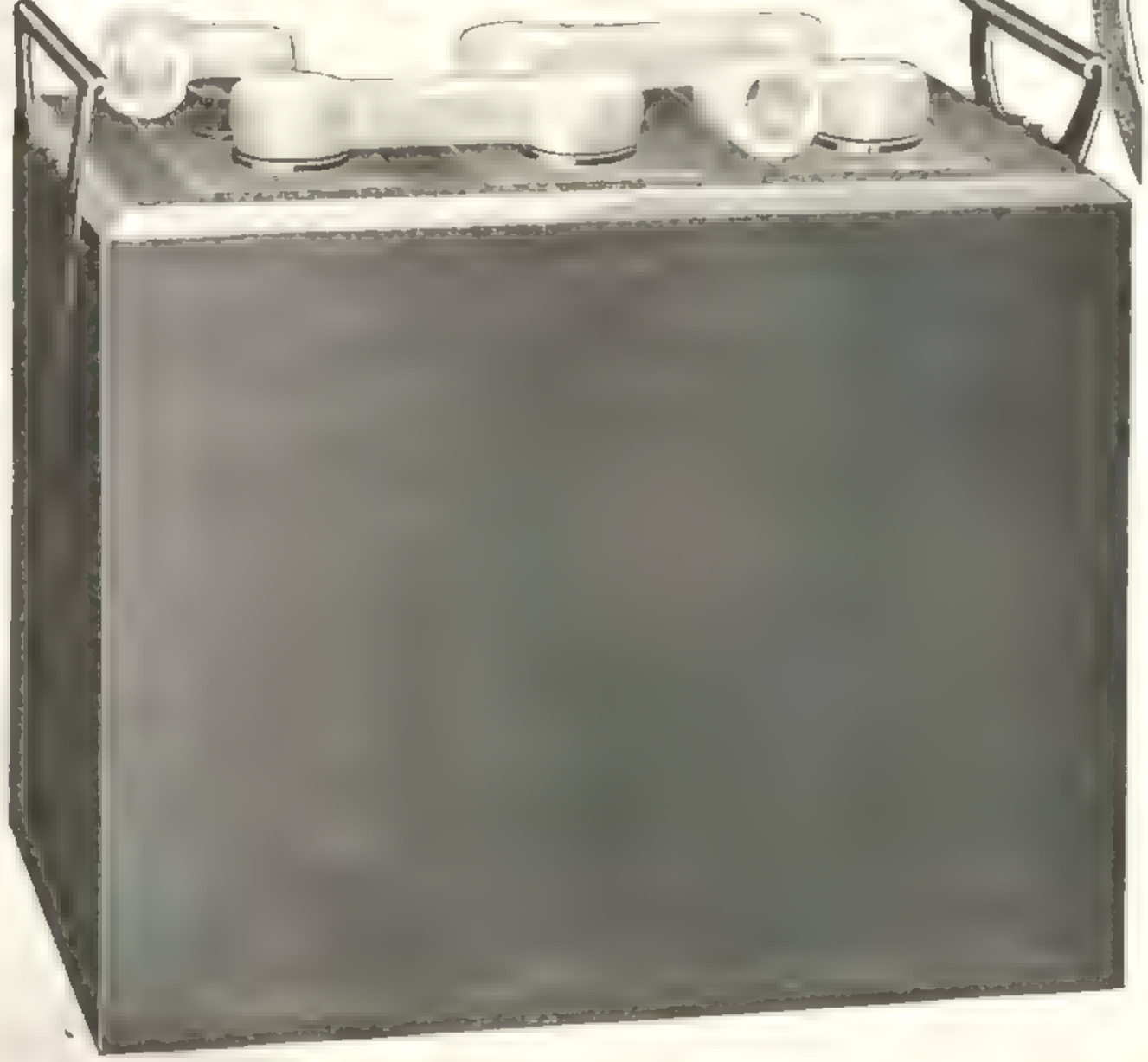
Firestone Cord construction provides also, the quick response, the long coast, the sure grip, all supported by the inbuilt strength for which Firestone Tires are known the world over.

Your own dealer is supplied promptly and economically by the nearest branch.

Firestone Tire and Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Prest-O-Lite STORAGE BATTERY

The Battery with a Backbone



—offers greater battery value

There are *three great points* which represent to you the utmost value in the storage battery on your car. *First*—you want a quick, snappy start when you call on your electric starting system—the Prest-O-Lite Battery is constructed to give greater "*pep*" and *power* at all times. *Second*—you want longer life—test after test has proved the superior *staying ability* of the Prest-O-Lite Battery. *Third*—you want intelligent, satisfying service to help you keep your battery in good condition—*Prest-O-Lite Service* awaits you everywhere to insure the long life and continued satisfaction built into every Prest-O-Lite Battery. When you need a new battery—remember these *three reasons* why Prest-O-Lite offers greater value.

Not only a better battery, but

What Kind of Plates Are In Your Battery?

The heart of the electric starting, lighting and ignition system on your car is the storage battery. The efficiency of any battery is measured by the efficiency of the positive and negative plates.

Every step of the battery engineer in converting the huge, unwieldy storage battery of the electric power plant into the compact, efficient automobile battery of today has centered around these plates.

Years of research, test and proof—the construction of great modern factories—and practically unlimited expenditures—stand back of the development of the Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery for your car.

And chief among the features of this better battery is the Prest-O-Lite Perfected Process Plate.

The accompanying diagrams show why Prest-O-Lite Plates insure you the two great battery value points—quick, sure action and stability necessary to longer life.

Repeated tests—in laboratory and in actual service upon a half million cars—have proved its ability and durability.

The third big value point, Service—*Prest-O-Lite Service*—is ready everywhere for you to prove to your own satisfaction. No matter what make of car you own or what battery you have—call at any Prest-O-Lite Service Station and let them test your battery, add distilled water or advise you as to its care. Service batteries are supplied by Prest-O-Lite Stations while your battery is being repaired or recharged, giving you continued use of your car.

There is a Prest-O-Lite Battery of the correct size to fit your car. When you need a new battery—remember the *three great extra values* of all Prest-O-Lite Batteries.

1
The Soft Plate gives quick action but has short life
2
The Hard Plate gives long life but is slow in action
3
The Plate with the Backbone gives quick action & long life

The "Soft" Plate

Soft or porous plates insure quicker electro-chemical action with the result that the battery is capable of giving off a large volume of current at high rates. A soft plate battery responds with plenty of punch and power for quick starts. But the strenuous chemical action which accompanies the discharge is extremely wearing on these plates. Soft plate batteries invariably are short lived. They give quick action and extra power but soon lose their vigor.

The "Hard" Plate

Hard plates are not so sensitive to the electro-chemical action which goes on inside the battery during charge and discharge. Consequently they are incapable of the large volume of current and high rates characteristic of "soft plate" batteries although the wearing action is slower and the battery is, therefore, longer-lived. But a hard plate battery lacks the snap and responsiveness for quick starting and good lighting—the very things that are most desired by the motorist.

The Perfected Process Plate

Perfected Process Plates are developed and seasoned by a new and different process which produces a super-hard center or "backbone" of gradually increasing porosity as the surface is reached. The surface porosity provides all the advantages of the "soft" plate—large volume of current at high rates, quick responsive power. The super-hard center provides all the advantages of the "hard" plate—strength and stability for long life. Thus, in one plate are combined the two most desired extremes in storage battery performance—a development found only in the Prest-O-Lite Battery.

The Prest-O-Lite Company, Inc.

U. S. Main Office & Factory, Indianapolis, Ind.
Canadian General Office & Factory, Toronto, Ont.

DIRECT FACTORY BRANCHES

Atlanta	Davenport	Memphis	Pittsburgh
Baltimore	Denver	Merritton, Ont.	San Antonio
Boston	Des Moines	Milwaukee	San Francisco
Buffalo	Detroit	Minneapolis	Seattle
Chicago	Indianapolis	Montreal	St. Louis
Cincinnati	Jacksonville	New York	St. Paul
Cleveland	Kansas City	Omaha	Syracuse
Dallas	Los Angeles	Philadelphia	Toronto
			Winnipeg

and more than 800 specially appointed Prest-O-Lite Battery Service Stations in all parts of the country.

backed by Prest-O-Lite Service

THE MIRACLE OF MECHANICAL TRANSPORT

(Continued from Page 17)

of the equipment from the United States comes in the form of a chassis, upon which a British body is erected. At the same time every automobile factory in the United Kingdom is working day and night on army motor output. All these vehicles and cars are assembled in what is called a vehicle pool. Just as soon as demands for trucks come by wire from France each vehicle is manned with a driver and an extra man from the training depot and sent on its way.

These two men remain with their truck until they—or the truck—are destroyed. Each driver is required to keep a log of his car. In it he must record the amount of fuel he uses, the number of tires and spare parts he requisitions—in short, the whole story of what his vehicle does.

Every truck gets what is called a War Department number. The chassis also gets a number. These two numbers are permanently attached to the car and provide the means of identifying it throughout the army records. The truck or car and its numbers become part of an endless system of observation and accounting which continues until the vehicle goes into the scrap heap and is written off the books. Some of the lorries used by the first expeditionary force are still in service, and it is interesting to add that they include some well-known American makes.

The vehicle is only one phase of the production end in England. Near London is an immense spare-part and tire depot—the largest in the world. Within its walls seven million parts are "turned over" every year, yet there is a record of each one.

How does the production end know just what equipment to provide? I will now explain.

Despite the immense scope and variety of the mechanical transport there is a definite allotment for every branch of the service. A battery of six-inch howitzers, for example, is entitled to four four-wheel drives and fifteen trucks. It can have no more, no less. Eight of these trucks are used for ammunition, three for baggage, two for gun platforms, one for supplies and one for spare parts. Every one of these batteries is charged up with this mechanical equipment and must render an accounting.

The same is true of the trucks of a divisional supply column, which hauls the food from railhead to refilling point in the field; and the ammunition parks which carry shells. Likewise every base and advanced supply depot has its quota of trucks and must maintain it. If this number falls below standard it must be renewed at once.

Swift Renewal

Hence it is important for the Director of Transport to know what is technically called the supply situation every day. From every unit that uses motors of any kind he gets a report at G. H. Q. He therefore knows precisely what he has on hand, what destruction has been wrought, and what demands must be made upon reserves in France and upon the vehicle pools in England.

Take the case of a big push, which usually plays havoc with mechanical transport. A heavy bombardment may destroy fifty trucks and forty four-wheel drives in a single day. A report of this loss is wired to the Director of Transport, who replaces the lost vehicles from the reserve park in the field. He immediately makes a demand on England for enough transport to fill up the gap in the park. The reserve-vehicle park bears the same relation to mechanical transport that the authorized reserve bears to food provision. It is the bulwark against disaster, an automatic insurance against delays and breakdowns. Throughout the whole organization of mechanical transport you find that supply and ordnance stores history repeats itself. Nothing is permitted to remain a loss. Swift renewal is the watchword up and down the line.

We can now cross to France and see how the whole mechanical-transport machine works. At once you find it linked up with the supply and ordnance organization for which it fetches and carries; in other words it is part and parcel of the general supply geography of the whole war area. This means that the base mechanical-transport depot on the Northern Line of Communication is located in the chief supply port of that line and serves the armies in the area, while the southern base mechanical-transport depot adjoins the base supply depot of the Southern Line and serves the British armies located in its zone. The organization of both base mechanical depots is practically the same, but each has its distinctive elements of interest. Therefore we will visit both.

The base mechanical-transport depot for the Northern Line is of particular concern to the United States because it supplies all the American cars used by the British armies. Go into its huge countingroom—it looks precisely like the office of a great factory with its clicking typewriters, card indexes, ledger accounts, adding machines and other aids to business—and you will see on the diagrams that hang on the wall the familiar names that have made American motor history and that are now geared up to the world automobile machine. It makes the Yankee visitor feel that he is back home.

Typical of the completeness of this transport organization is a large blueprint which outlines the duties of everyone in the many sections. If a supply clerk is required to make out triplicates of every demand for a spare part that comes in it is indicated here. Everybody knows what is expected of him.

Supplying Spare Parts

At one of these bases you get a touch of the real human interest of the war. You see a crack motor designer who earns $15,000 a year in England making blueprints, for a subaltern's pay. You find an automobile production engineer who sets his own fees in peacetimes speeding up the supply output, content with the wage of a captain. Here as elsewhere in the Army Service Corps expert brain, as well as brawn, is enlisted on the army job.

A base mechanical-supply depot in its work plays many parts. It receives all the reenforcements—drivers and mechanics—for the field; it checks all the new vehicles that arrive from England; it has a school of instruction which gives the final intensive training to slightly deficient chauffeurs, and it is the clearing house for all obsolete or wrecked-beyond-repair vehicles.

But the greatest of its functions is the issuance of all spare parts and tires. Now we come to the really difficult and complicated problem of all mechanical transport—the one that is at once its bane and its salvation, and the one, I might add, which points the greatest of all constructive morals for the infant transport organization of the American Army now in the making.

If you know anything about automobiles you know that any motor vehicle, whether it is limousine, touring car or truck, is the sum of a great many so-called parts. In the case of one of the best-known American motor trucks used in France there are exactly 1140 parts. These parts may be as small as a nut or as large as an axle. Nearly every model of car or truck has its own particular set of parts, or spares as they are known. It follows therefore that very few of these parts are interchangeable. You cannot renew X car with the spares of Y car. If you are dealing with the renewal and upkeep of a great many different makes you must provide a separate supply of spares for each make of car and also for every type of that make.

Now if the British Army used only a few makes of cars and a few different types of these makes the renewal of spares would be a very simple business. But this, unfortunately, is not the case. England went to war almost overnight. As you already know, she had paid very little attention to the organization of her mechanical transport. There was no standardization; in fact no vehicles to standardize. The comparatively small group of cars commandeered for the first expeditionary force represented nearly a dozen different manufacturers, each one with his own particular set of spare parts.

War does not wait. The army had to have hundreds of trucks at once. They were gathered in from every possible source. America was scoured for them, with the result that before six months had passed there were more than fifty different makes of car trucks and cars in France, and in many instances half a dozen or more types of each make. In the case of one British truck extensively used in the army there are exactly sixty-seven types, which call for more than four thousand different parts.

Since the organization of one base mechanical-transport depot and up to the end of July, 1917, 210,000 items had been demanded by units in the field alone. This does not mean the quantity of parts but the number of items. If a unit demands six pistons for a lorry and four connecting rods for a touring car the number of items recorded is not ten but two. The number of articles involved therefore runs into the millions.

The colossal task of transport renewal is now apparent. I could give you no better idea of the immense scope of this work than to say that at the base mechanical-transport supply depot of the Northern Line the number of different noninterchangeable parts that must be carried in stock is exactly 32,000, and that the total stock comprising these parts includes 1,700,000 articles. In one year this depot supplied 2,500,000 spares. And this merely represents the spare demands of one depot. Altogether the supply depots in France are required to keep on hand during the course of a year not less than 70,000 different noninterchangeable spares and in some cases a great number of each item.

When you consider that there must be a separate bin for each kind of spare and a complete record for each part issued, that in a single day demands often come in from the field for two or three hundred items, that every one of these mechanical fixtures must be kept constantly renewed—you get some conception of the intricacies and the hardships that attend adequate and continuous supply. Yet in the face of all these handicaps no truck or car has ever been required to wait more than twenty-four hours for its spares. It is a tremendous tribute to the efficiency of the whole supply organization.

Right here you get the significance of the lesson for America. By adopting a few standard trucks or cars with interchangeable parts at the very outset of its war operation the United States Government can save itself infinite time, trouble and expense in its mechanical transport. The same thing is true of aëroplane engines. Standardization, middle name of American business, would work wonders in every branch of the army that has to deal with a gasoline engine.

The procedure of motor-part renewal is very simple. The units in the field make their demands through the advanced mechanical-transport depot. If the part is not available from stock there it is secured from the base. The advanced depot, however, only renews the cars in the actual zones of the armies. The damaged cars that come to the so-called heavy-repair shops and the cars used in all the base and advanced supply depots are supplied from the base mechanical-transport depots.

An Infinity of Detail

In view of the immense number and variety of parts every precaution is taken to insure accuracy in the original demand. Every mechanical-transport officer in the field is required to pass an examination in a book called The Demand for Spare Parts. This is the bible of M. T. renewal. It contains a simple description of every part used, its purpose and how it is ordered. Specimen demand sheets are printed. It is as near fool-and-mistake-proof as possible. If the officer is ordering a rear axle he is required to give the War Department number of the car and also the chassis number. These numbers are in the mechanical-transport census, which is in the library of every base and advanced mechanical-transport depot. If the demand is in any way obscure the census is consulted, the exact car is located and the proper axle furnished. In this illustration I have used a very large part, but the same process would apply to the smallest item. Every spare and accessory has a number and it is ordered by that number.

In order to reduce the possibility of error in spare supply to a minimum and to enable the demands for parts from the units in the field to be dealt with promptly by nontechnical and perhaps eventually by female labor—women are succeeding soldiers wherever possible in all supply and transport depots in order to release fighting men—it has been found necessary to have a staff of technically trained men to scrutinize every demand, to verify its accuracy and to insure that the parts shipped are suitable for the vehicle for which they are intended. The men who do this work are called scrutineers. After deciding that the item demanded can be legitimately supplied the scrutineer marks its catalogue number on the demand in red ink, which locates it at once in the ledger or stock account of the depot and enables the correct issue to be made in the store. This is merely insurance against the possibility of mistakes in numbers.

In order to assist the scrutineer in his work, makers' catalogues of spare parts were formerly used, but these were found to be so inaccurate that what is called a vocabulary has been compiled by each depot for its use. This vocabulary is one of the many distinct contributions that motor-transport operation in the war is making to the development of the whole automobile business. Each vocabulary is a sort of encyclopedia for the particular vehicle with which it deals. It contains a complete list of each and every part, its description, its part number, the quantity used per vehicle, and finally the card number that identifies it in the depot ledger account.

These are the purely formal details. More important is the information as to the interchangeability of the various parts so that when a certain spare is out of stock another from another car can be issued and used in its place.

Here is where the vocabulary will be of inestimable benefit to the motor manufacturer everywhere. It will teach the maker of a specific product facts about his own product that he never knew before.

Forbidden Luxuries

But the vocabulary contains other information of value to the administration of supply. As a result of many conferences between the technical officers of the various depots the stocks of spares have been reduced to the fewest possible shapes and sizes and a drastic censorship of accessories and fittings established. This censorship deals with articles which in time of war are considered as luxuries and therefore not permissible upon the ground of economy. Thus, only staff vehicles are permitted to have electric-light equipment; others are denied mechanical horns; certain cars are not allowed speedometers, and so on.

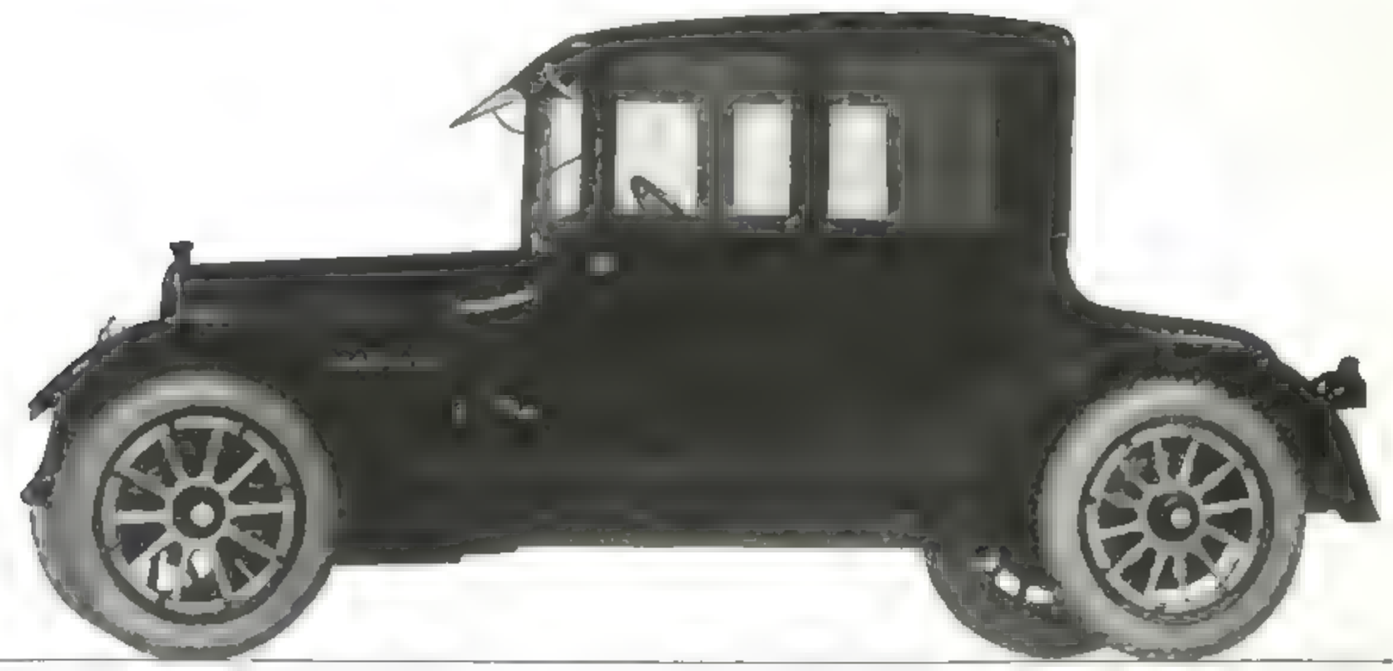
In the same way it has been decreed that certain parts must be made by the workshops of the units in the field in order to keep down the demands on the parts manufacturers. This refers of course only to the simplest pieces. If an officer reports that he cannot make these parts he is told that he must or do without them. It makes for conservation.

To sum up, the vocabulary insures accuracy of issue and permits no discrepancies. More than this it is bringing about a standardization of parts, which is one of the greatest possible aids not only to the whole army-transport service but to the automobile manufacturer generally. It is not saying too much to add that the ownership of one of these complete vocabularies would be an invaluable asset to any motor maker.

To return to spares issue again, all parts are kept in bins in warehouses as nearly fireproof as possible. Every precaution must be taken to protect the stocks, because in the case of those intended for American cars they must travel across three thousand miles of submarine-infested seas, and any shortage would work a great hardship.

Usually there is one shed or hangar for every two makes of cars. The sharpest check is kept on the state of supply. Hence alongside each bin hangs what is called a provision card. It is very much like the tally board that is used to record the state of the stacks of supplies in the base supply depots. On this provision card is written the name of the part, the vehicle for which it is intended, the name of the maker, the horse power or type, and the part number in the catalogue of stores. Under this is a specific list of demands made up to date for this part, the number issued, the amount of stock on hand, and the last order on the home depot in England for renewal of supply. An officer walking through the shed can thus appraise the supply situation

(Continued on Page 38)



CADILLAC
"STANDARD OF THE WORLD"

Cadillac Type-57 Chassis, Open Bodies—Seven-Passenger Car, Four-Passenger Car, Two-Passenger Car. Enclosed Bodies—Four-Passenger Convertible Victoria, Five-Passenger Brougham, Four-Passenger Town Limousine and Town Landaulet, Seven-Passenger Limousine, Landaulet and Imperial.

IF YOUR Cadillac dealer suggests that you list your order for future delivery—he has a valid reason for doing so.

The Cadillac Company has always had difficulty in making its physical facilities equal to the task of building as many Cadillac cars as the public determined should be built.

Now, a new economic element has greatly intensified this demand.

It is evident that the public is discriminating in favor of cars of *known* and *permanent value*.

There is reason to believe that the Cadillac is being more largely preferred than ever to *any other American car of quality*.

Cadillac cars have become *more valuable*—to the dealer and to the public.

The dealer is acting therefore in your interest (and in his own) when he suggests that you insure yourself against disappointment.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

(Continued from Page 36)

in a very few minutes. Every depot keeps a two months' supply of every item, the supply being based on the average monthly consumption of the three preceding months.

Four vouchers are issued for every spare. One goes with the article itself, another remains behind at the depot, and the other two are sent by post to insure the arrival of some evidence of the shipment. One of these is signed by the consignee and returned to the depot as a receipt. He keeps the other for his own records.

One ironclad rule of supply gives a side light on the curb on waste. No new spare part is issued until the old part is tendered in exchange. If the part is destroyed a complete report on the manner of destruction is required.

The whole business of spare supply has developed a curious kink in human nature. During the past three years army experience has proved that every transport column has a tendency to hoard spare parts, which is a more or less unfair procedure because the whole supply organization is based on furnishing actual needs, with a fair reserve for emergency. In order to prevent hoarding every unit is required to keep a record called Stock of Spare Parts, on which must be recorded the exact stock on hand, the unit requirements and any surplus. The sheets are inspected periodically by officers who not only scrutinize the sheet but compare the figures on it with the actual supply. The hoarder never gets away with it.

After spare parts the most important supply detail is rubber tires, which are as essential to the well-being of transport as gasoline. These tires must be safeguarded in every conceivable way. They are kept in darkened sheds because exposure to steady light has been found to be injurious.

These tires are arranged in long racks that reach to the ceiling. If you desire some idea of the part that rubber is playing in the conduct of the war just inspect one of these warehouses. At one British base mechanical-transport depot I saw 44,000 pneumatic tires, 40,000 inner tubes and 17,000 solid tires for trucks under one roof. The value of rubber tires at another depot that I saw was $3,750,000; and this, you must remember, is merely one small item in the expense of mechanical transport.

Compared with the issue of spare parts the supplying of tires is child's play. Each truck or car carries the usual number of extra tires, which tides it over any emergency. This portable stock is renewed from time to time.

Unusual Demands

In order to facilitate the work of renewing solid tires, huge engine-driven tire presses are scattered throughout the army zone. Every truck driver has a map showing the location of these presses. If he breaks a tire on the road he makes a bee line for one of these first-aid stations, has his tire pressed on and goes about his business. If by any chance he has no extra tire he can get one at the press, sign for it, and it is charged up to the account of his unit.

Spare parts are not the only troubles that beset the mechanical-transport-depot officer. The staff of one of these depots is constantly being called upon to provide a variety of articles that tests ingenuity to the last degree. Unexpected needs develop, for example, in connection with the water-tank wagon. As you may well imagine every possible care must be exercised to safeguard the water that Tommy drinks. Before making one of their well-known "victorious retreats" the Germans have a nasty habit of poisoning wells. Even if the Boche did not tamper with the water supply there is always danger from spies, who seem to lurk everywhere. No officer therefore would think of letting his men drink out of a well in a new area without having it tested first. All this means that an immense amount of filtration and purification is necessary.

One day last summer the commanding officer of a base mechanical-transport depot got a hurry-up call for filter sand to be used in an active army area. His station had never before furnished such material, but he got on the job at once, because army requisitions must be filled. He immediately detailed a temporary officer, who happened to be a chemist, and instructed him to comb the seacoast until he found a suitable sand. The officer located what he wanted, built a small drying furnace overnight, and the improvised filter was on its way to the Front the next morning.

At the base mechanical-transport depot for the Southern Line you find precisely the same organization as in the north. Here a whole new industry exists for the salvaging of battered spare parts. Since standardization of parts cannot be completely effected, homogeneity of cars is the next best thing. Hence all British makes of trucks and cars are supplied from the Southern base, which permits a similar concentration of American cars at the Northern depot.

You cannot leave these base depots without finding out how the most essential of all motor supplies, gasoline, is handled. At every base port is a huge so-called petrol installation. In these immense establishments you discover an efficiency, a coördination and a continuity of output that would do credit to the Standard Oil Company; in fact if you want to discover a real war octopus just locate the gasoline end of mechanical transport and you will find it.

The Gasoline Supply

The whole army-petrol supply represents an interesting evolution. In the early period of the war all the canning and reshipping of the fuel was done at a certain English port. This was very easy when the monthly consumption was only 250,000 gallons. But as the armies grew and the fleets of mechanical transport expanded with them this system became impractical. France alone uses up 4,000,000 gallons of gasoline every month; Saloniki, 1,500,000; Egypt, 90,000, while 1,000,000 gallons are necessary for the home forces.

In 1916 the zone of gasoline operations for France was shifted to that country. The tank ships now go there direct from the Far East and America, pipe their gasoline into huge storage tanks at the ports, whence it is piped in turn to the canneries.

Formerly the standard petrol pack was a fifty-gallon steel drum for the truck and a two-gallon tin for the car. The drum however was found to be heavy and costly, and a four-gallon can was substituted. The two-gallon receptacle remains in use for the car.

To keep the armies supplied with gas a tremendous industry had to be built up to meet the giant needs. At the beginning of the war most of the hundreds of thousands of cans were made in England and shipped to France. It required such a tonnage that the factories were literally transported to the base mechanical-transport depots. The swiftness of this transition illustrates how war has galvanized every activity that touches it.

Here is an instance of genuine wartime hustle: On a certain Thursday night the largest of these gasoline-can factories was operating in a town in England. Exactly nine days afterward it was in full swing at a port in France. Every ton of machinery had been moved in that time and set up without mishap. It moved into a series of abandoned factories that had been carefully prepared for the change. Another can factory rose out of a marsh in exactly eight weeks. In this case wooden buildings had to be erected and the machinery assembled in England and shipped over. The construction and operation of these factories in France has released six ships that are now employed for other tonnage.

These can factories work day and night. The operatives are English boys too young to fight but who are a part of the army organization and wear khaki. Just as soon as they reach military age they go into the fighting forces or the Army Service Corps. Meanwhile they are drilled and get a rudimentary idea of the military game. It keeps them fit.

These boys are supplemented by thousands of Frenchwomen, who adapt themselves surprisingly well to the labor-saving machinery.

The new cans go straight from the factory to the filling room, where women do all the work. From eight to ten thousand cans are filled every day. Railway tracks run straight into these annexes and every day four solid trains of gasoline go up the line from each depot. The standard railway freight car in France contains 1200 gallons of fuel, and each train averages 40 cars. Immense as this supply seems it is just enough to keep the voracious engine of British mechanical transport tuned up and humming.

When you reach the advanced mechanical-transport depot you are one step nearer to actual army operations. It is the link between field and base—the emergency clearing house through which a stream of supplies flows steadily.

These advanced depots do a big business in spare parts. Each station keeps a month's supply of parts, tires, tools and accessories on hand. A simple and comprehensive system is in operation. As soon as a demand for stores arrives the items are written on a card, which has a number. This number becomes the permanent record of the order through all the successive stages of filling, packing and shipping. Thus any detail of it can be easily traced. A so-called issue and receipt voucher is issued in duplicate for every order. One of these is retained by the consignor while the other is signed by the consignee at railhead, who returns it as a receipt for goods delivered.

Every detail of work at an advanced mechanical-transport depot contributes to the facility of operation. All supplies, for instance, are divided into two groups: One, marked A, includes equipment for British-made cars; the other, marked B, is devoted to the needs of American makes. When the demand comes in it can immediately be stamped with one of these distinguishing letters.

One detail will show the efficiency of the advanced-station system. At the close of each day's business every item that has been demanded that day must be accounted for. It must either be shipped, packed or in the shipping bin ready to go up in the sectional pack train the following morning. If it is out of stock the demand for it must be on the way to the base depot to be filled. In this way there is no "hang over" from day to day. The whole scheme of mechanical supply is based upon the idea that there must be no interference with traffic.

The issuance of parts and accessories, important as it is, constitutes but one phase of motor renewal. Every day trucks are smashed by shell fire, staff cars are disabled and motor cycles wrecked. If repairable the job must be done at once. To watch this operation you must come with me still farther afield to what is known as the heavy-repair shop. These shops are located in towns that skirt the zones of the armies. They must be immune from shell fire though they are sometimes bombarded by aircraft. They are complete motor factories employing hundreds of men and women.

The heavy-repair shops are all fed, in the main, from the casualty park. Here you are bang up against the ravage that war wreaks. A casualty park is precisely what its name implies. It is the place where the wrecks of war are dumped, sorted out, sent on to be repaired or consigned to the junk heap.

Go to one of these parks and in the heaped-up ruins of transport you get a vivid cross-section of war. If these mute and gaping wounds could speak they would unfold a tale of sacrifice and death written in blood and agony on many an unsung field.

Heavy-Repair Shops

A shell-shattered truck visualizes the tragedy of a divisional supply column that had plowed through the night with its freight of food for the Front and met disaster at a turn of the road. A riddled ambulance shows how an errand of succor was halted by the shrapnel that knows neither mercy nor charity. The twisted remnant of a motor cycle is eloquent tribute to the courage of a gallant dispatch rider who rushed to his doom on some hell-swept highway, while the mangled staff car proves that the men who direct the fighting are in the turmoil themselves. This mud-spattered and sanguinary mass of wreckage is a grim and ghastly gallery that pictures the heroism of the Army Service Corps.

In connection with these casualty parks is an interesting piece of war psychology. They are all screened from the highway so as to be invisible to the traffic that moves up and down. There is a definite reason for this. If an army chauffeur going up to the Front for the first time with a brand-new truck sees the horrible havoc that shells create, his enthusiasm is not likely to be fired, and his war spirit will not be increased. After seeing a lorry that has been put out of commission he is apt to say to himself: "What's the use of going up anyway?" It is precisely like the effect produced upon a man who goes into a hospital for an operation and is required to pass through the morgue on the way to his room.

At the casualty parks every piece of wreckage is carefully inspected with a view to repair or salvage. If it is absolutely beyond rehabilitation all the available metal is extracted, melted down and used again; and the accessories, such as lamps, go to the salvage shop to be restored.

A repairable vehicle, no matter how badly battered, goes without delay to the heavy-repair shop, whence it emerges like new. These shops, like every other industrial institution allied to supply and transport, are marvels of organization. When a truck—or rather the remnants of a truck—reaches the establishment its history is written on a card, just as the record of a patient is registered as soon as he enters a hospital; in fact the heavy-repair shop is the hospital of mechanical transport. Every stage of vehicle reconstruction is noted, first in a daily and later in a weekly record of repair.

Through the medium of a friendly rivalry in output these shops are kept constantly speeded-up. This is done by posting the records of the various shops where the men can see them. The results are very striking. When X shop learned one day last August that Y shop had overhauled and issued 67 trucks in one week it got an extra move on itself and turned out 81 the next week. The shops are manned by skilled mechanics. The foremen are usually noncommissioned officers who had similar jobs in automobile factories in England, and the superintendents and heads of departments are motor manufacturers or engineers.

Schools for Officers

Intimately associated with the largest heavy-repair shop in France is an institution that has tremendous meaning for the United States in her war preparation. I refer to the school for officers. Here the aspirants for commissions in the mechanical-transport service get their training in a course of instruction that would do honor to the most thoroughly organized business university.

There is every essential detail of a technical college. The lecture rooms are well equipped with working models of sections of an automobile. You can see engines working and crank shafts turning. In one hall is a complete and labeled collection of every part and accessory that belongs to a motor car or a truck. Every class is limited to twenty men, which enables each member to ask all the questions he wants to ask and to be carefully cross-examined in turn.

Each applicant for a commission must pass an oral and written examination and is also required to give a demonstration of his ability to run a car or truck under actual traffic conditions in the war zone. For one thing he is sent out to operate a five-ton truck on the road at night with huge caterpillar tractors snorting all round him and making things highly uncomfortable for the driver. His gear is tangled up by mechanical experts and he is made to straighten it out and repair it within a given time. Clad in overalls he is put at a forge to learn exactly how castings are made. He must take a hand at assembling a car and take his turn in the engine room. This is why the school of instruction is located near a heavy-repair shop, where there are excellent facilities to study the making and the remaking of all types of mechanical transport, from motor cycles to four-wheel drives.

The commissioned ranks of mechanical transport draw to a considerable extent upon men who have had to work with their hands all their lives. The moment they get commissions they are considered to be officers and gentlemen. They must be prepared to meet the responsibilities of their new social station. Hence they are polished off with a course in etiquette and deportment.

Just as soon as a truck or car is completely overhauled it is sent to what is known as the reserve-vehicle park, which bears the same relation to France or the field anywhere that the vehicle pool does to England; in other words it is the great reserve store that fills the gaps made by enemy shells, accidents, breakdowns or general wear and tear. It has two sources of supply: One the repaired vehicle from the heavy-repair shop, as you have already seen; and the other the new vehicle, which comes to the base mechanical-transport depot, which receives all equipment as it arrives from England.

To see one of these reserve parks is to get an unforgetable impression of the scope of mechanical transport in the war. Not even the seemingly endless procession of

(Concluded on Page 40

Business women prefer it because they must have reliability.

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

Modernizes Motor Cars!

What one thing more than any other makes the modern automobile so convenient and safe?

Surely the perfection of the electric starting, lighting and ignition adds marvels to the ease, comfort and efficiency of any make of car.

You can hardly tolerate the thought of a car without it.

The world is largely indebted to Auto-Lite for the wonders achieved in this work.

Auto-Lite originated the six-volt principle, separate unit, now the standard of highest quality and efficiency.

This is why Auto-Lite is the world's largest company devoted exclusively to making starting and lighting systems for motor cars.

The intrinsic merit of its product has won supreme leadership for Auto-Lite and is your guide in the purchase of your next car.

Electric Auto-Lite Corporation

Head Office and Factory, Toledo, Ohio — Detroit Sales Office, 1507 Kresge Bldg.

(Concluded from Page 38)

supply and ammunition trains rattling along the roads gives you such an idea of the magnitude of the army transport world on tires. At one park I saw 1400 vehicles, which included 1000 trucks and 300 open and closed cars. The rest were ambulances. They were all parked in long lines that made a noble and really inspiring array, with each vehicle freshly painted, its brass gleaming like a mirror in the autumn sunlight. As I looked at those shining acres I realized that before many weeks elapsed the paint would cease to glisten, there would be dents in the engine armor, and more than one vehicle that now stood so proudly would be in splinters by the roadside or a patient in the repair hospital.

There is practically no bookkeeping at a reserve-vehicle park; it is not necessary. When a car is received a record of it is made on a card, which becomes part of what is called a live index. At the same time it is chalked up on a huge blackboard. This blackboard enables the commanding officer of the park to see at a glance just what stock he has on hand. When a demand for trucks or cars comes in he can fill it at once. Just as soon as the car goes out the date of departure and the destination are registered on its card, which is now transferred to another index called demand index.

Perhaps you are wondering about the human equipment of these cars. This is automatic because, as I explained earlier, the moment a truck leaves England it carries with it a driver and an extra man. These two men stick to the car no matter where it goes. If a car is laid up at the heavy-repair shop they are required to make themselves useful about the factory. At the vehicle park they must do likewise. They help to keep the cars in perfect order so that the entire reserve supply can be moved on half an hour's notice. This means that every truck and car has its gasoline tank and extra tins filled, its tools in perfect order and every accessory intact. A turn of the crank is all that is needed to start it.

I saw an extraordinary demonstration of the up-to-the-minute fitness of the vehicles at a certain reserve park. Fire, of course, is one of the great hazards, and every possible precaution is taken against such disaster. For my benefit a fire drill was given one afternoon. The commanding officer asked me to indicate a vehicle that would be the basis for the alarm. I selected a three-ton truck in the middle of a line of sixty. These trucks all faced one way, while backed up against them were sixty more trucks facing the other. In all directions extended lanes of every type of motor car used in the army.

I put a can in front of the truck indicated and the officer rang the fire alarm without any previous warning to the men.

The Fire Drill

In less than three minutes after that bell sounded the truck in question was out on the roadside and a sufficient gap had been made in the two lines of cars to prevent any spread of flames had it been impossible to remove the car that was supposed to be on fire. It would have been absolutely isolated. Every man at the park had a definite thing to do, and he did it in record time. Forty of them immediately manned trucks and got them out of the hypothetical fire zone. Twenty others formed the crew of the motor fire engine and the water tank which accompanied it. Here was a fire department with portable water mains—a unique combination.

The moment a truck goes to a unit it is stamped with the device of the army to which it is attached. Each large fighting unit has its own hall-mark. It may be a grenade, a shamrock, a star or a crown. All ammunition trucks are marked with a large white shell, which identifies them at once. The French markings are much more frivolous than the British. You can see their huge camions—the French word for trucks—ornamented with pictures of barking dogs, crowing cocks or running hares.

Not all vehicles that break down in the field are sent to the heavy-repair shop, which is used only for real casualties. Every day scores of trucks are only slightly damaged. For these the shop reverses the usual procedure and literally goes to the relief of the disabled. This brings us to the whole system of mobile-repair shops, which contribute the most thrilling chapter in the whole story of mechanical-transport reconstruction.

You are now up in the zones of the armies, where shells are flying, where the mechanics take their lives in their hands with the tools, and where trucks, cars and motor cycles limp in from the battle areas, have their injuries dressed and go back on the job. They correspond with the so-called walking cases with the wounded.

Chief among these field patients are the gallant divisional supply columns—the squadrons that get the food there no matter what lies in the path—and the no less gallant ammunition parks. These two units represent the farthest north of the army mechanical transport.

A mobile repair shop is a miniature motor factory on wheels. It is usually built on a five-ton truck chassis, provides its own motor power and is thus enabled to go up and down the war area. Usually a shop has a definite and fixed abode, but there is always an extra shop that answers hurry-up calls. I mean by this that if a truck breaks down on the road or gets mired in a ditch the mountain comes to Mohammed. There are scores of minor defects and accidents, however, that do not require this procedure. The truck or car goes to the repair shop, which is often located in an open field. The conduct of these shops demands courage and stamina. Like the supply and ammunition trains they follow in the wake of the advancing armies. They are in truth first-aid to the mechanically injured!

Efficiency Charts

The mobile shops do a great deal more than minor repairs on the spot. They extricate trucks that slip into shell holes; they retire vehicles and they deliver the derelicts to the heavy-repair shops. The nearest parallel to this whole institution that I can think of is the flying squadron of a street railway, which is a movable repair shop that goes racing up and down the tracks binding up the wounds of traffic. The difference between the street-railway emergency car and the mobile shop is that one is not under fire and the other is exposed to the dangers incurred by fighting armies.

You have now spanned the whole mechanical-transport activity from factory to the Front. You have seen how the motor vehicle brings up food, hauls ammunition, conveys soldiers, moves the wounded from field station to train or hospital, fills up base and advanced supply depots with stores, and renews itself with clocklike and unfailing regularity. This machine must be maintained at all hazards, because a breakdown between railhead and refilling point, for example, would work a very serious hardship on the men in the trenches, and an interruption between railhead and ammunition dump might jeopardize the success of an advance.

How then is the army vehicle kept fit so that, aside from damage by enemy action and the natural hazards of congested traffic, it remains out of the repair shop and does its job? England expects every motor truck to do its duty and thanks to a remarkable system of inspection it does.

To see just how this system works you must retrace your steps to General Headquarters and go into the office of General Boyce, who is the originator and head of the whole scheme. It is epitomized on a big chart covered with red, green, blue and black marks that hangs on the wall opposite him. These marks indicate the exact physical condition of every transport unit in the field. Here is the way it works:

The inspection of vehicles is by divisions, each having its own mechanical transport organization, which bears the number of the division to which it is attached. Just as soon as a divisional transport unit is inspected the result is marked on the chart in colors. If it registers one hundred per cent in efficiency and upkeep it gets a green mark; if the rating is seventy-five per cent the record is blue, if fifty per cent it is red. Any rating below fifty per cent literally gets a black mark. The Director of Transport therefore can sit at his desk and know, from the color scheme in front of him, the physical state of the organization he controls.

So much for the results of inspection. Let us now watch the operation. Under General Boyce is a staff of thirty inspectors. Though they wear British uniforms and rank as lieutenants and captains every one of them was an automobile expert before the war. Each inspector has a district. His job is to see that the mechanical transport in his bailiwick is thoroughly inspected every three months. This means that every car is overhauled four times a year.

These inspectors do not go about their jobs with a brass band. They show up at mechanical-transport unit headquarters at all hours of the day and night. I went with one of these inspectors once on a very characteristic trip. We were traveling down a well-beaten road in the zone of a certain army when an empty three-ton truck came into view. My companion suddenly turned to me and said:

"I have a hunch that there is something the matter with that truck." He had spent much time in America and had picked up some of our slang, as you observe.

When the car came alongside he stopped it, told the chauffeur who he was and immediately proceeded to examine the vehicle. First of all he glanced at the driver's log. In five minutes he discovered that the lubrication pipe was on the verge of becoming choked. If this had not been located the car would have broken down before it had gone much farther.

These inspectors have the right to hold up cars anywhere, and all military policemen and traffic officers—the highways of war are as adequately policed as Broadway in New York or State Street in Chicago—have special instructions to back them up in every possible way.

One more significant feature of British mechanical transport remains to be explained. It answers the inevitable question that any survey of this tremendous and far-reaching technical activity would provoke. That question is: "How does the army keep track of more than fifty thousand vehicles that are being constantly shifted from place to place?"

The answer is to be found in a registration system which begins as soon as a vehicle enters the service and continues until it is wiped off the transport map. Just as soon as a truck, for instance, arrives from England at a base mechanical-transport depot in France its complete physical record is written on what is called a vehicle-registration form. There is a separate sheet for each make of vehicle.

When a truck is assigned to a unit the narrative of its travels begins and a careful check is kept on its movements from that hour on. Every time it is transferred from one unit to another a report is sent to what is called the census branch, which is located in a little French town not many miles from General Headquarters and which is the fountainhead of all information about the great mechanical-transport fleet in France. You can go into its office any day, ask for the location of a truck or car and find out in less than five minutes. More than this, you can get the complete biography of the vehicle from the time it entered the service.

Motor-History Cards

That history is first summarized on an ordinary form card which is kept in a live index. As I write I have before me a copy of a card on which is typed the army record of an American three-ton truck. At the top is its War Department number, the make and the type and number of chassis and engine. Below is a complete itemized list of every unit to which this car has been attached and the date of its service with it.

From such records one can see the different kinds of work that an army truck is called upon to perform. This car's varied work was no different from that of thousands of others scattered throughout Northern France.

The card index, however, represents only the first stage of vehicle intelligence. It is a sort of information outpost. All the data in it and much more are transferred to a large loose-leaf ledger, which constitutes the complete motor census of the army mechanical transport. This book, which is being constantly revised, is an astonishing efficiency exhibit and would be worth its weight in gold to any motor manufacturer. It is indexed under makes, and these makes in turn are registered according to their consecutive chassis numbers.

Examine a leaf taken at random from the census ledger and you can see exactly how it works. The one that I shall use for illustration happens to deal with one of the best-known English makes. On it is printed—not typed, mind you—the date that the cars or ambulances entered the service, the units to which they have been attached, the War Department and chassis numbers, engine types and numbers, the size of the tires and the original source of the car or truck. In the case of a purchased vehicle the factory name is given. Where the motor car is a gift from a private individual or an organization the name of the donor is presented. It may be a duke or a private citizen. If a car or truck is returned to England or scrapped this information is set forth in a separate column. The ledger is so devised as to leave plenty of blank space for coming events in the life of the vehicle. As these events happen they are printed on small slips of paper and pasted on the leaf. Thus the census becomes a really notable industrial document.

Its value is as varied as it is great. Aside from being an absolutely infallible and up-to-date register of all mechanical transport in the army it supplies the basis for the adequate provision of spare parts and accessories. It likewise enables the financial adviser to the War Office to estimate mechanical-transport expenditures accurately and to write off all vehicles as soon as they are useless. Like the vocabulary it is a definite and permanent contribution to the uplift of the whole motor industry—one of the compensations of war.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with Supply and Transport in the British Armies. The next article will be devoted to the Salvage of War.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 23)

Ellis Parker Butler

column—which is a sign he thinks well of himself. Ambitious, too, or why would he care to be vice president of a bank and a fusser in New York politics when his career is cut out to be that of a writer of fiction? Mentally lazy, I imagine, too, or he would have followed up Pigs is Pigs with hit after hit until he was a new Mark Twain.

Funny guy, this I that I am! This I that I am feels as young as a boy and yet he was born in 1869. He was born at Muscatine, on the Mississippi, but likes lakes better than rivers; likes hills better than prairies. He is an author and has never even thought of being divorced. He would rather write than do anything else, and yet he is always neglecting his writing to do something else. He would rather write humor than serious matter, and yet he is always trying a new serious story, while the world is full of writers of serious stories and needs humorists. He owns bank stock, Liberty Bonds and one thing after another, and he is always in debt and "hard up." One trouble with him is that he is everybody's friend but his own. I begin to think so.

He can remember any unimportant thing, but forgets the date of his wedding day and his wife's birthday. He has four children and can remember which is the oldest and which the youngest, but can never remember their ages. He picks out a good age for each and sticks to it for three or four years. He has seven brothers and sisters, and when he tried to give their ages to an insurance agent, beginning with the oldest, he missed it so badly that the youngest two had to be put down as not yet born.

He owns too much house and it has too little paint on it. He prefers to write with a pen and does all his writing on a typewriter. He detests figures and is always being made treasurer of things. He never goes to church and has just written a novel that is a plea for caring properly for elderly ministers. It annoys and angers him to have stipulated duties to perform and he is always accepting new ones. He is bashful and in agony when before an audience and he is everlastingly making public speeches. And don't have to!

He is violently American and has never met a German with one single exception—that he did not like. He is always keeping long appointments with people who bore him and postponing meetings with people he enjoys.

Now, why? Why? Why?

His ancestors were English, Scotch, Irish and—they say the Gazzams were—Jews. When the Scotch thrift buys a house for him the Irish go-easiness lets the paint peel off. When the English common sense tells him to keep down to business, the Jewish idealism makes him treasurer of a hospital. When the Irish humor asks to be written the English matter-of-factness says "Do something realistic." And there you are, and there he is, and he is satisfied and happy, and so will you be when you come to the next period, which is right here.

Seven-Passenger
Four Touring
$1525

Quiet, Self-Preserving Motor!

To bring other types of motors back to their original goodness one must go to the expense and trouble of periodical repairs or adjustments.

Not so with the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve motor!

It improves with use. It grows even more quiet, more flexible, more efficient until it reaches its maximum pitch.

Then it maintains its marvelous fluency of performance almost indefinitely.

The absence of noise is eloquent of the absence of self-wearing troubles.

The fatal enemy of other types of motors—vibration—is foreign to the simplified construction of the Willys-Knight.

In addition, the Willys-Knight motor delivers more power than a poppet valve motor of equal size.

The car's *appearance* is on a par with its *performance*.

The *comfort* and convenience of the passengers are not sacrificed in order to obtain distinctive design.

The passengers' welfare has received first consideration.

To drive this Willys-Knight is to enjoy the very highest motor car efficiency, smooth, effortless operation.

The low cost of this exceptional value is possible only because of our enormous production.

Four Coupé $1175
Eight Touring $2000
Eight Sedan $2700
Eight Limousine $2800
Eight Town Car $2800
f. o. b. Toledo
All prices subject to change without notice.

Willys-Overland Inc.
Toledo, Ohio
Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars
and Light Commercial Cars
Canadian Factory, West Toronto, Can.

THE FIRST RAID

(Continued from Page 9)

The number of shells used by the Boches in the whole operation is estimated by the French to have been in excess of eight thousand.

But there was no counter barrage forthcoming immediately. The company commander tried his best to call for one, but the operator could not understand him. So he left his P. C. and "went down to Bayou Nord, where there was a barrage on at the time." He forbore to mention in his report that it was a German barrage, and that he went through it.

After sending the men in the trenches to their dugouts, he returned through a deluge of shells to his post of command to telephone again for artillery action; but the circuit was now broken. The officer in command of Platoon Number Two also tried. He sent up two rockets and a flare; but they brought no response. Platoon Number One sent up no signals.

The officer in command had sent for his bedding, in which were some candles. The wrong bedding was brought and he had no light. And then a shell laid him out.

The lack of response from the artillery was due to a conviction on the part of the French that the shelling was only a bombardment and not preparation for a raid; so, knowing that the Germans could not capture the positions, they withheld fire. No barrage was put down until the affair was practically over. There was no reply from our batteries for forty minutes, and by that time the mischief was done.

When the Boche artillery opened up, the lieutenant in command of Number One Platoon was out inspecting a listening post a hundred yards beyond his trenches. Followed by all but the corporal in charge of the post, who remained to shoot it out, he tried to go back to his men. A shell hit near, stunning him. When he recovered consciousness he made another attempt. Three times he was knocked down. Finally he succeeded in getting back part of the way, when he found several men and ordered them into a dugout. For days afterward this officer went round in a daze from the effects of shell shock.

He especially commends Private Wade for extreme courage under fire. Wade insisted on accompanying him when he left the dugout to go along the trench.

About three-fifteen the Boches exploded the charges under our wire. They had run gas pipes sixty feet long under the entanglements on either side of the salient and converging on it.

These were filled with a high explosive and set off by an electric current.

One pipe failed to go off; so the Germans opened a way on this side with wire cutters, tearing out the posts with their hands.

The Casualties

As soon as all was ready the whiz-bang pummeling of their objective lifted and moved ahead to give the raiders play. The party consisted of two hundred and ten men, made up of one hundred and eighty volunteers and the others by order. Forty were from the Divisional Storm-troops and the remainder from the Regimental Storm-troops. They were under command of Second Lieutenant Wolf, a former schoolmaster. Among them were some machine gunners, artillerymen for the telephone connections, pioneers to destroy the wire and stretcher bearers—for the Boches always try to carry back their casualties in such expeditions.

The raiders had gathered for the assault at Haute-Riouville, a battered group of farm buildings about seven hundred yards from the American trenches; it is never occupied ordinarily, but occasionally a German night patrol goes there. They got out into No Man's Land before their artillery opened up, using a tunnel under their own wire.

The Divisional Storm-troops were armed with grenades, revolvers and trench knives. The Regimental Storm-troops had rifles. All wore a green-and-white brassard, for identification by their own men.

They followed, in column of fours, a tape across No Man's Land laid out by leaders who had been over the ground and knew it thoroughly; and there was no confusion, despite the blackness of the night. Advancing across a swampy ravine toward the Artois salient, they penetrated through the gaps in our wire and hit the trenches at points just back of their barrage. This enabled them to enter in rear of the Americans trapped there, thus cutting off all possibility of any breaking through.

Some of the party stayed outside the trenches, in reserve, to protect those who went over and to shoot any Americans who might show above the parapet. And the Storm-troops leaped down with yells.

One group entered the trenches on the left of the salient's apex; the second took the other side. Both then advanced toward the tip, mopping up as they went. To the Storm-troops was assigned the task of clearing the trenches; the soldiers of the line invaded the dugouts for prisoners.

What transpired then will never be known accurately. But, after the Germans had gone back, Private Enright was found by some of his comrades on top of the parapet with his throat cut from ear to ear. He was putting up a fight against the Boche in front when one of the Divisional Storm-troop came on him from behind and used a trench knife. The Divisional men carried trench knives; their only other weapons of attack were revolvers and grenades.

Private Hay lay dead in the trench, and outside a dugout was the body of Corporal Gresham.

"Several mistakes were made by our men taking the Germans for Americans in the darkness and smoke," declared the official report.

Corporal Gresham made that mistake. So did Private Culp.

Charles Orr, F. A. H.

Gresham was the sentry at a dugout door. Three men, whom he took to be Americans, came running toward him. Fearing they might mistake him for an enemy in the confusion, he called out: "Don't shoot! I'm an American." One of the three answered in perfect English: "It's Americans we're looking for!"—and shot him dead with a revolver. Then they stumbled on to join the rest of the raiding party. This much was learned from another of our men who from the dugout heard what passed.

Private Culp ran up the communicating trench and reached a sort of shed. It was immediately blown up by a shell; so he got out and made his way to the second platoon. Encountering a soldier coming from that direction he supposed him to be one of our own; but when the other was twenty feet behind him he turned and fired at Culp and then threw grenades. Culp was wounded.

Privates Mitchell and Stitsworth clambered out of a dugout and opened fire with automatic revolvers on the raiders. Mitchell claims he saw his man drop. Both then went up the trench.

Corporal Knowles and Privates Hurd and Massa were caught out in a listening post by the barrage. Unable to penetrate it they threw barbed wire into the trenches, kept up a stiff rifle fire and beat the raiders back from that point.

Three other Americans—Privates Hopkins, Smith and Woody—next stepped out from their dugout and cracked down on some Boches on top of the parapet. The raiders replied; both Hopkins and Smith were wounded. The former, who comes from a small town in Texas, kept on using his rifle while lying on the ground. He fired three shots after being hit, and then the Germans swept over, trampling him as he lay on the ground. I saw him in hospital later. He said he was feeling "tol'able well." His chief concern seemed to be the prisoners.

"That's bad!" he murmured. "That's bad! I reckon I'd rather be dead than a prisoner."

The commander of the company took more chances that night than any man in it. He made his way up to the first-line trenches during the heaviest part of the bombardment, back to his post to reach a telephone, and then made a return trip to his men. A perfect hell of shells was raging; but he won through.

He found a private on his knees in the second platoon trench, apparently wounded, and ordered him to a dugout. The soldier refused to go. He was Private Charles Orr, a black-haired, eighteen-year-old country boy, also from Kansas.

"No, sir, I can't," he protested. "Don't you see my bunkie's wounded?"

Though bleeding at the knee, he was down on the ground vainly trying to dig out, with his bare hands, Private George Box, of Oklahoma, whose lower body was buried under half a ton of earth. Box had been struck by a shell splinter on top of the head and there was a deep cut running down to the right eye. He was unconscious; but his bunkie knew that he lived, and he would not leave him.

"You'll be killed here!" cried the lieutenant. "Get down below!"

But Orr would not. He kept on digging frantically with his hands; shells were bursting all about them.

"All right! I'll be back in a minute," said his commander, and went along the trench to look after some other men.

Presently he returned, accompanied by the commander of the platoon. Orr was still laboring to free his chum; but the job was hopeless, and he was weak from shock and loss of blood.

"You go down into that dugout!" commanded the officer again. "I'll stay with this man."

Utterly spent, Orr obeyed. He got to his feet and went gropingly down the stairs. The two lieutenants stayed with Private Box. But they had their positions to think of, and, perceiving that nothing could be accomplished by remaining, they departed.

His comrades dug Box out when the bombardment ceased. He was still alive, and when I visited him in hospital he appeared to be on the road to recovery. His helmet had either fallen off or had been knocked off by the concussion of a shell. Otherwise he could not have received such a head wound.

"So he wouldn't leave you, hey?"

Box closed his eyes and did not answer for a minute. At last:

"That's the kind of a bunkie to have," he said weakly.

Young Orr seemed to view the whole affair as a matter of course. He and George were friends; so what else was there for him to do? But the nurses at the hospital have christened him F. A. H.—First American Hero.

I am always dubious of heroes, because newspapers usually make them, and nine times out of ten they pick the wrong individual, with the result that the men who really do the work remain in obscurity; but if ever utter devotion triumphed over fear of death, it did in this Kansas boy amid the black chaos of the Artois salient.

Corporal Givens was in a listening post out in front of Number One Platoon with several others when the Boche artillery started straffing. Their lieutenant ordered them back to dugouts. All went except Givens. He stuck it out, and presently heard somebody talking in German close at hand. Sighting the raiders, the corporal cracked down on them with his rifle and asserts that he saw three of them fall. Then a hand grenade was tossed at his feet. It exploded behind him, the splinters tearing a wound in his back and puncturing one lung.

The Boches captured a sergeant, a corporal and ten American privates. They were all taken from one dugout near the tip of the Artois salient.

The Fight Underground

What happened in that dugout? There were pools of blood on the floor, clots of it on the stairs; and the same telltale smears were found leading out of the trench toward the German lines. Probably the most dramatic events of that night occurred fifteen feet below the ground.

The total results of the raid were: three Americans killed, and two poilus at another point in the line where the Boches poured a diversion fire; four Americans wounded; twelve taken prisoner; one automatic rifle gone.

What casualties the raiders suffered, beyond one dead, whom they left behind just outside our trenches, is unknown. They always carry off their wounded; but they abandoned in our wire entanglements three rifles and various pieces of equipment.

The actual raid did not take longer than five minutes, counting from the time the Germans charged for the trenches to the time they left. And nobody in the American lines knew that a raid had occurred except the men in the Artois salient.

Their barrage slackened about three-thirty o'clock and then a counter barrage was put down by our supporting batteries. It caught the raiders on their return journey; so they halted. They took refuge in a ravine and waited half an hour, until the fire died down; then made their way back, by a detour to the north, to their own lines.

One of their number, wounded by our fire, took advantage of the opportunity and deserted. He wandered round and came into the French lines far to the left of the Artois salient. His name was Heinrich Schweitzer, and he said he surrendered because his comrades had suspected him of being in sympathy with the French.

Perhaps the place of his nativity had something to do with that; Schweitzer was born in the Thionville district of Lorraine.

He reported that the raid had been planned three months before against the French lines—and that the Germans were greatly surprised on finding Americans holding the trenches! Personally I am of opinion that this portion of Heinrich's statement should be taken with a grain of salt. He added that they had recently observed unwonted activity behind this section of the Front and had descried new helmets, which had roused their curiosity; so they advanced the date of the attack a week. That sounds a little better, for the Germans must have known of the presence of American troops there. Their airmen flew over that sector immediately after our infantry had gone in. One of them swooped low over our lines in the face of a crackling fire from anti-aircraft guns, machine guns and rifles. Untouched, he came back three times, and once he waved his hand. So we may take it for granted the Boche pulled off the raid that night to capture some Americans, whatever the date on which he may have planned it.

Elaborate Preparations

The arrangements were perfected to the minutest detail long before, so that it could be launched at any moment desired. The Boches even went to the trouble of constructing a system of trenches behind their own lines exactly like the positions in the Artois sector, from aëronautic photographs, and rehearsed the attack with the troops selected to make it. For this purpose they laid wire similar to our entanglements; their artillery registered on all our positions and communications a week in advance of the raid, and they had the range perfectly. Consequently, when they came over on the night of November 2-3 they were only carrying out an operation with which they had been made thoroughly familiar.

The details of the orders for a German raid make a sizable pamphlet. I have seen a set of arrangements for an attack on the British trenches early in the war that yielded twenty-four unwounded and five wounded prisoners. They used on that occasion six thousand and seventy shells of various sizes. Feint attacks were made to conceal the real objective—one the day before and one during the artillery preparation for the attack, in order to draw the British fire away from the raiders. Machine guns played on the enemy rear trenches throughout the entire operation, and mines were sprung in other directions to mislead the enemy. They even worked groups of dummies above the parapets to give the appearance of parties about to charge, in the hope that the British would blaze away at them in the dusk—which they did.

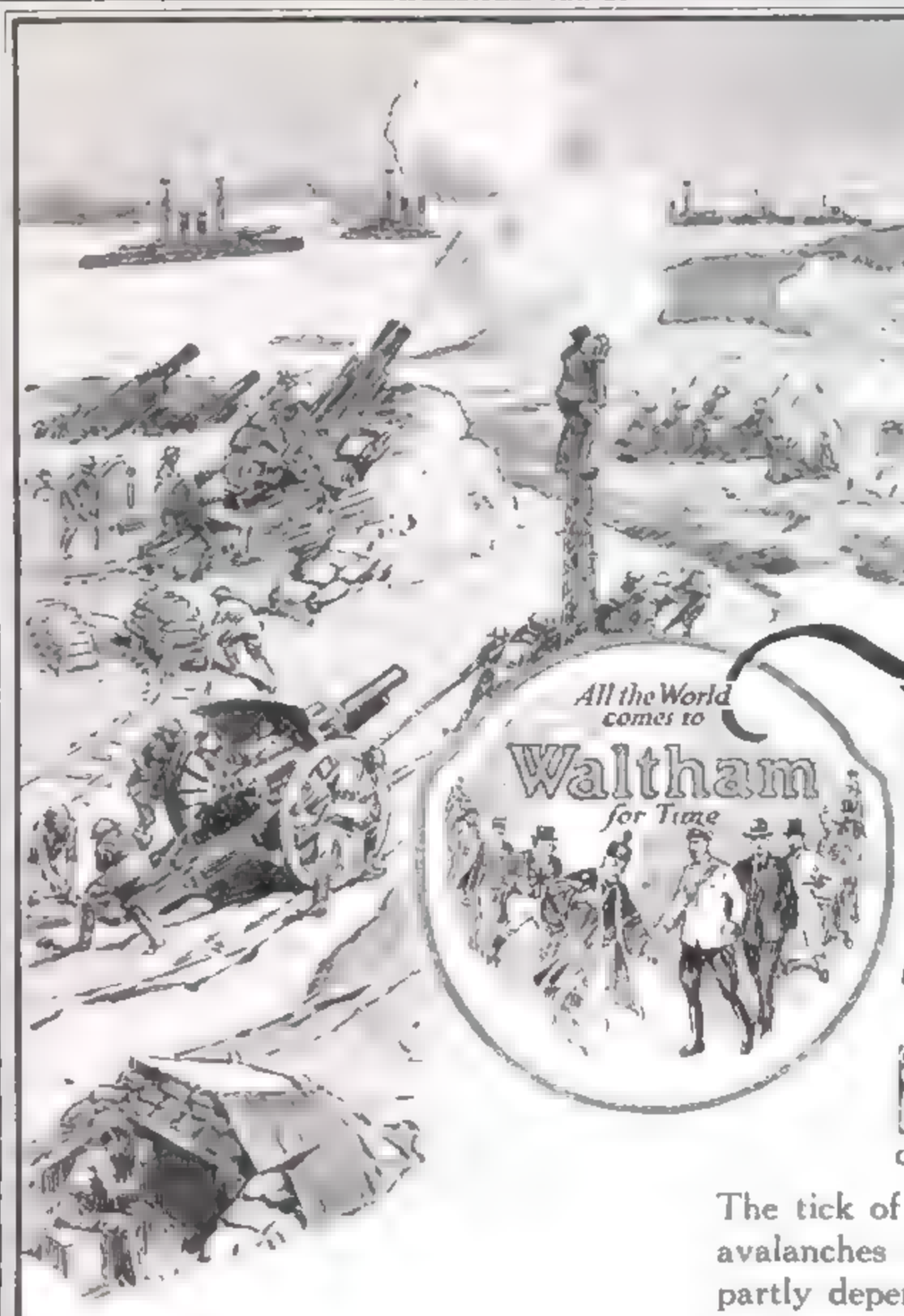
The organization of that particular raiding party consisted of a captain, a lieutenant, an assistant surgeon, one bugler, six stretcher bearers, four patrol commanders, fifty infantrymen and four pioneers. These details are mentioned in order to show what elaborate preparations a raid for prisoners involves.

The instructions issued by the German command to their raiding parties are: "As many of the enemy as possible must be made prisoners. In addition, rifles, machine guns, rifle grenade stands, trench mortars and filled packs are to be brought back."

Considered from a purely military angle, the Boches did a very neat job. They probably accomplished all they set out to do and lost only one man, so far as we know.

Yet there are some very encouraging features from our standpoint. Young, inexperienced soldiers went into positions they had never seen in daylight; it was their first time under fire. Despite the elements of surprise and uncertainty, of darkness and

(Concluded on Page 45)



Waltham chosen to Help Win *the* War

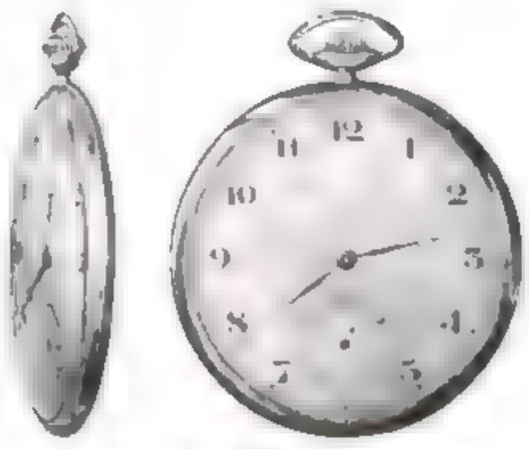
AT the flash of a signal men "go over the top," airplanes wing their way skyward, and the big guns of the dreadnought begin their thunder.

The tick of a watch times the signal which launches those mighty avalanches of modern war. And on the accuracy of that watch partly depends the success or failure of armies, navies, aviators.

With this fact in mind—and with the world's assortment of timepieces to select from—America and Britain have again voiced their confidence in the accuracy of watches made at Waltham. They have come to the only watch factory in the world that can make Chronometers.

And the Waltham Watch Company is now working at top speed filling orders for the different branches of the American and British army and navy service.

Why Your Watch Selection should be a Waltham



COLONIAL A

Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy

Maximus movement 21 jewels
Riverside movement 19 jewels

Because—the scientific precision of the Chronometers, Deck Clocks, Comparing Watches and Airplane Clocks chosen by the United States and England for their war work is the same kind of precision that will guide your time schedules with absolute and unerring accuracy—if your watch is a Waltham.

Because—connoisseurs will tell you that Waltham is a watch in which richness, accuracy and refinement have been blended into a beautiful ensemble. No other American watch, and no watch made in Geneva, London or Paris has ever surpassed the Waltham in reliability or elegance.

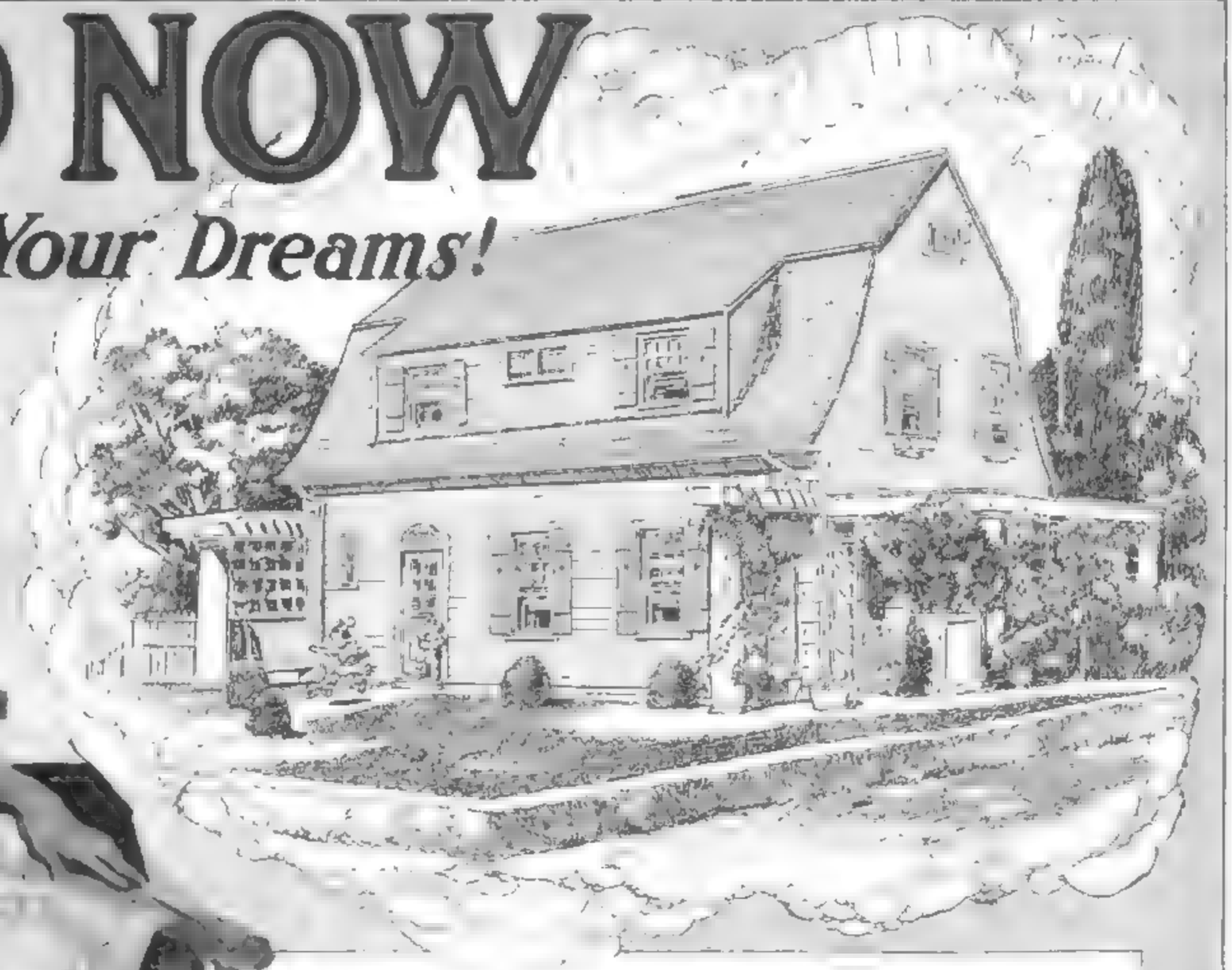
The jeweler who specializes in Waltham Watches is a good man to know. He is worthy of your confidence, no matter what article he recommends, because his business has been built on the enduring foundation of quality. He will be pleased to explain the many exclusive advantages of the Waltham Colonial A, illustrated on this page. This beautiful masterpiece is one of the supreme triumphs of more than a half century of watch-making experience. It has established Waltham supremacy in the achievement of extreme thinness—without the sacrifice of that standard of accuracy which has made

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

BUILD NOW

That Home of Your Dreams!



IF you do not now own a home of your own, you are of course planning to build one—*sometime.* The fondest dream of every normal, patriotic American man and woman is to possess—*sometime*—a home that shall embody their individual ideas of comfort and convenience, and that shall be their "very own" in fact.

The "sometime" of home building for you should be RIGHT NOW!

Sound, honest, durable lumber—the world's best building material—costs less today, by comparison, than any other of the important commodities we designate "necessities of life." And of all the good lumber on the market now, the most economical is

Southern Pine

"The Wood of Service"

Workable, dependable, perfectly manufactured Southern Pine not only costs less than other high-class building materials—***it is the only material perfectly suited to every requirement in home building, from framing and exterior trim to the finest and most artistic interior finish.***

Build NOW that home of your dreams, employing Southern Pine,—and "live happy ever after." Your nearest Retail Lumber Dealer has, or can easily get, valuable Southern Pine Association building helps that deal with every problem of homebuilding, and that are free to you. Ask for these and prove to your own satisfaction how easily and inexpensively you can build a home TODAY.

The *same* Amount of Corn, Wheat, Cotton, Hogs, Beef, or other farm Produce will purchase twice as much Lumber NOW as in 1914

Build with sentiment and with wisdom—
Build of Wood and Build NOW!

SOUTHERN PINE SERVICE ASSOCIATION

Southern Pine Association

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

(Concluded from Page 42)

the necessity of each group going it alone—despite hard punishment—they did not break, but came back for more. If the history of battles were faithfully written it would be found that many a fine regiment could not say the same.

For instance, the men in a dugout on the left of the salient failed to hear the bombardment and were not wakened for some little time. When roused finally they climbed out with all speed and held off the Germans with rifle fire. The Boches were unable to reach this portion of the trench.

The lieutenant in command of Number Two Platoon, who put in fifteen years' service in the army before he won his commission, reported: "The discipline and conduct of the men were splendid. As soon as the barrage lifted enough to make it possible to get out of the dugouts I ordered them out; and not one hesitated, but everyone ran out and took his post on the firing step, ready to repulse attack."

A number of the boys were struck by flying stones and bruised. All were suffering more or less next morning from the hammering they had received. Yet they could joke about the raid.

To me that was the best feature of the whole affair—which may sound callous, since they had lost comrades. But in soldiers such a spirit is priceless. It showed that they were undaunted and full of fight still; it showed how they could come back.

"So the Boches got those guys in that dugout, hey?" said a doughboy with a cut on his cheek where a flying rock splinter had grazed. "Tough luck! But they'll be O. K. I bet the Germans'll turn 'em loose inside a week."

"Why?"

"Those guys'll just naturally talk 'em to death!"

Private Henderson, of Tennessee, was mourning the loss of an eighteen-year-old brother, who was among the prisoners taken by the Boches.

"I got to get square for this," he announced as he warmed his legs at a stove. "And the way I figure the thing, it's up to me to land twenty-eight squareheads."

"That seems to be reasonable. But how do you arrive at the number?"

"Well, I see by the papers that it costs Uncle Sam fourteen times as much to put a soldier in the field as it does the Germans. So I got to get me twenty-eight: fourteen for myself and fourteen for my brother—the poor kid!"

And another: "Well, they got the jump on us that time, all right. You got to hand it to 'em. But if we'd knowed what was up there'd be a different story to tell. Just give us a crack at them—that's all!"

"Just give us a crack at them!" There's a regiment in France that will take heavy toll in German dead for the raid of November third. Their blood is up; they are straining on the leash.

I met some doughboys who had been very homesick a month before in the training camps here. They used to long for the "good old U. S." in leisure hours, when all there was to do consisted in fooling about a dreary village in the rain. But now: "Home? Say, are you crazy? Of course we don't want to go home! We got to get even with those ——, ain't we?"

That is their spirit. The British told us long ago that our troops would have to be "blooded" before they were soldiers. The raid of November third hardly describes that operation; yet, small though it was, the affair has welded the men of the First Division as no amount of training and discipline could do. The boys who came back from those trenches are a hundred per cent better soldiers than before they went. So are all their comrades.

One thing they learned there will hearten them for future fighting: Shell fire isn't half so dangerous as it sounds. More than eight thousand shells were fired by the Boches on that sector; but not an American was killed by artillery fire. Some were wounded; but all of them will recover.

On the afternoon of November fourth we buried our dead. The ceremony took place in a little village far back of the lines. An altar had been fashioned with green boughs; an American flag covered the caskets.

French and American troops formed on three sides of a square. The bodies lay in front of the graves, on the fourth side. The French general advanced to the center of the square and addressed the troops. Then three volleys were fired over the graves by a company from the regiment that had sustained the attack, and its trumpeter blew taps. Afterward the troops marched by, saluting their fallen comrades as they passed. Throughout the entire ceremony French batteries fired minute guns, the shells moaning over the village toward the Boche lines.

And so they were laid to rest. Let us leave them there. Let us leave them with the words of the old French general in our hearts. Standing stiffly at salute, he addressed the dead: "Corporal Gresham, Private Enright, Private Hay—in the name of France I thank you. God receive your souls. Farewell!"

IN THE MOVIES THEY DO IT

(Concluded from Page 15)

Mr. Timbers let his eyes speak his thanks.

But before the next evening came round Miss Glaub had received all the proof needed to convince her that J. Preston Timbers was all that Harold Merode had been. Two instances absolutely dispelled any doubt which might have lingered in a mind that earlier in life had been very susceptible to suspicion.

The first occurred shortly before twelve, when Mr. Timbers was out for his luncheon of one malted milk. Mrs. General Pilsifer Morningrod came in to buy a waist! Miss Glaub gently thrust aside a clerk who scented a large sale, and stepped slowly and gracefully forward.

"My dear Mrs. Morningrod," she cooed softly, "I suppose you have come for one of my imported treasures?"

"I have come for a waist," said that lady with characteristic tartness.

Miss Glaub smiled as effulgently as if the greeting had been far sweeter.

"This way," she indicated, *à la* Ruth St. Denis; that is to say, with the hand contracted to resemble the head of an asp—very artistic. "We keep all our better and more exclusive things on the other side."

Leading the portly generaless across the floor, Miss Glaub wondered whether it would do to mention lightly Mr. Timbers' name—just in passing, as it were. But perhaps she had better not. It might disarrange his plans—and the way he had looked at her! Well, she hadn't better. But it was hard to resist.

"Do you know that it is really the latest idea in Paris, dear Mrs. Morningrod—the wearing of luncheon blouses to match one's dining room?"—showing a beaded blouse.

A grunt, directed partly toward the blouse and partly toward the remark.

"This thing wouldn't fit into anything I own," Mrs. Morningrod said—"least of all my dining room—that's dark green."

This last remark was accompanied by a glare which seemed to indicate that Miss Glaub should have known better. But it didn't bother Miss Glaub, who calmly went through the Glaub bag of selling tricks, such as assuming a dramatic pose, with a blouse draped about her shoulders, or passing it rapidly before the eyes of the customer to give the effect of light on the beadings. After trick number seven, which generally sold even the hardest of customers, the old bear finally fell for a dull gray Georgette, with a vestee and tiny frilled cuffs.

It was this trick that had brought Miss Glaub quick fame among the salesgirls at the Mammoth six years before. It went like this: After number six had failed, Miss Glaub pressed a finger to her sealed lips and registered the same action that in melodrama precedes the stealing of the child. After looking this way and that, she would whisper that there was one waist—it was put away. She really wasn't sure that it was for sale now—Mrs. Peter Blount had seen it, and ——

By this time the prospect had registered rapt interest. Then, with a final warning not to say anything during her absence, she tiptoed away. For three—four—five minutes the customer sits, while Miss Glaub has a glass of water and arranges her front hair. Then, on her way back, before she comes into the customer's view she seizes a waist—any one, so that it is expensive. A moment later Miss Glaub was holding it—in dazed admiration—before the customer.

Then, after several more waists—and several imaginary conversations with the head of the department, alias a looking-glass—permission was finally obtained to sell it—as a very great favor really—to Mrs. So-and-so. It was so with Mrs. Morningrod, who, after all, was only a woman, even if she was the wife of a general.

After lunch and the soothing coolness of a Peach Melba, Miss Glaub started out to happen accidentally upon Mr. Timbers. Twenty minutes later, when the accident had occurred, Miss Glaub said:

"Your friend Mrs. General Morningrod was in after you went to lunch, and ——"

"You didn't say anything about me!"

It was funny to see how anxious the dear boy was that no one should know that he—like Harold Merode—was looking for life and people as they really were.

"Not me!" Miss Glaub assured him with a slow smile which seemed to say—bashfully, but still so it could be heard—that there was one who understood.

Mr. Timbers loosed a gulp of relief.

"You must understand," he explained, "that there are certain reasons why ——"

Miss Glaub said very firmly that there was pos-i-tive-lee no need to say another word. She understood.

"Mrs. Morningrod merely wanted a maroon waist to match her dining room," she explained, and narrowly watched the pleasant Timbers countenance.

Mr. Timbers laughed.

"She must have had it redecorated very recently, then; for when I was there last it was dark green."

The Glaub eyes warmed and the Glaub heart wondered why it had ever doubted. Dark green—that was what she had said!

And that afternoon who should step off the elevator but Mrs. Van V. Velvet herself! Down the aisle, straight for Miss Glaub, she came, fairly radiating the regal don't-give-a-darn of the younger set. And then, from her point of vantage, Miss Glaub saw the svelte form of J. Preston Timbers coming down another aisle, which met the other just where she was standing.

It was too late to do anything but retreat behind a case of new organdies. It was too bad that J. Preston's little dream of finding true peace and happiness in the pulsing highways of real life should end this way. And then they met! For a moment Mrs. Van V. Velvet registered unquestionable surprise. During this period J. Preston blushed a deep rose-red.

"Why, Mr. Timbers!" She was laughing now. "What in the world are you doing here? I ——"

Mr. Timbers smiled—rather sheepishly, Miss Glaub thought, from her post of vantage. He leaned forward and dropped his voice:

"I ——"

Miss Glaub, leaning as far forward as she dared, could not catch the low words of explanation.

"How splendid!" exclaimed Mrs. Van V. "Good day! By the way, I am planning a little dinner ——"

A transfer girl was tugging at the Glaub elbow. Miss Glaub pushed her quickly away; but the words were lost!

How could she ever have doubted him!

■

THE next evening, in clinging sensuous purple, with blue-black hair done low to create a dusky uncertain shadow over the drooping lids and eyes, Miss Glaub reclined upon her pink chaise longue and prepared to show J. Preston Timbers that the little ray of sunshine of the Mammoth Store was a world-wise woman as well.

Did she succeed? Of course she succeeded!

Twice during the evening Mr. Timbers nearly called her Adele; and when she was showing him the pictures taken at Valley Beach during the convention of silk manufacturers, in 1915, Miss Glaub thought—for one ecstatic moment—that he was going to attempt to take her hand.

The second evening he called there was a slight pause as she offered her hand at parting.

"Good night, Miss Glaub—Adele!"

Miss Glaub hesitated only a moment.

"Good night, Preston!" she whispered softly.

That night, over the cold-cream jar, she reflected that Martha and Harold had been fools to part.

The next day J. Preston wore a determined air, and said, on the very first opportunity, that he was breaking a very important engagement to come to her that night. His manner plainly said that, ever since the subtle confession the night before, he was a changed man.

Miss Glaub said, with charming confusion, that she would be at home—to him.

A soft warm glow from the pink wicker lamp in the corner warmed the figures of a man and woman sitting side by side upon a pink chaise longue. Slowly the man began to speak.

"I have much to tell you, Adele," he began; "much that I have hesitated to tell you until I knew that you cared—absolutely!" The woman inclined toward the black-clad shoulder just a trifle. "Perhaps you have guessed the most of it. Mrs. Van ——"

"I didn't hear a word she said!"—indignantly.

"I thought ——"

"You thought wrong!" Then, tenderly: "You were saying ——"

"Tell me you love me, first, Adele—love me forever!"

The woman let her head droop slowly to the shoulder.

"I—I do!" she whispered.

The man took a deep breath and began again:

"Don't think that, just because I am a floorwalker by day, my income is only eighteen dollars a week!" The man thrilled visibly under the tender pressure as the dark head nestled closer. "That has been merely a means to a way. To-night that way is opened! To-morrow I leave the Mammoth Store forever! After to-morrow I shall no longer be merely an assistant to the most exclusive caterer in Bigburg; but I shall be the most exclusive myself. Adele dear, they have all promised me their business—Mrs. Van V. Velvet; Mrs. General Morningrod ——"

Slowly, like a person in nightmare, the woman straightened up.

"Why—why didn't you tell me?"—low—deadly low.

"I wanted to be sure that you loved me—even when thinking me only a poor floorwalker at eighteen dollars a week."

A shudder.

"I wanted to keep it a secret—so that, in the end, it might be a great and happy surprise! We'll have a little home."

Another shudder, of increasing length.

"With an oak mantel an' fancy spotted tiles," she said with great weariness.

"Yes! Yes!"—delightedly.

The hunted look of a gentle doe at bay came into the large black eyes, which in repose seemed so dangerous. For a moment they gazed in hopeless silence at the jade, gleaming in her lap. . . . It was the great moment. . . . And what a great moment! A tiny sigh—and then a sudden gleam in the hunted eyes. With her eyes suffused with real tears, and her hands clasping and unclasping convulsively, she gulped and said: "No! No!"

"But ——"

But it was so. With wet eyes looking straight ahead, she spoke. The tone would have convinced the fat man:

"I—I love you, Preston!"

"Call me by my first name," he interrupted softly, as yet unaware of the sacrifice he was soon to witness. "Call me—Jacob."

"I—I love you—Jacob! . . . But I can't marry you. Between your life and mine there is too wide a gulf. Your friends would sneer at a working girl—and—and soon you, too, might ——"

"But that's what I am—what I want in a wife ——"

The woman raised two white hands in silent protest, her eyes still looking straight ahead, filled with the divine light of self-sacrifice—or horror.

"No; I love you too much, Pres—Jacob! . . . I love you enough to give you up! It is for the best."

"But I don't want you to give me up! I want you to come to that little flat we mentioned ——"

When she spoke it was final: "No; you mustn't tempt me! . . . We must be firm!"

It was over!

And so another sacrifice was laid upon the Glaub altar of love.

For the better serving

THE UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY announces that on January 1st, 1918, it will inaugurate an improved method of marketing in its

Mechanical Goods Division

The Mechanical Goods Division includes Rubber Belting, Packing, Fire, Steam, Water, Garden and all other kinds of Hose, Rubber Tiling, Rubber Mats and Matting, Jar Rings, Rubber Toys, Plumbers' Supplies, Rubber Tape, Rubber Soles and Heels, Fibre Soles, and hundreds of other miscellaneous rubber items.

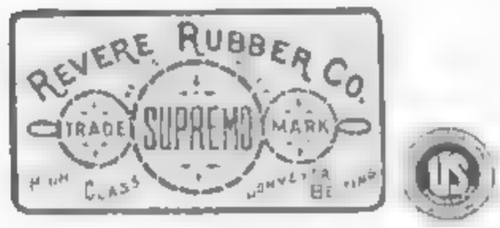
We have heretofore marketed these goods through our Subsidiary Companies—companies that have been famous in this field for many years, including

Revere Rubber Co.
Peerless Rubber Mfg. Co.
Mechanical Rubber Co., Cleveland
Eureka Fire Hose Mfg. Co.
Mechanical Rubber Co., Chicago
Sawyer Belting Co.
India Rubber Co.

These companies serve all classes of industries and railroads. They supply many articles that are absolutely essential to factories and transportation companies engaged in war work. The demand for their products is so great and the question of distribution has become so vitally important that we decided to centralize the distribution of all of these companies in one organization, having branches and agents all over the country. By this means customers everywhere can secure quicker and better service than any one of these companies has been in position to offer.

United

of the Public

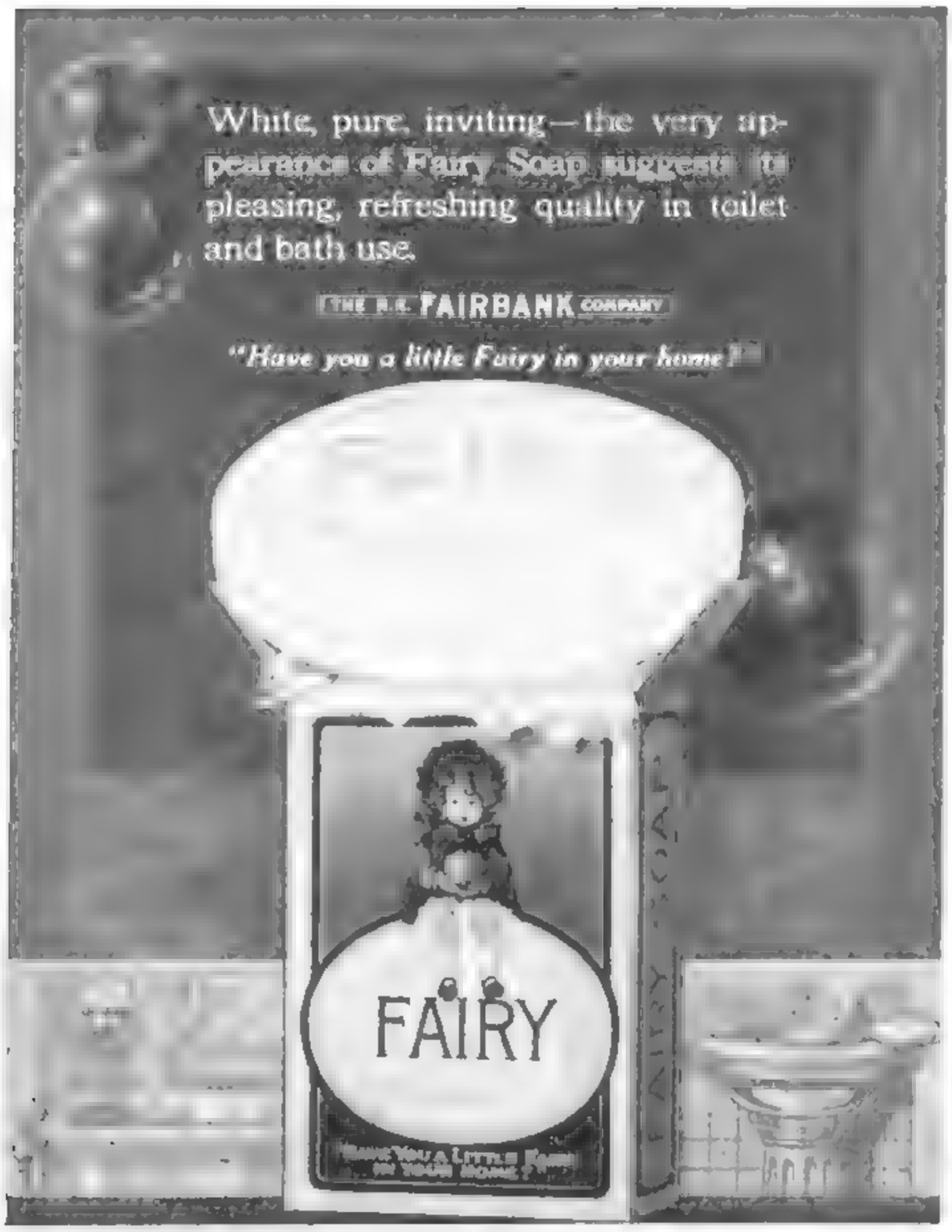


THE Subsidiary Companies will continue to manufacture their well-known brands, a few of which are reproduced on these pages. They will maintain the same high standard of quality and workmanship that have made these products famous. In addition, the great seal of the United States Rubber Company, the hallmark of quality and value in rubber goods, will identify these goods, as it does the famous United States Tires, Rinex Soles, Keds, Raynsters, U. S. Rubber Footwear, Usco Heels, as products of "The largest rubber manufacturer in the world."

The assembling in one selling organization of such a list of well-known brands makes it possible for the United States Rubber Co. to offer a stronger and more complete line of mechanical goods than has ever existed heretofore in the rubber world.

With such a line of merchandise, with a branch of the United States Rubber Co. Mechanical Goods Division specializing on mechanical goods in the most important cities, with distributors everywhere and with factories at a number of centers East and West, we can assure our customers the maximum in convenience, service and quality.

States Rubber Company


White, pure, inviting—the very appearance of Fairy Soap suggests its pleasing, refreshing quality in toilet and bath use.
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"
FAIRY
FAIRY SOAP

THE PACIFIST

(Concluded from Page 4)

morning suit was sitting by this table. He had a portfolio of papers before him, and he was making notes on a blank writing pad with a blue pencil.

He stood up quickly when Weisel entered, bringing his heels together. But in spite of the military attitude his anxiety was everywhere apparent.

"Did you get the thing done?" His voice vibrated in the query.

The big man put down his hat and coat. Then he called to an attendant.

"Hans," he said, "champagne and some biscuit; and be quick."

Then he turned to the young man.

"Certainly I got it done."

The big man poured out a goblet of the wine and gulped a swallow.

"To the War Lord!" he said thickly.

The whole body of the little man across the table seemed to quiver as with some savage ecstasy. "Under his leadership," he cried, "we shall impose our will on the world! Russia we have ruined, Italy is in the Prussian jaws. Next summer, with the Eastern lines free, we shall put our armies together and crush France; then England, at our leisure; and finally this fool's fat paradise to pay for all of it!"

The little Prussian stood a moment like a man in a vision

Then he put his glass down on the table.

"*Gott!*" he said. "I was in fear about it. Only an official letter was certain to go through. How did you manage him? Was it difficult?"

The big man put his hand on the table, moving the fingers as though they were kneading dough.

"That soft creature!" he said. "*Ach*, it nauseates one!"

He turned and spat violently into the darkness behind him.

The young man smiled, without disturbing the features of his face.

"You don't seem to be complimentary to our American friend."

Weisel's big figure lifted; his face was stern and rigid.

"Friend!" he said. "I should be sorry to depend on a friend like that. If the German people were made of stuff like that they would long since have perished. They would indeed be ready for this flabby republic that the gentle senator imagines he is about to help on the way."

The young man grinned.

"But the gentle senator is our ally. He weakens his country for us and he gets our word to the Admiralty. He is valuable to us."

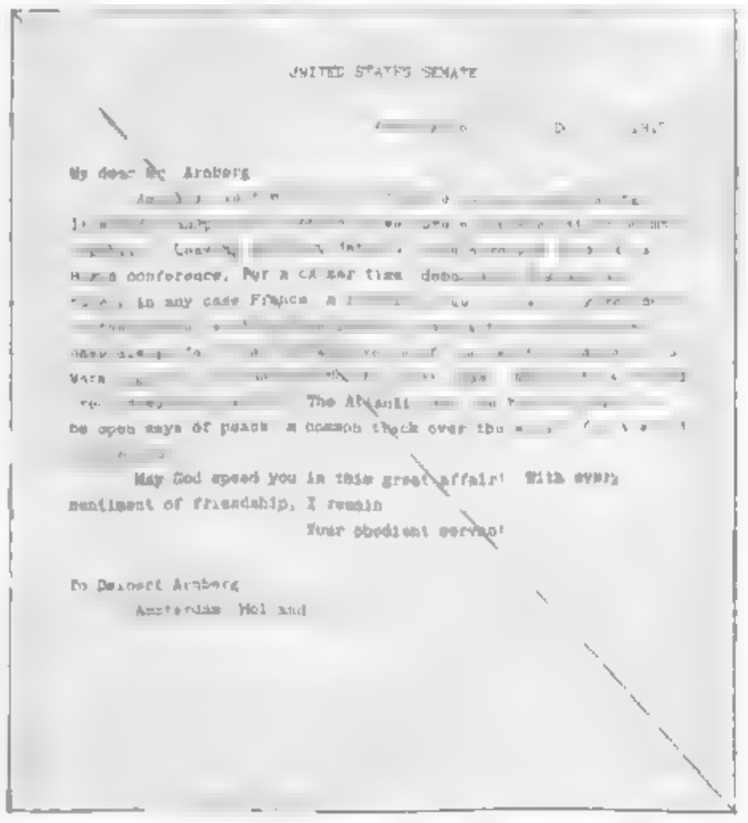
"As a tool, yes," said Weisel; "as a friend, Heaven preserve us from him!"

The little Prussian laughed in a high cackle.

"Well, he has done his bit to-night!"

Then his weasel face got firm. "Let me see if your copy has the code right."

The big man pulled out a drawer of the table and laid a carbon copy of the letter before him. The little Prussian took the blue pencil and drew a line diagonally across the sheet from the top left-hand corner downward to the bottom right-hand corner:


UNITED STATES SENATE

My dear Mr. Arnberg

[illegible] a conference. For a closer time [illegible] in any case France [illegible]

The Atlantic [illegible] be open ways of peace. A common check over the [illegible]

May God speed you in this great affair! With every sentiment of friendship, I remain

Your obedient servant

To Dr. Robert Arnberg
Amsterdam Holland

Then, omitting the address and signature, he read aloud the words the line touched, beginning at the top left-hand corner and reading downward.

Weisel, bending over the table, his hands with the palms spread propping up his big body, listened intently:

"American transport leaving for France on the 31st North Atlantic track."

MONKEY ON A STICK

(Continued from Page 12)

There were vistaed glimpses of solid success to be caught rapidly as mahogany doors opened and revealed shining bookcases, deep-piled rugs and—this was almost too much—dignified plaster-of-Paris busts on high shelves. Typewriters clicked, clerks tiptoed, buzzers buzzed. Presently the secretary came out again and informed him that the great man was at leisure.. A polished door swung upon an expensive rug and Andy followed in.

He could hear Gaston's voice before he saw him; that big monotonous voice, which always seemed to imply "I may bore you, but you'll find I've worked it all out," went droning on in dictation:

"Whereas the party of the first part, having agreed under Section Two, Paragraph Three, of said contract ——"

"Behold the prodigal's return!" grinned Andy, stepping up and holding out his hand.

"Well, well! And what can we do for the prod? Sit down. Have a smoke."

"You've spread out quite a bit, as the old lady said when the trolley ran over her dog," began Andy, indicating the expansive environment.

"Our practice is increasing," his cousin made the unresponsive response.

"Cole, Phipps & Brenning!" mocked the visitor. "You're lengthening like a train of freight cars. If you'd only tag the name Hanovan on now, for a caboose ——"

"Nothing's sacred with you," grinned the lawyer, showing his best poker face. "Have you seen my latest?"

Off the desk he plucked an oval photograph in a silver frame. It was the portrait of a very ugly baby, quite as bald and unmagnetic as his father.

"A peach!" cried the hypocrite.

"The remark is irrelevant and immaterial. Also, you're a liar! He's named after his father, and he'll never be shot for his beauty. But I'll turn him into a supreme-court justice before I quit."

But Andy was considering the question of just how and where to begin with a proposition which the able Cole was too apparently trying to avoid by a show of affability. Andy had moistened his lips for an attempt when the telephone rang.

"Yes, Mr. Bethel." Cole sat listening. . . . "No. It was quite impossible to avoid the delay. . . . Yes. It will be tried before Judge Foster, in that case. Can't we meet for another conference tomorrow, say, at three? . . . Thank you. . . . Good-by."

"Sam Bethel!" announced Gaston, sighing deeply as he named the eccentric magnate who, having established an endless chain of vaudeville theaters, had elected to make the Western Addition the site of his architectural excrescences. "He's got the lawsuit habit incurably."

"Should a lawyer grieve for that?"

"He never brought a serious suit in his life. All that Bethel can see in the law is a good advertising medium. He has the reputation of spending fifty thousand dollars a year on eccentric cases and doubling his

(Continued on Page 50)

Photo by Dabrack, Philadelphia

"I Tried To Steal Her But She Laughed"

She could afford to laugh. Only four months each year this girl busied herself and yet she earned $2000.00. Naturally "the best proposals we could make," as the Manager of a large business house wrote, could not tempt her from her chosen work. She met the best people: made scores of friends and went to college eight months each year.

This girl could have had a good position with the big business house whose manager tried to "steal" her. But it couldn't tempt her. Nor would it tempt you if you were in her place. And you can be. For we will do for you exactly as we did—and are doing—for this girl. Do you want us to do it? Write to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
215 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

How the canal grew up to be a world's waterway—through Electricity

FOR years the inland canal has been with us. But its sluggish, snub-nosed boat, pulled by plodding mules, fell behind in the race against the greater speed of railroads. Its clumsy, moss-grown locks have almost become a part of the landscape—a milestone left behind to mark the strides of commerce.

But the canal as an economic means of transportation was destined to redeem itself, through electricity. For example, two oceans were to be joined. The world's commerce needed a short cut of ten thousand miles. American courage and persistence gouged a great cut at Panama and idealized the canal.

The proficiency and skill of highly specialized engineers made the Panama Canal possible. Engineering genius found the correct answer to such problems as ridding that humid, tropic zone of disease and checking enormous slides at Culebra. Engineering science decreed that electricity should be the motive power to construct and operate the canal.

The electric towing locomotives, geared to their tracks, that haul great vessels through the locks as they pass from ocean to ocean, and the automatic, interlocking system that controls and safeguards the operation of the entire lock machinery, were constructed by the General Electric Company. The fender chains which guard the lock gates from oncoming ships; the culverts that disgorge millions of gallons of lift water into the locks; the spillway gates that hold back the headwaters of Gatun Lake, are operated and ingeniously controlled by electrical apparatus designed and built for the purpose by this company.

Electricity was pre-ordained to be the driving and controlling force of this wonder canal. Its electrification was entrusted to the General Electric Company in recognition of engineering and manufacturing supremacy.

Notable Electrifications of the General Electric Company in construction work and the operation of canals.

N. Y. State Barge Canal
(Great Lakes to Tidewater)

Catskill Aqueduct
(New York City Water Supply)

Panama Canal
(Atlantic to Pacific)

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Johns-Manville Fire Extinguisher

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
WAR CONTRACTS HELD UP BY FIRE
BLAZE IN CRANE MOTOR PARALYZES MACHINE SHOP
Fire broke out suddenly yesterday afternoon in the machine shop of the

At this time, of all times, guard against fire

PREVENTION of waste, conservation of resources, uninterrupted production—these are matters of imperative national duty. A fire today not only wastes money and property but actually hampers the success of our nation at war.

There might be some excuse if fires were hard to prevent. But they're not. Most fires start small—your factory or house or office will be adequately protected if a Johns-Manville Fire Extinguisher is in easy reach at every danger point.

And make sure it is a Johns-Manville—for it means the exclusive *added* safety of two-way operation. Discharged either by pumping, or, in awkward quarters, by air pressure previously pumped up.

Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories. Entitles motorists to *15% reduction in automobile fire insurance*

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
NEW YORK CITY
10 Factories—Branches in 56 Large Cities

To Distributors—Ask for details of our profitable jobber-dealer sales plan.

Price in the U. S. East of Colorado, $10, brass or nickel finish, bracket included. $10.50 Colorado and West. Dominion of Canada: $12 East of Calgary. $12.50 Calgary and West.

(Continued from Page 48)

money in free newspaper publicity. That's all right. He's got plenty of money and it's as good as anybody's, I suppose, but there comes a limit."

"Just where?" asked Andy, who was thinking over his own troubled fortunes.

"Well, you see we're representing some of the most dignified business enterprises of the state. And along comes Bethel asking us to bring suit for a hundred thousand dollars to protect the fair name of a pair of performing chimpanzees."

"Breach of promise?" The prospect tickled the ex-comedian's imagination.

"It's undignified!" growled Cole as he sat biliously tapping the point of a red-nosed pencil on his blotter.

There came a pause. Cole was apparently trying to tire him out, so Andy decided on a plunge.

"Speaking of dignity," said he, "I'm thinking of going back into the law."

"Congratulations!" responded Cole, looking straight through him with his bovine stare.

"I'm speaking quite seriously." Andy set his jaw and returned look for look.

"I'm glad of that. I shall anticipate a formidable rival."

"I'd rather be a partner."

"Andy, do you realize," began Cole, keying his voice to a tone of kindly patronage that was maddening, "that a great deal has happened since we dissolved partnership?"

"You mean that you think I can't come back?"

"Well, after you have burned your bridges it is difficult to return to the *status quo ante*."

"The time has come," Andy blurted desperately, "when I've got to do something. We practiced law together for several years, and it's quite natural that I should come back and work with you. I wouldn't ask to be taken into the firm until I'd made good."

Slowly Cole wagged his big bald head.

"The law is a serious matter. I don't deny your popularity with a certain set—I'll go further than that and grant that you are the most popular man in Belleville. But you never were a business lawyer. And I'm afraid if you went into court today to plead you wouldn't—make the right impression."

"You mean they'd laugh at me?" asked Andy hotly, coming to his feet.

"I am saying this in the kindliest possible spirit. In the law appearances count for a great deal—a great deal.

"If there were the shadow of a chance in this office"—Cole rose ponderously and held out his hand—"I should be more than glad to welcome you back. And if you'll take a little advice in the spirit in which it is given ——"

"I'm willing to take anything"—bitterly. Andy backed toward the door.

"Why don't you commercialize your really great gift?"

"Mine?"

"You must have put a world of energy and practice into learning—that sort of stuff you've been doing up on the Hill. Why don't you go on the stage—dignify it into a profession?"

"Family reasons," smiled Andy bravely. "My mother is very anxious for me to get back into the law."

"I should like to help, but I'm afraid it would be misdirected. You see, Andy, you've become an amateur." He held open the door for his departing guest.

There stood a dangerous-looking steel bodied racing car out in front of the Commercial House and Andy had no sooner passed it than he saw Sam Bethel himself, noisily clad for motoring, come out by a side door and waddle over toward the car. The coincidence was too much for good resolutions, and the fact that the little man held up one of his short arms like a semaphore signal half influenced Andy to take his pride in his teeth and brazen the inevitable.

"Been talkin' with the undertaker?" asked Bethel, his cockeyes twinkling merrily as he took note of Andy's unusual gravity.

"Gas Cole," replied the ex-humorist.

"Same thing," supplied the manager. "Gravedigger, embalmer and licensed pallbearer. Cole, Phipps & Brenning! Say, how do they do it? I never see 'em but what I want to burst into tears. Have a drink?"

"No, thanks."

Cole, Phipps & Brenning seemed to be on Mr. Bethel's nerves, for he dug a finger into Andy's ribs and went on:

"How do they get like that? I tell you, Andy, it's done you a lot of good buzzin' round the Four Hundred kids up on the Hill. It's loosened you up. Do you realize that when you were practicing law you used to be enough like Gaston Cole to be his little brother?"

"Oh, say not so!" pleaded the accused.

"Fact! And here I come along with a perfectly good lawsuit and old Gas sits there clucking as if he was going to lay an egg and says 'Undignified!'"

"It's something about a team of trained chimpanzees?" inquired Andy, mainly because he wanted to keep the manager a little longer.

"You've heard about it?" The publicity instinct of the man was pleased. "They've been big headliners for three seasons now—Professor Klegg's Mutt and Nutt. They're really a wonderfully talented pair of monks. Well, we got 'em trained to do the Ballet Russe this season and it was going big when along comes a faker named Olsen with a couple of very inferior chimps. And he runs 'em in the Joy Circuit under the same name—Mutt and Nutt—with a very poor Ballet Russe. See? They're no artists. They're crabbing the reputation of my chimps, and I want satisfaction."

"Defamation of character?" asked Andy.

"That's a good idea if you can get away with it."

"You can get away with anything if you go at it right!"

"You've said something!" Mr. Bethel stood pondering the possibilities. Presently he came out of his trance, held out his hand and took a step toward the car.

"Sam," said Andy, who had already decided against maternal prejudices, "I'm looking for a job and I think you can help me."

"Shoot!" replied Bethel, already on his guard.

"I wonder just how much I would be worth if I went into vaudeville"

"About nine a week," replied the little man. It was everybody's privilege to josh Andy.

"I'm speaking quite seriously." It seemed to Andy that he had said this a hundred times to-day.

"What's the matter with you? Off your feed?"

"I've got to make some money. Funny stuff's all I can do. And I think I do that rather well."

"Well," spoke the manager cannily, "if you tried it professionally you wouldn't find it so darned funny. I know about you amateurs. You're used to standing up before friends and getting their kind applause because you're the son of James W. Fitz Flapper. Anything goes in the parlor. Applause and loud laughter. You sound like a million dollars. But try to drop the same stuff into the average Bethel audience and it flattens out like a gob of sour dough Most amateurs are spoiled from the start by being told how perfectly lovely they are. A professional has to get used to a crowd hollering 'Rotten!' before he can make good. A big name? Yes, that'll go some, if it's big enough and well advertised. I'd give ten thousand a week to King George just to walk across the stage. But take it by and large, it's the conscientious, intelligent professional that gets the coin. Look at my educated chimps in their Ballet Russe! What makes 'em go? Experience, my boy!"

"What salary did you say they draw?"

"Eight hundred a week," announced Mr. Bethel proudly. "And they earn it!"

"Well, thanks for the nine you offer," said Andy as he moved away.

"You've got to remember that you're an amateur," warned Mr. Bethel as he jumped into his car; and if he made any further wise remarks they were squelched in the rattle of the self-starter.

Andy took a solitary dinner in an obscure corner of the Racquet Club. His experience as a job-seeker had been limited to the day's adventures, but the indications looked dark. He had applied for work in the only two fields he knew—law and vaudeville—and had been refused in both cases because he was an amateur. Well, he was an amateur. That had been no disgrace as long as money came to him easily. But in real life apparently people didn't want to be either entertained or bulldozed in the gentlemanly method of the drawing-room. Then he thought of Mrs. Talcroft Skeen

(Continued on Page 53)

TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

44,257 trucks have TORBENSEN DRIVE—

Torbensen Drive is unchanged and unchanging. Every one of these 44,257 axles—now in use—represents a fundamental, fixed idea of construction from which we have never departed. It is a far greater number than of any other type of truck axle on the market.

Torbensen is the *one* drive for every service. It will give you superior satisfaction and service whatever the size of your truck or the duty it is called upon to perform.

Torbensen-equipped trucks plow along steadily, year-in-year-out, in summer heat and winter cold. They go over rough roads and smooth, through heavy city traffic, and at higher speed through the open country.

Sheer strength, common-sense design, fool-proofness, the faith of the makers of thousands of the best trucks—these are the facts behind Torbensen Drive—the reasons why you should buy trucks with Torbensen Drive. They are money-saving trucks that *make* good.

We have a very interesting booklet about TORBENSEN Drive—"Driving *at* the Wheel and *near* the Rim." It explains every detail in simple language. Your copy will be mailed the minute your request reaches us.

THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

A solid-forged I-Beam is the unyielding steel backbone of Torbensen Drive. It carries *all* the load. It does *nothing* else.

A jackshaft with pinions on its ends does *all* the *driving* through the internal gears. It does *nothing* else. It carries *no* load whatever.

These members, held in practically perfect, permanent alignment, form the famous Torbensen Drive.

This drive is as simple as any good drive can be. All its parts are easily accessible. It is easy to take apart and easy to put together again.

Seventeen years of ever-growing service have *proved* that Torbensen Drive makes trucks last longer, makes rear tires give 20% greater mileage and reduces gas and oil consumption.

Torbensen Drive is made to last. Every owner gets a GOLD BOND GUARANTEE that the I-BEAM axle and spindles will last as long as the truck, and the internal gears at least two years.

Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks

Visions *of* Security That Obscure Visions *of* Danger

As you look with satisfaction at your fire insurance policies you realize that fire is a constant menace and feel secure in your protection against such a misfortune.

But how about the many other things that may happen which will cause you financial loss? Nobody knows from what quarter misfortune may come. Your paymaster may be robbed, your employes hurt, your clerks may prove dishonest, your goods may be lost in transit, your automobile may be wrecked, your own earning capacity may be affected by sickness or accident. These and many other losses may come any time and when they do come they may cause a greater loss than a fire. If the theory of insurance is sound you should apply it to protect you and your property from every possible loss.

What a comforting feeling of security it will give you to know that you are protected from every possible danger through the sound, reliable

INSURANCE *Service* OF THE TWO HARTFORDS

Any agent or broker can sell you a policy in the Hartford. Ask him about the Hartford idea of complete protection.

Write for free booklet
"THE HEEL OF ACHILLES"
which describes every form of Hartford Insurance.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY CO.
HARTFORD, CONN

(Continued from Page 50)

He had given the bulk of his time now for over two weeks, writing, rehearsing and costuming the elaborate performance which was to take place in about ten days and in which he was to have the principal part. He reflected upon Mr. Bethel's discouraging essay with a sort of doleful relief. Had the enterprising manager snapped him up at a fancy salary, as Andy had predicted he would, the offer could never have been accepted. Andy knew his mother's pride and prejudice and realized that it would kill her to know that her son had taken to professional vaudeville. But then there was Mrs. Skeen. . . .

The more Andy thought over Mrs. Skeen the better it looked to him. No professional entertainer could have worked for her so assiduously as Andy had worked these three years. The reputation she had won through her money, as displayed in Andy's entertainments, had gained her entrée into houses to which she would gladly have crawled on her jeweled hands and silken knees. In grateful moods she often referred to Andy as "her precious, indispensable genius"; and this was scarcely an overstatement of fact.

Andy wasn't looking for gratitude; but he was cast into a position where he must consider himself in the terms of dollars. He would let his past experience with Mrs. Skeen go as education, he reflected to-night, as he sat alone beside his coffee cup. Mrs. Skeen had far more money than was good for her and was continually signing checks for the most senseless charities. Now how about this Mad Masque of Mars which he had been planning and rehearsing so industriously? The plot concerned a young aviator—Andy, of course—who had planned to break the Belleville altitude record and finds himself accidentally stranded on the planet Mars. Asked by the King whence he came and why, the aviator points out a moving-picture version of the rolling Earth, indicates Belleville on the Western Hemisphere, and proceeds to lecture on the charms of the home town. Andy saw the hardest kind of rehearsing ahead of him and began to wonder, vaguely at first, if here wasn't a solution of his problem.

The rehearsal to-night had been called for half-past eight; but it was quarter of nine when Andy wearily took his way up the crooked driveway leading to the big white stuccoed pile on the Hill. Reflectively he strolled between the high gateposts, whose peevish, rampant little stone lions showed fearsomely in the moonlight. It had been easy to ask Sam Bethel for a job, and the tackling of Gaston Cole had been less painful than he had anticipated. But with Mrs. Talcroft Skeen it was different. It was a perfectly fair request he was intending to make, yet a million unformed obstacles seemed to loom before him. Mrs. Skeen was a lady who worshiped the social delicacies, in spite of the fact that her father had made his millions in the manufacture and sale of a patent fertilizer.

A liveried man had no sooner shown him in at the ornate front door than Mrs. Skeen herself came volubly forth to greet his late appearance. Like her house, Mrs. Skeen was elaborate and showy. Her hair was an unusual shade of auburn, and she wore a very high collar to conceal her sagging throat; for she had eaten to grow thin a few months ago, and since then her skin had remained several sizes too large for her diminished figure.

"You angel of deliverance!" she hailed him with a little gushing shriek and caressed his sleeve with her ringed fingers. "Everything's a perfect mess. Just hear those brats screaming in there!"

Distantly from the ballroom, where the Mad Martians had assembled for rehearsal, Andy could hear their youthful clatter.

"I'll rush right in and brain them for you, Miss Eliza." She permitted only her favorites to address her so.

"What's wrong, Andy? You look tired to death."

That was a splendid opening, yet he weakened on the verge.

"I've been thinking. Naturally I'm quite exhausted."

"Let it be a lesson to you!" By the turn of her keenly selfish little gray eyes he could see that her mind was on the younger set rioting in the ballroom.

"They're all conspiring against me, Andy. If it weren't for you I should go insane. I want you to see what Hendricks has sent me as samples of draperies for the court scene."

"Leave it to Handy Andy!" he gibed as she looped her arm in his and led him away toward a little room beyond the high Italian mantel. He knew that this woman would be grateful to her court jester in trouble.

She closed the door behind them in the small space which she chose to call her workroom and whose cluttering of small meaningless finery revealed the owner's taste, which was naturally poor. From a pot-bellied, spindle-shanked, hand-painted desk she brought forth half a dozen squares of brilliant material. She laid them out on an onyx-topped table and stood regarding him as he pawed them over judicially.

He picked up a square of wild electric blue and held it under the light.

"That's very good," he pronounced solemnly, striving vainly to key his tone to its wonted enthusiasm.

"Mad dog! It's a nightmare!"

"That's the very idea! We're giving a scene on Mars. Most of the costumes will be silver and I'll be wearing a comedy suit of bright orange."

"I'm sure you must know, Andy," she assured him, giving him a sharp look out of her shrewd gray eyes with the badly enameled wrinkles at the corners. "I had Sam Bethel look over the color scheme today and he didn't seem quite so sure."

"Sam Bethel!" There wasn't really any cause for surprise that the capable manager should have been taken into her confidence. It was a coincidence, that was all.

"Of course, if you mind, Andy ——"

"Not in the least," he cordially assured her. "I should be glad to have his assistance."

"All he'll do will be to supply a few stage hands. He says he doesn't like amateur performances. He's tremendously vulgar. And Andy, do you know what I'll have to do with Sam Bethel?"

Andy couldn't imagine. Nothing less than murder apparently.

"I can't see any way round it. I'll have to ask him to my party." This was her way of confessing the social bribe by which she had saved money on stage hands.

"Bully! Hand him over to me. In my opinion Sam's one of the few interesting men in Belleville."

She gave his case another quick, quizzical diagnosis.

"What's happened to you, Andy?"

"Happened?" He swallowed hard and hoped she didn't see it.

"You're sour about something. You're bitter without being funny. Is it serious?"

This was the third chance she had given him, and he took it.

"I'm in a peculiar kind of corner ——"

"My dear! Tell me all about it."

She motioned him to an uncomfortable chair and took a seat beside him.

"I'm broke—I'm not going to allow Consie's money to support me. It's up to me to go to work."

"I'm so sorry." She said this with a show of surprise and he wondered if she had heard.

"It's necessary for me to devote all my time and strength ——"

"But, my poor boy, what can you do?"

"That's the point. I'll have to make the best of my abilities, such as I've got."

"I'll venture to say you don't know the slightest thing about business."

"No. All I really know how to do well is this sort of thing." He directed a sweeping gesture toward the noisy ballroom.

There ensued a terrible pause in which Mrs. Skeen sat quite without understanding. Couldn't the woman take a hint?

"It's awful, Andy," she said at last, "to think of your going into the wretched humdrum of business. It has been such a joy to have you with me at my parties. And I'm planning the most wonderful spectacles for next winter. I'm sure, Andy, that you'll relent when you see the parts I've got for you."

He stared at her in blank amazement. It didn't seem real, yet it was obvious that Mrs. Talcroft Skeen was taking to herself the undivided credit for all the successful entertainments that Andy had planned and carried out! He resolved now to drop the slender rapier and attack her with a club.

"Don't you think," he asked baldly, "that I could make a good living as coach and producer of amateur entertainments?"

"Oh, Andy, you poor foolish dear!"

"I don't mean to start in right now," he protested, half ashamed. This woman had always had the effect of bluffing him out of his resolutions. He had given her a chance, and he was far too proud to let it go begging.

75 cents is the price of the cleaner in a neat wooden box that packs neatly into your tool case.

Really Clean Spark Plugs

—in a jiffy—no bother at all

YOU don't even have to take the spark plug apart.

Just half fill the tube of the cleaner with gasoline, screw the plug into the socket at the top and give it a vigorous shaking—that's all.

Your plugs will be cleaner than you could get them in the old laborious way—and you will not even soil your hands.

The gasoline in the tube softens the carbon and the little flying needles pick the carbon off *clean*.

The nearest supply dealer or garage man will sell you a Champion Spark Plug Cleaner—get one today

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

WANTED—YOUR IDEA

Send for Free Illustrated Guide Book and Evidence of Conception Blank. Two Books of Interest to Inventors, Hundreds of Ideas Wanted, etc. Advice Free. Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 38 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C., or 2281 Woolworth Bldg., New York

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Piquant, snappy, full of zest!

Beech-Nut Cloves

Dainly candies that "melt on your tongue"

Also Beech-Nut Mints,
Beech-Nut Wintergreens,
Beech-Nut Chewing Gum

There's a Statler in St. Louis

In four cities—Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis—there are now Statler Hotels.

They are complete hotels, well-managed hotels, glad-to-see-you hotels. And, above all, they are comfortable hotels.

Provisions for your comfort go beyond the complete Statler equipment and furnishings of the hotels; and even beyond the courteous, interested service from employees which is the foundation of Statler policy. There are such extra features as a morning paper under your door, ice water in your bath, service of Statler bread, tea rooms without [illegible] service, and many other thoughtfulnesses, big and little, which every traveler appreciates.

For people who want "the best there is" the rooms at $3 to $5 (one person) are especially recommended—for their larger size, greater convenience and more luxurious furnishings and decorations.

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO-CLEVELAND-DETROIT-ST. LOUIS

Now building in New York:

Hotel Pennsylvania, New York, will be Statler-operated. With 2,200 rooms, 2,200 baths, it will be the world's largest hotel, and will likewise set new high standards of convenience, service and distinction. Opp. Pennsylvania Station

Goblin SOAP

Works Wonders

Large Cake in individual Carton 5¢ for toilet and bath

Easily and thoroughly removes obstinate dirt, stains, grease and grime.

Leaves a feeling of thorough refreshing cleanliness

Sold by dealers everywhere

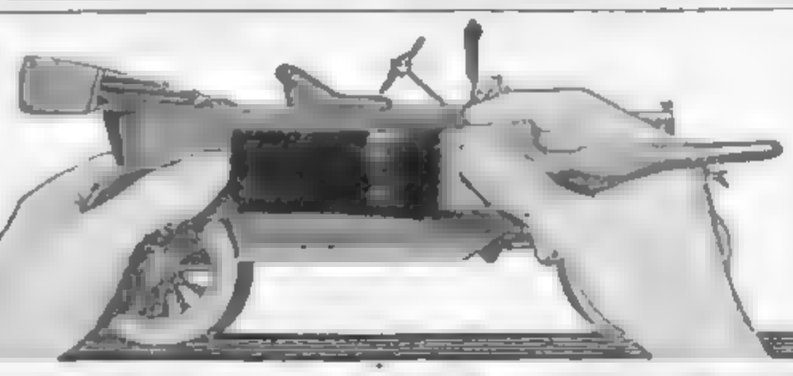
A Wonderful New Filling Machine for Viscous and Heavy Products

VISCO Fills

Jelly, Apple Butter, Honey, Mustard, Mayonnaise, Catsup, Pastes, Creams, Fats, Condensed Milk, Paint, Measures and fills *accurately without* [illegible]

THE KARL KIEFER MACHINE CO.

Booklet V on request CINCINNATI, U. S. A.



Paint Your Ford for $1.00

Think of it—only one coat of Glidden Auto Finish and you have a new looking car
You can easily do it yourself and in less than 48 hours you'll be driving again.
You'll have a rich, brilliant finish that will give you lasting satisfaction
Go to your regular dealer. If he cannot supply you, send $1.00 Canadian Imperial Quart $1.25) for 1 quart of Auto Finish Black to—THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., 1521 Berea Rd., Cleveland, Ohio. Canadian Address, Toronto, Ontario

Note to Dealers—Send at once for our Marketing Book of Glidden Auto Finishes.

GLIDDEN AUTO FINISHES

"It has been so wonderful as it was," she was expostulating. "Everything done for the fun of it—for the joy of it. You'd be putting yourself in a dreadfully false position, you know. They'd be calling you a professional"

"Anybody that ever does anything is a professional," he informed her calmly.

"Yes, but you'd be going into a class——"

"Live or die, I mustn't do that!" he assured her with a futile sarcasm. "Shall we rush in and still the mob?"

They walked together through the great hall toward the waiting rehearsal, whence came catfish bawls of "Author! Author!"

"You'd be rubbing some of the bloom off," she whispered affectionately as she squeezed his hand. "That's been your charm. You've been such a delightful am——"

"Whatever you do"—he raised an agonized appeal—"don't call me an amateur!"

Never before had Andy been disgusted with or even critical of the amateur point of view. But to-night as the frivolous youngsters of his troupe gamboled and larked through the rehearsal, disregarding orders, forgetting the simplest lines, the amateur director was amazed to think how he had floated so long, lighter than air, upon this atmosphere of praise. While he stood by the piano vainly striving to drive a single-line speech into the pretty head of Maisie Whipple, who had alternately learned and forgotten that same line every night for two weeks, the younger set turned on the phonograph, practiced dance steps that had nothing to do with the piece, encouraged two loutish freshmen in a burlesque boxing bout, roared at Campbell Hill's poor imitation of Andy's latest monologue.

The traditional Hanovanian good nature cracked, and fire began to spit out.

"I've got to have attention!" he roared, going forth and dragging toward the piano each comely member of the Mars Maiden Chorus, whom he must train to sing a greeting to his descent upon the red planet.

A hired pianist patiently thumped the keys while the chorus shrilled raggedly through the big room. The mixed effect was due to the fact that each of the eight pretty girls had forgotten a part of her song and each a different part, the hiatus being supplied with the good old stand-by of the forgetful—"La-la, la-la, la, la, la!"

"Katherine!" Andy summoned from her flirtation the tallest of the beautiful, blond, brainless Fenley sisters. Katherine, as Crown Princess of Mars, was to have a leading part in the Aviator's reception. She came obediently, after casting a languishing glance to the rear.

"Andy, I've got a dreadful cold ——" she began.

"Good! You can't talk through your lines leading up to my cue."

The eight Maids of Mars, gathered round, were beginning to chatter again.

"Oh, please!" he implored.

"Isn't he a horrid bear to-night!" whispered the shortest of the Fenley sisters.

The piano whanged as Katherine went stumblingly through her lines. Approaching the end, she uplifted her pretty, mediocre treble.

KITTY: Oh, Mister Aviator,
You have a foolish face!
ANDY: You're right, my dear,
I've journeyed here
From a very foolish place.
KITTY: What distant city gave you birth?
ANDY: Belleville, the center of the earth.
(And so on, and so on)

III

THE fact that Andy had to live with his mother those ten days did nothing toward improving his frame of mind. Mrs. Hanovan uttered no word of reproach that he showed no inclination to apply himself to the law or that he was still at the beck and call of "that Skeen woman" on the Hill. A dark ten days for Andy, unlightened by the thankless and payless labor of knocking musical comedy into the block head of Belleville. His story got round town and was repeated with fair accuracy; and the knowledge that it was known caused him to slink in spite of himself as he went feeling about among his friends for what he thought of vaguely as an opening.

Consie wrote to him once, a sweet and chatty letter without any reference to what had happened between them. Andy kept the letter in his pocket. He had no bitterness toward Consie. It was merely hopelessness, that was all.

Once after a rehearsal Mrs. Skeen had come to him quite magnanimously and offered him a situation as manager of the Heatherways Club. So profound was his humility that Andy considered the job until upon investigation he found that the club was now being excellently run by a professional steward that the quite useless post of manager was being created merely as an excuse for giving Andy something to do. The position offered seventy-five dollars a month and board. Andy regarded the job from every angle and concluded that death would be more dignified if not more comfortable. It was, then, a curiously repressed Andy Hanovan who pulled on a comic costume, preparatory to taking center stage at the one and only performance of the Mad Masque of Mars.

Of course the show was an hour or more late in beginning. Andy, experienced in amateur performances, had long since given up hope of seeing one open on time. But to-night the preliminary chaos left him cold. Clad grotesquely in a bright-orange aviation suit, wearing a monocle over one eye and a silk hat somewhat slantingly on his head, he slouched wearily across the stage, exhorting several stage hands—kindly loaned by Mr. Sam Bethel—to prompter action. The men hitched up their overalls and gave him the grin of contempt which the professional ever yields the amateur.

Big Bill Hubbard, who was to be King of Mars, complained childishly to his manager because he couldn't get his royal crown on his head without splittin' the darned thing. One of the Martian seneschals tripped over his spear and tore a jagged hole in the starry heavens painted on the back drop outside the palace window. A Mad Maid of Mars lost—if I may be permitted to say so—one of her stockings and refused to appear until another just like it was supplied. Pandemonium reigned in the red planet—which was all right from the Martian point of view. But out in front a mere earth-born audience was sending up sarcastic gusts of applause. They were growing tired of waiting.

Andy walked over to a hole in the curtain and took a peep. Mrs. Skeen's ample ballroom was, undoubtedly, crowded to capacity. The unpopular Browning family had just arrived in a body, as for mutual protection. Stuart Bayliss, like the petted beauty that he was, was rambling handsomely from chair to chair. Charley White, the always affable president of the Belleville Gas and Electric Company, had a seat toward the front, between his large family of daughters. Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Cole sat stolidly near the center aisle. All the picture of his days was revealed there before Andy Hanovan, who scanned it carefully from his ambush, bitterly resolved that this should be his last appearance before a Belleville audience.

The stage hands were now bringing the clatter to a crescendo, but Andy still stood at the peephole, dwelling fondly upon the spectacle which he was to face no more. Bertie Hall, who, since his downfall on that past St. Valentine's eve, had retired in Andy's favor and gone into the banking business, sat blissfully beside his pink-and-white fiancée. There was old Tom Bullard, making himself charming as usual to a chorus of débutantes; and on the next row to the rear ——

Great Scott! Where in Mars did she drop from, airily gowned in blue, aqua marines dripping at her slender white throat, her eyes puckered to a teasing smile as she leaned toward the courtly young man beside her—Consuela!

The sight smote him with a weak desire to run away, to blot himself out, to be as nothing. Then he swore softly under his breath. She could make splendid preachments on the subject of life's serious side, of bucking up, being a man and all that sort of thing. Meanwhile she could live at Fairfield, weltering in her father's prosperity, and disdainfully trip it back to Belleville, upon occasion, to enjoy the public clowning of the husband she had made into a clown.

"Andy, aren't you ever going to begin?"

Someone touched him on the shoulder, and he came back into the present with a nervous jerk. There stood Mrs. Skeen, her costume all asparkle, and beside her Sam Bethel in an ornately pleated shirt with emerald studs the size of pennies.

"I've done everything but dress 'em," Andy informed her. "If you'll beg 'em to get their clothes on, maybe we can begin."

(Continued on Page 57)

How Long?

A Brand New Machine!

It is of high quality—because owners and their superintendents are careful to purchase on a "quality first" basis.

How long will it run—and run efficiently?—that is the problem. Machines themselves do not wear out—the bearing parts do. The nation's bone yard is crowded—crowded with thousands of machine parts which, with proper attention to lubrication, could have continued to earn money.

Consider this: If a single bearing part runs for only half an hour without proper lubrication—it is damaged. Perhaps it can be repaired—it may have to be replaced. Time and labor to make the adjustment mean money. Overhead continues. Think of the expense involved. Compare it with the cost of correct lubrication—scientific lubrication, which protects machinery—scientific lubrication, which is cheapest, sometimes even in first cost, always in ultimate cost.

We repeat—machines do not wear out, the parts do. Prolong the life and efficiency of *your* machinery. Protect bearing parts with scientific lubrication.

Scientific Lubricants For Scientific Lubrication

The S-F Engineering Department has spent years in research work in order to offer grease and oil products which will function properly under *extreme* conditions. For example, certain S-F products have super-heat-resisting abilities. In order to produce these lubricants S-F Engineers evolved the new and special Acaloric Process—used only in the manufacture of S-F products.

The cumulative experience gained in 64 years of scientific grease and oil production is represented in each of the 103 products made by the Swan & Finch Company. Each of these is designed to meet a definite condition of service.

Read the brief descriptions; check those that interest you—then mail. In return, complete information and booklets will be gladly sent.

The services of the S-F Engineering Department are free to customers for specific recommendations on individual problems.

SWAN AND FINCH COMPANY
NEW YORK
Special Oil and Grease Products Since 1849

ATLAS SPECIALTIES

For Gen'l Machine Use

Slo-Flo

—a super lubricant made by the Acaloric Process. Its slow-flowing, clinging qualities prevent climbing, dripping and spattering. It is adhesive and cohesive—heat and pressure resisting—non-volatile. It is extensively used

—*particularly* for delicate, fast-running machinery in textile and other mills, in printing shops, etc., where neither a fluid oil nor a dense grease is practicable—Slo-Flo stays "put," yet lubricates instantly and constantly.

—for roller bearings in mine-cars, automobiles, etc.—for hydraulic pumps, lineshafting, lighting dynamos in railway cars.

In railway and other machine shops, in industrial and power plants where excessive heat and bearing pressures must be overcome by a slow-flowing lubricant which can be used where oil impracticable or grease impossible

☐ Check here for descriptive literature

CUPESE

—a special quality cup grease produced by the Acaloric Process, in all densities, from very light to extra heavy.

Its uniform functioning under severest conditions, makes it a practical cup grease for all machinery requirements. Its special non-volatile qualities effect large economies.

Cupese spreads rapidly—withstands excessive heat and bearing pressures, adheres to bearing surfaces, is tenuous and elastic—is *all* lubricant—*absolutely prevents metal-to-metal contact*—it does not liquefy or evaporate under intense heat—does not cake at low temperatures—does not clog bearings or leave residue in cups

☐ Check here for descriptive literature.

Also ☐ Atlas Engine Oils, ☐ Atlas Cylinder Oil, ☐ Atlas Turbine Oil, ☐ Atlas Dynamo and Motor Oil, ☐ Atlas Crank Case Oil, ☐ Atlas Transformer Oil.

For Foundries

CORUL

—a special quality liquid core binder that meets the 11 essentials of uniform and economical core-making for malleable and grey iron casting.

11 years of service in the country's leading foundries, and the fact that it is still used by 98% of the original customers, make Corul a tested product, scientifically correct

☐ Check here for descriptive literature

For Textile Mills

TEXTUL

—a special oil compound, for wool oiling, which has all the good qualities of Red and Lard oils—yet offered at far less cost. Textul saponifies readily—carries well through the carding process and needs no alkali added for emulsion

☐ Check here for descriptive literature.

Slo-Flo is the ideal textile machinery lubricant—see above

Also ☐ Atlas Spindle and Loom Oils, ☐ Atlas Wool Oils.

For Motor Cars and Boats

GEARESE

[illegible] for motor car transmissions [illegible] ces friction, reduces wear. Follows the gears continuously, leaving no spots where metal can touch metal. Unaffected by temperature changes. Insures silent, smooth-running car.

☐ Check here for descriptive literature.

MOTUL

a superior quality motor oil for the protection of valuable automobiles. Its heat resisting quality guarantee minimum of carbon—its elastic tenuousness under ring pressures insures maximum seal and cylinder protection

☐ Check here for descriptive literature

Cupese—a special quality cup grease for all [illegible]

For Car Journals

ASBESTESE

[illegible] journal troubles without excessive cost of frequent repacking and inspection—for steam, electric and logging railways, traction lines, contractors—mine cars, etc.

Asbestese lasts from four to eight months without repacking or oiling. It is scientifically made every barrel uniform. It gives efficient lubrication to bearings, and, properly packed, prevents entrance of road dust and sand in journal boxes. Its savings in inspection costs and waste of free oil are obvious

☐ Check here for descriptive literature.

For Drop Forges

TALESE

Die-swabbing requires a product which will perform an absolute separation of the metals—have a low flash tendency and function with a minimum of smoke. These requirements are met by Talese, at surprisingly small cost

☐ Check here for descriptive literature.

Miscellaneous

☐ **Aerul**—a practical quality oil for aëroplane motors. The correct viscosity combined with proper cold test values gives perfect seal and maximum horse power with safety assurance

☐ **Marmul**—a world-known special oil produced to meet the excessive stresses of marine service

☐ **Exeso**—the 600° F. lubricant for oven gears, bloom cars or lubrication under excessive heat conditions anywhere

☐ **Vesuvese**—a water-proof lubricant—for exposed gears—for wire cable dressing

☐ **Lapcul**—a practical, economical, metal-cutting [illegible]

Also ☐ Atlas Cutting Oils, ☐ Atlas Tempering and Quenching Oils, ☐ Atlas Leather Oils and Greases, ☐ Atlas Fish Oils.

Profitable connections open to Specialty Jobbers; foundry, mine, railway, textile and other industries; hardware and auto access. Jobbers and Dealers. Details on request.

SCIENTIFIC LUBRICANTS for SCIENTIFIC LUBRICATION

MORRIS
TESTED FOODS

Energy Foods
A Patriotic Responsibility

Energy building foods in days of action are the Nation's hope. True conservation calls for a new efficiency in living. Morris Tested Foods express a conservative, consistent, patriotic attitude on today's food problems.

America of today—America of the future—requires good food—pure food—enough of it for the sturdy soldier abroad or training at home, for the worker, for the thinker, for the home.

Insist upon Morris Supreme Ham, Supreme Bacon, Supreme Butter, Whiteleaf Brand Lard, Supreme Eggs, Marigold Oleomargarine and the new product, Nut Marigold, a spread for bread entirely free from animal fats. Whatever you buy with the Morris Tested Food label is pure and sure. It stands for flavor and quality.

MORRIS & COMPANY

Packers & Provisioners

CHICAGO EAST ST. LOUIS ST. JOSEPH
KANSAS CITY OKLAHOMA CITY OMAHA

(Continued from Page 54)

"It's nearly ten o'clock," wailed the patroness of art.

"Be calm, madam," grinned Sam Bethel. "If people liked things on time they wouldn't like amateur shows. For my part they drive me crazy."

"Don't you think we've arranged a lovely scene?" she asked, indicating the glories of her stage.

"I once tried a set like that," grunted Sam disdainfully. "It lasted a week."

At that instant the Court Jester of Mars rushed in minus a wig and implored the loan of a pair of scissors. Andy produced a pair miraculously from under his aviation suit, and Sam continued to grin.

"Mrs. Skeen," said he, "I'm boss of forty-eight vaudeville houses; and when they're goin' all at once they make me a lot of trouble. But I wouldn't trade my job for Andy's—not for a bonus of a million a year."

"Mercenary beast!" scolded the great lady.

"I don't know what Andy gets out of all this," persisted the social bull, "but he sure do earn it."

"Come away! You're more trouble than all the actors."

Mrs. Skeen led him away; and the fact that the manager's gibe had struck home was apparent in the self-consciousness with which she quit the scene.

The curtain rolled up to the customary rounds of applause, which included some laughter, because one of the Maids of Mars came in from the wrong side, got tangled among the chorus men and had to be sorted out in full view of the audience. Andy Hanovan, sweating in a hot aviation costume, stood in the wings and saw all this through a veil. He didn't much care whether it went well or wry. His springs of illusion had all dried up. Quite impartially at this moment he could see what Sam Bethel meant by amateurs. Nothing went as it should. Everybody had relatives and friends in the audience to acclaim mediocrity with indulgent palms. The wheels of his home-built comedy creaked on their rusty axles, the music of an amateur composer tinkled insipidly. There was every variety of bad acting, from shrill overeagerness to gasping stage fright. He saw there the behavior of raw recruits who, unused to arms, fired at random and hit nothing.

However, the performance rattled on toward the scene that was to introduce the visiting aviator from Belleville. The stage gradually darkened to the thunderous speech of the King and a clamor from the court. A moving-picture machine at the back of the hall came into play, throwing on the heavenly back drop outside the Martian window a very natural likeness of the rolling planet upon which we live and quarrel. Somewhat raggedly the chorus chirped "Hail! Hail! The Earth!" just as a moving-picture airplane came soaring across the screen.

"The miracle! The miracle!" bleated big Bill Hubbard, King of Mars, in his mechanical voice. Andy, per cue, adjusted his monocle and stepped on the darkened stage. The lights came up much too slowly, but the audience didn't mind, for the dawning radiance revealed Andy—their Andy! Applause began to clatter like hail upon a tin roof.

"Who sent thee here?" bleats the King under his big white beard.

"The Belleville Gas and Electric Company," upspeaks the stranger.

"What is thy quest?"

"Mars has been burning brightly for a million years, and Charley White has sent me to read your meter."

The affable gas president, being in the center of the audience, lifted his great laugh and spread it about him; local pride was tickled to the core, and the Mad Masque was a success even before Andy plunged into his dreadfully comic song. He was never better than to-night, and he took advantage of the tide to play his burlesque in the highest possible key. Belleville could scarcely wait for the jokes to come out of his mouth before they yelled for more. Much as he had won his fool's cap on that past St. Valentine's eve he came out of his lethargy to-night and conquered them utterly.

"Isn't he too wonderful!" he heard a shrill hysterical treble lifted in one of those lulls which follow gales. The remark brought on another storm. And when, like Joshua with a reverse English, he had borrowed the King's scepter and bade the Earth stand still long enough to point out Belleville on the map, Mrs. Skeen's ballroom quaked perilously. To-night Andy spared nobody. With his short wand he jabbed the inhabitants categorically, working up gradually to the subject of Mrs. Skeen.

"She has two little lions on her gateposts," he explained solemnly. "They're a team of trained lions named Mutt and Nutt—I hope Mr. Bethel won't bring suit: he can't very well, because they work without pay. They're amateurs."

Andy's borrowed scepter became, indeed, a spear that knew no brother. And of all that audience perhaps the only one who remained unspeared was a pretty little woman in blue who always laughed at the right place, her eyes puckering mirthfully, a pendant of aquamarines bobbing at her throat.

When the curtain went down at last the house was ringing again to the summons, "Andy! Andy! Speech! Speech!"

Mrs. Skeen came to him where he stood dazed in the wings and commanded affectionately: "You've got to say something, my dear! Be a good boy!"

The curtain rolled up again before Mrs. Skeen got off the stage, which was probably as she had intended it. Without the least hesitation she took her protégé by the hand, led him to the footlights and bowed herself to an exit. Andy Hanovan stood there with all the coolness of one who knows his public. He grinned a moment in pretended bashfulness, then deliberately showed them the broad of his back as he strolled up stage, laid his hands on the deserted throne chair and after much clownish slipping and struggling wheeled it down to the footlights. There he patted it fussily, shoved it one way and then another, stood off and surveyed it, his bandy legs fidgeting, his head cocked to one side.

"Friends and playmates," he began easily as he struck a pompous pose at the side of the big chair: "Before this exhibition begins I want to warn you, so that in case you don't like what's coming our gentlemanly ushers may show you out by the fire exits. I am going to close the evening with a little auction. No, not a card game—a shell game. All the money in Belleville is here to-night in some form or other—solid, liquid or gaseous—that includes Charley White—and we're not going to unlock the doors until the goods are knocked down to the highest bidder. Do I hear any dissenting voice?"

Cries of "Fake! Fake!" and invitations to put up or shut up encouraged the speaker to further effort.

"I thank you. Before the bidding begins I wish to state that the article I am putting up for sale has been tried by every member of the colony and found delicious. It is an ornament to any home, will not injure the most delicate fabric, and is a great favorite when served with tea."

"Animal, vegetable or mineral?" thundered out Charley White with one of his earthquake laughs.

"Strictly vegetable; a fungus," replied Andy promptly.

"Put up the goods!" shouted Bertie Hall in an echo of his old comedy voice.

Very nimbly Andy jumped up into the throne chair and stood grinning down upon his audience.

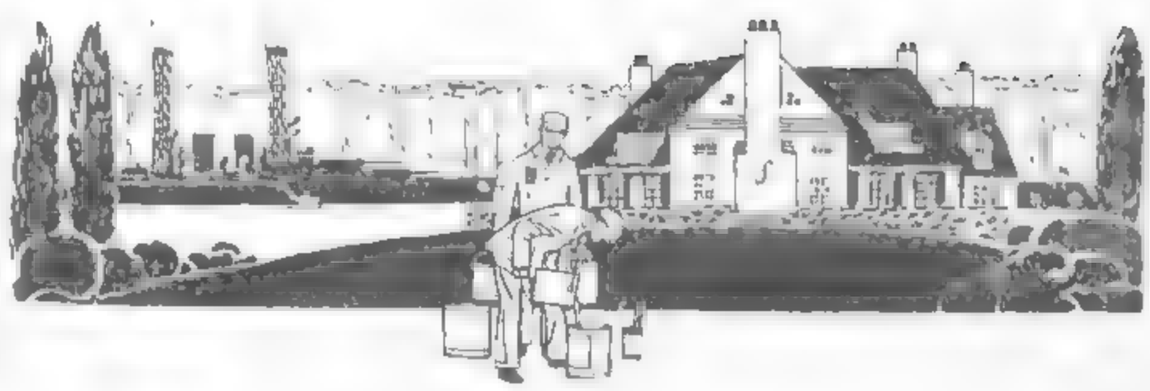
"I'm the goods," said he. "And now who wants to start the bidding? We are offering for unrestricted sale the former Andrew Hanovan, commonly known as Andy."

He paused and permitted the facetious cheers, "It can't be done!" and "It's damaged!" to settle down before he proceeded:

"Andy Hanovan is no stranger to this audience. You all know his virtues, and his faults need no introduction. He would adorn the center table and with a little training might be turned into a useful utensil. Could be taught to entertain the baby, play a mechanical piano or referee family quarrels. Has no objection to work, but very little practice. Would make an excellent caddie or could serve as extra man on a honeymoon tour. In other words, he's willing to be anything in the world but an amateur."

The crowd tittered gently, but the atmosphere was growing tense. It was plain to see that everybody knew what was the matter with Andy Hanovan.

"In short," said Andy, leaning far over and dropping his monocle from a face that had become deep-lined and tragic, "I want a job and I don't much care what it is. Belleville here knows my case—knows why



THE time to use paint is *right now* when the watchword is—Save wisely, avoid waste. The time to use Zinc in paint is whenever you use paint, for Zinc gives to paint that permanence and durability which makes painting a *real* investment—a *lasting* economy.

New Jersey Zinc in paint

produces a tough, durable film of protection that resists weather a longer time, and really makes the painting cost less than paint without Zinc.

The United States government uses Zinc because it has made tests and knows. Every manufacturer makes Zinc paints because he has made tests and knows. Your painter will use Zinc paint if he has made tests and knows. It is to your advantage to ask for Zinc in paint, because you cannot afford to waste paint—and paint that does not endure is wasted.

If requested, we will send a list of *prepared* paints containing Zinc, and the names of manufacturers who grind Zinc and lead together in oil ready for *your* painter to mix before he paints *your* house.

Send for booklet "Zinc in Paint." It tells some things that you ought to know about Zinc and about paint.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY
55 Wall Street, New York
ESTABLISHED 1848
Branch: Mineral Point Zinc Co., 1111 Marquette Building, Chicago

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

It does more than clean your teeth

Pebeco Tooth Paste prevents "Acid-Mouth" from attacking your teeth

Get a tube of Pebeco today from your druggist and begin to care for your teeth in the right way.

Pebeco will keep your teeth white and shining and will make your mouth feel delightfully clean.

Send post card for acid test papers and a ten-day trial tube of Pebeco.

Sold by druggists everywhere

LEHN & FINK, 122 William St., New York

OUR SIGN IS OUR BOND

Lehn & Fink New York

COUNTERACTS "ACID-MOUTH"

Fashion in Footwear

indicates a decided trend toward the military mode, developed in smart shoes of "F. B. & C." Kid.

Instead of sharply contrasting colors, two tones of the same color are combined in "F. B. & C." Kid and are quite fashionable. Golden Brown, Russian Brown, Field Mouse, Battleship Gray, Field Gray and Ivory are popular.

White shoes of "F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid "No. 81" are always good style. This leather requires no messy dressing to retain its new and unblemished appearance.

"F. B. & C." Kid is the only leather that "Fits on the Foot like a Glove on the Hand."

Look for either of these Tags attached to the shoes you buy. They assure correct style, and "The Best There Is."

FASHION PUBLICITY CO. of New York
27 Cedar St.

"F. B. & C." Kid

Outdoor Men Keep Warm

in that warm-as-an-overcoat, cheaper-than-a-sweater, wool-lined, wind-proof garment that wears like iron, won't rip, ravel or tear, which dealers everywhere carry and which suits every one—the vest, jacket without collar, and jacket with collar, called

BROWN'S BEACH JACKET

W. W. BROWN, Worcester, Mass.

$300.00 for Your Spare Time

IF you can find a few spare minutes every day during 1918, you can easily pick up $300.00 extra money.

Scores of spare-time Curtis Representatives will earn $50.00 in January alone.

They secure the local renewals and new subscriptions for the ever-popular periodicals, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, and receive liberal payment both in commission and salary. Curtis subscriptions brought our workers more than $500,000 in profit during 1917!

If you could use some extra cash right now, our way is a pleasant, easy, certain way to earn it. You are not required to invest a single penny, and previous experience is not necessary. For details of the offer, address (a postal card will do)

Agency Division

The Curtis Publishing Company, 219 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

I'm a retired lawyer at thirty-seven without the ghost of a chance to get my practice back. Everybody here knows that I stopped my real work to give Belleville a good time. I don't begrudge a minute of it. But now that the entertainment is over and I'm pulling down the curtain on the show I'm asking Belleville to reciprocate. Somebody has got to find me a job. How much do you bid, ladies and gentlemen, on the time and talents of Andy Hanovan?"

"Thirty-two cents!" The bid came distinctly from the direction of Gaston Cole.

"I'd be worth two dollars a week to you as a necktie buyer," protested Andy, getting down and leaning over the footlights. "Your neckties are a scandal, Gaston."

"Make it one seventy-five," said his ex-partner with a spike-toothed smile.

"One seventy-five from Mr. Cole," went on the auctioneer in silvery tones. "Do I hear two?"

"Two and a quarter!" One of the beautiful blond brainless Fenley sisters belled this forth, having been prompted by her escort. "Two and a quarter to exercise the canary."

"Going up!" shouted Andy. "And now where's two and a half?"

"Can you tell funny stories to the Interstate Commerce Commission?" bellowed Charley White.

"Funnier than anything you can testify, Charley," the auctioneer assured the gas man.

"Three dollars a week!" Up went as many fingers.

"We have three—now do I hear four?"

"Three and a half!" Big Bill Hubbard, standing in kingly robes and carrying his white beard over one arm, bawled thus from the wings.

"Come out here, Bill, and show yourself." He dragged forth the monarch and displayed him to the audience. "Here's Bill Hubbard without his whiskers and bidding three and a half a week on my services. Bill's in the real-estate business, selling Belleville suburban lots, and he often makes as much as four dollars a day. Three and a half! Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Bill? Now, come on! Who says four dollars?"

The bids now began coming in briskly in terms of cents. Andy was offered a salary for every job under the sun, from local dog catcher to mushroom gardener on the golf course.

When the bids had mounted up to five sixty-two Andy began to particularize, pointing out individuals in the auction and exhorting them to brisker bids.

"Let's speed up now," he suggested, walking briskly back and forth and clapping his hands. "If you're short on ready money what do you offer in groceries, liquor or cigars? As a retired actor I'll accept any vegetables but tomatoes. Who wants me as a chauffeur? I've had experience at running a car—I've already run two into the ground."

He wished he hadn't said that, for in a sweeping glance he caught sight of Consie's pale face, staring at him with a hurt expression. He swiftly glanced away and went on with his harangue. "Well now—what do I hear in groceries? Mrs. Skeen, your credit's good. I hear ——"

"Two dinners a week," sang out that lady somewhat constrainedly.

"F. O. B., with wine?"

"Any way you like."

"Seven dollars in groceries is bid by Mrs. Skeen. Come now! The hour grows late. Do I hear anything better? How about you, Mr. Cole? And you, Mr. White? Mr. Bethel, as our leading amusement magnate you've been strangely silent. This game is open to all. How much do I hear, Mr. Bethel?"

There was a silence. Evidently Belleville was beginning to get enough of play. Eyes, however, were turned toward the overdressed little man in the front row and there was a general craning of necks when he shuffled awkwardly and came to his feet before the whole audience.

"Andy," he rasped, looking up at the man on the stage, "how much of this is serious and how much monkey business?"

"Every darned bit of it's serious," responded Andy without hesitation.

"You mean to say you're willing to hire out on the strength of this fool auction?"

"If I live to take the money."

"All right," said Mr. Bethel in a tone of finality, "then I bid two hundred dollars a week."

"One to Mr. Sam Bethel at two hundred—two at two hundred—do I hear two hundred and ten? Then three at two hundred, and gone to Mr. Sam Bethel at two hundred a week. Will you call for the goods, Mr. Bethel, or shall I have them sent round?"

When Consuela, trembling and uncertain, knocked on his dressing-room door and opened to his harsh "Come in!" she found him tying his evening cravat before a little mirror which reflected the deadly seriousness of his face.

"Andy," she appealed softly, but he didn't turn round until the knot was perfectly smooth and straight.

"Consie," he said then quite uninvitingly, "you oughtn't to be coming round like this. It's against the rules of the agreement, you know."

"But Andy, dear—you're not going to send me back, are you?" She looked into a face that was perfectly stony except for a pair of suffering human eyes.

"I'm going to make good, Consie—or jump into the river," he said. "But not this time."

"You mean to say you're not going to accept Sam Bethel's offer?"

Andy stood there and shook his head. To resist the temptation to take her into his arms and beg her to relent, to stick by him for awhile, he thrust his hands deep into his pockets.

"I couldn't take it," he mumbled. "Of course, that's luck. I put up that asinine performance to-night because I saw it was the only way of letting Belleville know that I was desperate for a job. And the only person who took me seriously made me an offer that I can't possibly take."

"You mean you wouldn't work for Bethel?"

He could see by the way she drew away from him that she suspected his incompetence again.

"Mother has raised an awful row. She says she'd rather see me dead than in vaudeville."

"Oh, yes! I forgot about her."

"You won't lose faith in me, Consie?" he blurted.

"I told you before, Andy, that I'd wait," she assured him. "And do you know, somehow, this fool performance to-night has increased my faith in you!"

She was gone before Andy could say another word. He had a wild impulse to pursue her, to try to argue it out; in fact he was throwing on his coat to follow some such vague program when the door opened unceremoniously and Sam Bethel walked in.

"Well, Andy," he wheezed in his cheerful manner, "I've come to get my package. And something tells me I haven't made such a bum bargain."

"Sam," said Andy, taking the little man by the lapel of his coat, "I wish I had been in earnest. There's nothing in the world I'd like better than taking your two hundred a week, but ——"

"Look here! Wasn't that proposition on the square?" The manager's face grew red with indignation.

"Well, you see, my mother—she's rather old-fashioned in her ideas, and I don't think she'd stand for my going on the vaudeville stage."

"Vaudeville stage!" spluttered Sam. "Who the devil wants you to go on the vaudeville stage?"

"Why, don't you?"

"Hell, no! I want you for a lawyer."

"A which?"

"Lawyer. I've chucked Gas Cole over the rail and I'll never be seen in that morgue again. I watched your work to-night, and it's just the ticket. Nerve! Say, you'd comb the fleas out of a Bengal tiger. And I want your services before February so that we can get that chimp suit into the papers by the time my new Marathon Theater opens in St. Louis."

"Excuse me a minute. I want to tell my wife."

And Sam Bethel didn't see Andy again until ten o'clock next morning, when the contract was signed.

That evening the Widow Hanovan, sitting stiffly among real lace mats and the Warwick and the Stanley silver, entertained a vaudeville manager at high tea. It was wonderful to see how well they both behaved. Possibly the fact that a distinguished corporation lawyer and his wife were also present may have had a neutralizing effect. Then, too, there was the bust of Chief Justice Warwick taking in every word that was said. It was a very helpful evening for all parties concerned.

ALEXANDER HARNESS LEATHER

ALEXANDER means utmost horse-power—Harness or Belting—on the Hoof or on the Pulley Wheel.

In factories and mills it is Alexander Tight-Line Leather Belts, in the highways of Commerce and on the farms it is Alexander Harness.

In these stirring times wherever leather must hold or else heroism be futile, where seconds are decisive and victory is for the strong—there you find this seasoned veteran in the service—there Alexander is truly "in the harness."

Strapping, close-fibered, fine-tanned and packed with pulling power, Alexander, in this and every crucial test, has proved himself worthy of the national traditions.

ALEXANDER BROTHERS
PHILADELPHIA

Makers of Leather Belting, Sole Leather, Harness Leather and Leather Specialties. Branches: New York, Atlanta, Chicago. Alexander distributors in all principal cities of the United States and throughout the world.

A Year *of* Successful Printing

Successful catalog printing is no longer regarded as something bought at an astonishingly low cost.

Successful printing is printing that has produced a large and profitable number of sales.

The printer or the advertising man who can point to a year of successful printing can think back on a year of careful planning in which sharp bargains for paper, engravings, or presswork had no part.

Every successful printing job is a result of a sympathetic understanding between four men—the buyer of printing, the printer, the seller of the paper, and the maker of the paper.

If either of these men tries to get the better of another, *it comes out of the job.*

That is one of those simple little facts which everybody admits, but is slow to apply.

It was our complete realization of this that urged us on to a complete standardization of Warren's Printing Papers.

We knew that if America was to have better printing, the improvement had to start at the source, which is the mill where the paper is made.

So we set about to manufacture every one of our grades to a definite standard of quality.

Whoever buys a Warren Standard Printing Paper buys a paper with a name, a use, and a uniformity that is standard.

Despite war conditions, the price of Warren's Standard Printing Paper remained stable. It advanced, as did all things, but it advanced in proportion to cost. It did not sky-rocket.

Our main objective in standardizing Warren's Printing Paper was to produce a limited number of papers, one for every important Book-Paper printing need.

These papers, with specimens of the sort of printing and the style of engraving to which they are adapted, are shown in a variety of weights and tints in the latest Warren Suggestion Book.

By taking this book and referring to it while he plans his printing, the man who is creating a book, a catalog, a folder, or any other piece of printed matter can *start right.*

We have been much gratified at the ready and enthusiastic support we have received from printers and engravers, as well as from the buying public in response to our effort.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

The Warren Suggestion Book

This is the book referred to above. It took money and time to produce it—as with all good printing. It is offered to buyers of printing, printers, engravers, and their salesmen.

The sixty-eight pages of this book show *Warren's Cameo, Warren's Lustro, Warren's Cumberland Coated, Warren's Silkote, Warren's Printone,* and eight other Warren Standards, one of which you will find superbly suited to whatever style of printing you may have in mind.

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY
200 Devonshire Street Boston, Massachusetts
Constant Excellence of Product—the Highest Type of Competition

BE SURE YOU SAY "DEL MONTE"

CONGOLEUM RUGS

Economical—Stylish—Sanitary

THE modern idea in floor-coverings is to use rugs instead of carpets because they are more economical, stylish and sanitary. And by far the best value in low-priced floor-coverings today is found in Congoleum Art- and Utility-Rugs.

Advantages over Cheap Woven Rugs

Congoleum Rugs are more attractive than cheap woven rugs and have a surface that, *instead of being a dust-collector*, is firm, non-porous and washable.

You can clean them in a few seconds with a damp mop. No dusty beating or sweeping; no germ-filled air. Congoleum Rugs lie perfectly flat on the floor and will not curl or "kick up" at the corners and edges.

Beautiful—Durable—Low-Priced

The unusual beauty of Congoleum Rugs will add a touch of charm and cheer to your sitting-room, dining-room or bedroom, and their waterproof qualities will make your kitchen, bathroom and pantry sanitary and easy to clean.

Look for Name "Congoleum" on Back

Whenever you buy Rugs, Rug-Borders or Floor-Coverings, be sure to look for the name "Congoleum" on back. It insures you against imitations and gives you the protection of our guarantee.

Congoleum Rugs are made in two styles, Congoleum "Art-Rugs" and Congoleum "Utility-Rugs."

Congoleum Art-Rugs

The Art-Rugs are the product of well-known rug artists who have given them a charm of design and coloring heretofore unknown in rugs so moderately priced. Don't fail to see them before you decide upon any floor-coverings for your home. Made in thirteen designs in five sizes as follows:

6 ft. x 9 ft.	$	6.25
7½ ft. x 9 ft.		8.00
9 ft. x 9 ft.		9.50
9 ft. x 10½ ft.		11.25
9 ft. x 12 ft.		12.50

Congoleum Utility-Rugs

While fewer colors have been used, the Utility-Rugs offer exceptional value. They possess practically all the remarkable Congoleum qualities and are still lower in price than the Art-Rugs.

3 ft. x 4½ ft.	$1.28 each
3 ft. x 6 ft.	1.70 each
4½ ft. x 4½ ft.	1.92 each
6 ft. x 6 ft.	3.40 each

Prices in the Far West average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

Write Today for Handsome Rug Chart

We have issued at great expense a beautifully printed Congoleum Rug Chart showing in original colors the full line of patterns and giving sizes and other information. Before deciding upon your floor-coverings this season, write for a copy of this handsome rug chart. It will be gladly sent you upon request.

The Congoleum Company

Department of The Barrett Company

Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., San Francisco, Boston, Toronto, Halifax, N. S.

For sale by good dealers everywhere; if, however, your dealer cannot supply you, write us and we will.

The Rug on floor is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 330. The 9 x 12 ft. size retails for $12.50.